

MODERN SCREEN

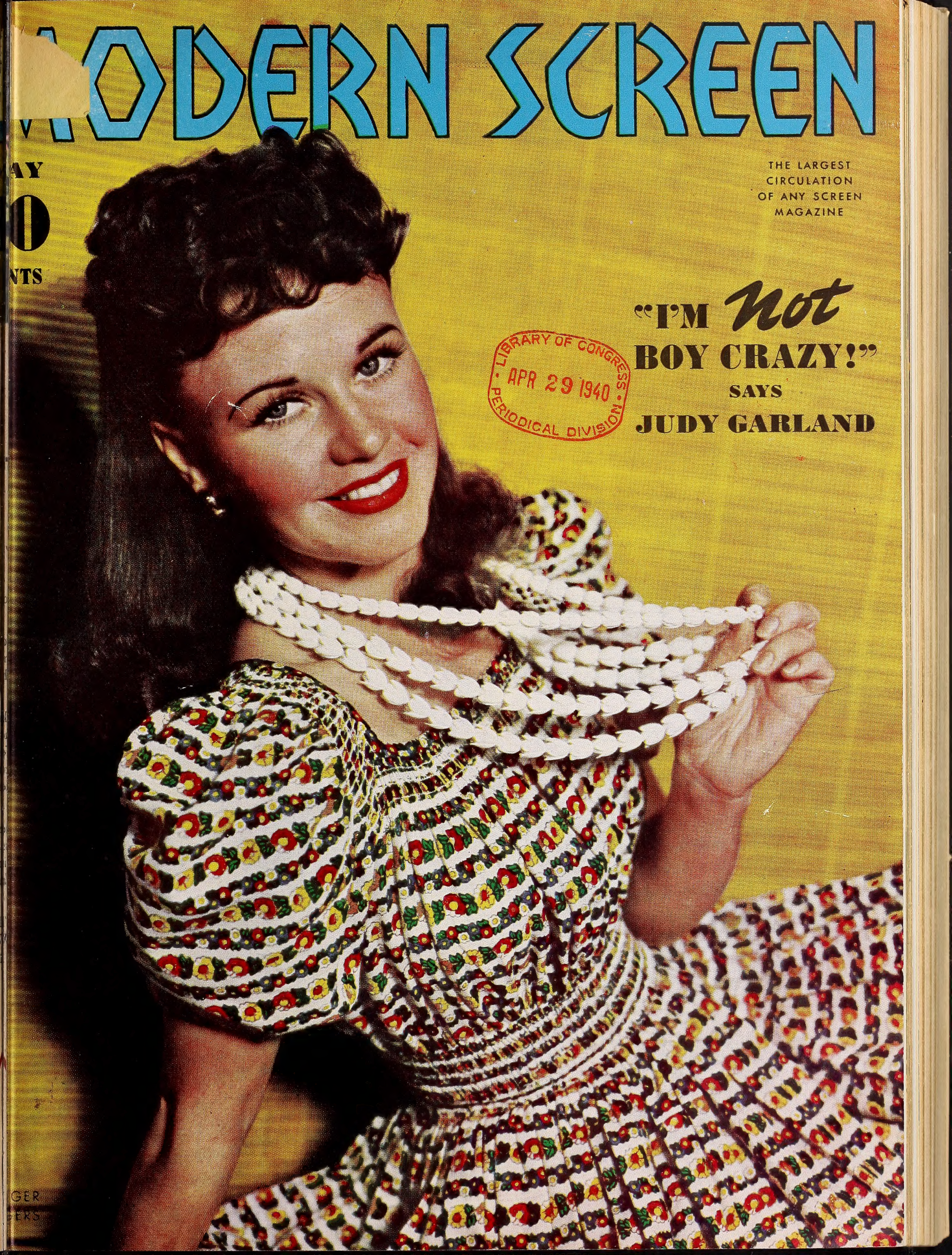
THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

**"I'M *Not*
BOY CRAZY!"**
SAYS
JUDY GARLAND

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Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III

"THE MILDER THE CIGARETTE, THE BETTER—
SO OF COURSE, CAMELS ARE MY FAVORITE"



"CAMELS are so *much* milder," says Mrs. Vanderbilt. "In fact, that's what first attracted me to Camels—their extra mildness combined with their fine, delicate taste and the nice, cool way they smoke."

When a cigarette is as mild as Camels, you just *know* it's slower-burning. Camel cigarettes yield extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor!

"Every time I smoke a Camel," Mrs. Vanderbilt adds, "I *enjoy* it—*thoroughly*. Camels are gentle even to *my* sensitive throat. Moreover, like *all* Camel smokers, I welcome that extra smoking in every pack of Camels!"

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

Until her marriage, Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III divided her time between New York and the South. She is now making her home in Cincinnati—will soon join the summer colony on Long Island. Mrs. Vanderbilt has a piquant Southern beauty—and a Southerner's talent for gracious living. She takes pleasure in running a household, entertaining, welcoming friends "just dropping in for a chat and a smoke." She says: "My friends enjoy Camels, too. And *I*—well, I can smoke Camels as steadily as I please and never tire of them. They're mild—these Camels!"

A few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel's mildness and delicate taste:

| | |
|--|--|
| Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia | Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia |
| Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles | Mrs. Malcolm E. McAlpin, New Jersey |
| Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago | Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, Baltimore |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston | Mrs. Thomas Edison Sloane, New York |
| Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., Philadelphia | Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston | Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago |
| Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia | Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, New York |

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WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...*The Cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*



• Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.

A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!



Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!

Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

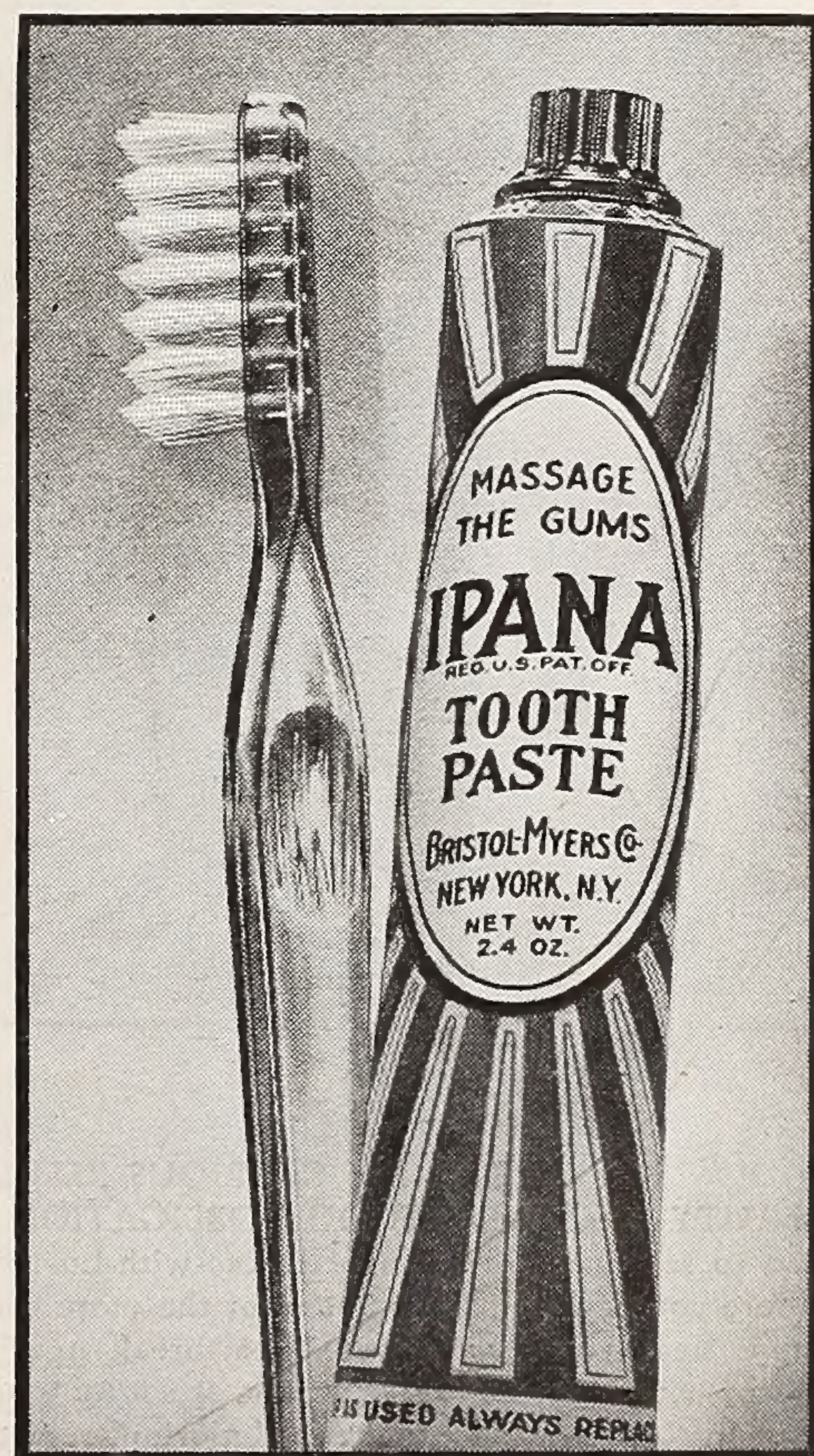
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see *your dentist at once!* It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby

from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

APR -3 1940

Modern Screen for May

PEARL H. FINLEY
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Art Editor

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Vol. 20, No. 6, May, 1940. Copyright, 1940, by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; subscription price \$1.20 a year, foreign subscription \$2.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Houston, Texas; Savannah, Ga. and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.



ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, A BRIDE...TODAY, DO YOU FACE

Heartbreak Age?

You were such a shining bride! Are you still starry-eyed, still safe and happy in your love? Or are you a woman, afraid? A woman in flight from the grim gray shadow of Heartbreak Age? Heartbreak Age! The time of the first gray hairs. Then you do not need sympathy—but the swift transforming wonder of Inecto-with-Lustrum. Amazing hair coloring and conditioning treatment!

Inecto, long famous for coloring the hair inside. And now Lustrum, the remarkable new conditioner, adding lustre to color, glinting highlights and silky sheen. The complete and undetectable hair coloring treatment! Achieving not only the look but the feel of beautiful youth-like hair . . . awakening you to the fact that Spring's most youthful fashions are once again your very own. Call your beauty shop now about your Inecto-with-Lustrum Treatment!

inecto
WITH *Lustrum*

- colors hair inside
- hi-lights hair outside

SEE ITS GLORIOUS RESULT AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP — WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Maybe you'd like to see an application of Inecto-with-Lustrum illustrated, before you have it. Just visit one of the more exclusive beauty shops near you. Ask to see "Heartbreak Age," their thrilling Inecto-with-Lustrum Presentation. It shows you every step in the actual application—to the final glorious result. See it NOW!



A Great **AMERICAN PROJECT** *The Life of Thomas A. Edison*



"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .

"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.

Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.

MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"

with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

DON'T GET IN THEIR HAIR!

By Elizabeth

Oldfield

INTRODUCING ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE—THE PROBLEMS CAUSED BY TOURISTS

'TIS SAID all roads lead to Hollywood. Certainly the Chamber of Commerce of Southern California has been trying for years to persuade the people back East that this is so. And their efforts have been successful. Tourists, lured by folders showing movie stars skiing at Lake Arrowhead or basking in the warm sunshine of Palm Springs, have flocked to the movie capital at the rate of one and a half million yearly.

Ninety-five per cent of the visitors have the same idea; they want to visit the picture studios, the Brown Derby and shake hands with their favorite star. About forty per cent seeking admittance to the studios try, sans credentials, to crash the gates by posing as exhibitors, newspapermen or stage players. Fifty per cent come armed with letters or telegrams from important people in their home towns. The remaining ten per cent are "biggies." These may be distinguished or titled foreigners, members of the President's Cabinet, Senators, diplomats or Chief G-Man J. Edgar Hoover who goes for theatrical folk in a big way. They arrive in Hollywood following an editorial bombardment of the Hays Office (the clearing house for the moving picture industry) and the newspapers. As a matter of fact such important personages could step off the train and get anything they wanted, but most of them insist upon coming heralded.

Anyway, by the time they arrive, film folk are prepared to show 'em Cary Grant in action and to feed them at the Commissary where they may marvel at Anita Louise eating roast beef and potatoes just like ordinary folk. The stars do their bit by throwing parties or inviting the guests for the week-end. In fact everybody from the producer down tries to sell them Hollywood. The visitors return to Washington convinced that everything about Hollywood is wonderful and that its people are the most hospitable in the world. And they are right! For everybody in the moving picture industry is a super-salesman bent on selling moving pictures not only to "biggies" but to the public at large. Perhaps it is this co-operation that has made the industry the fourth largest in the United States with estimated gross box office receipts of one billion—count 'em—dollars a year!

Statistics show that 300 persons apply daily to the moving picture studios for permission to enter the sacred portals. Actually, only thirty make the grade, for visitors, regardless of their importance, are costly. According to efficiency ex-



perts, four visitors on the set cost the studio hundreds of dollars in time and re-takes (filming the picture over again). Why this should be, will be explained later. First, we will go into a bit of motion picture history.

In the pie-slinging days when Hollywood Boulevard was flanked by daisy fields, when sound was unheard of and when moving picture actors were looked upon as freaks, producers welcomed visitors to the sets. They even built balconies around the stages, so that the tourists might get a good look at the funny folk

who banged each other on the head with night sticks or flung themselves in front of railroad trains. Every bus-load of sightseers was doubly welcome, not only because the people served as unofficial press agents, but because the twenty-five cents admission fee they paid was a boon to the shoe-string producer.

The actors also welcomed the visitors. Most of them were former stage players accustomed to the response of an audience, and the boos and laughs of the sightseers put them on their mettle.

The barkers (who beat Rudy Vallee to the punch on the megaphone idea) would shout explanations of what the actors were doing and why. It was swell while it lasted, but it didn't last long. As the full-length picture replaced the one-reel comedy, actors and directors found that too many tourists (Continued on page 101)

DIABOLICAL "Dr. CYCLOPS"

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

IN TECHNICOLOR

See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge rav-
ening monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops
attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of
their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick

Producer Selznick and his prize-winning Vivien Leigh meet at the Coconut Grove to accept the year's highest awards. Though Robert Donat took top male honors for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Gone With The Wind" received 9 of the 21 awards.



Veteran Award-Winner Spencer Tracy, who left a sick bed to make some of the presentations, congratulates Thomas Mitchell. 44-year-old Mr. M. received the supporting actor award for his outstanding work as the doctor in "Stagecoach."

Fay Bainter turns over one of the coveted "Oscars" to Hattie McDaniel, who received the supporting actress award for her performance as "Mammy" in "G.W.T.W." This marks the first time a member of her race has been honored by the Academy.



THE NIGHT OF THE OSCARS

EACH YEAR, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences distributes about 12,000 ballots to people connected with the motion picture industry. Members of the Screen Actors' Guild are invited to vote on the outstanding acting performances of the year, members of the Writers' Guild on the outstanding writing jobs, and so on. Then, to avoid cries of "Fake," the Academy requests that all voters return their ballots not to them, but to the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. There, they are properly audited and a

member of that firm reveals the results three hours before the awards are made. Not even the President of the Academy knows who the winners are going to be. Despite these precautions, the awarding of this year's "Oscars" still looked like a planned affair, with the King of England and David O. Selznick the principal conspirators—for Vivien Leigh and Robert Donat, two of His Highness' loyal subjects, took the highest acting awards, while Mr. Selznick's "Gone With The Wind" strutted off with almost everything else.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accepts the statuette awarded his father for "Outstanding Contribution to International Development of Motion Pictures."



Mickey Rooney puts his own stamp of approval on Judy Garland, who was given a special statuette for "Outstanding Performance of a Juvenile."

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—*if—*

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

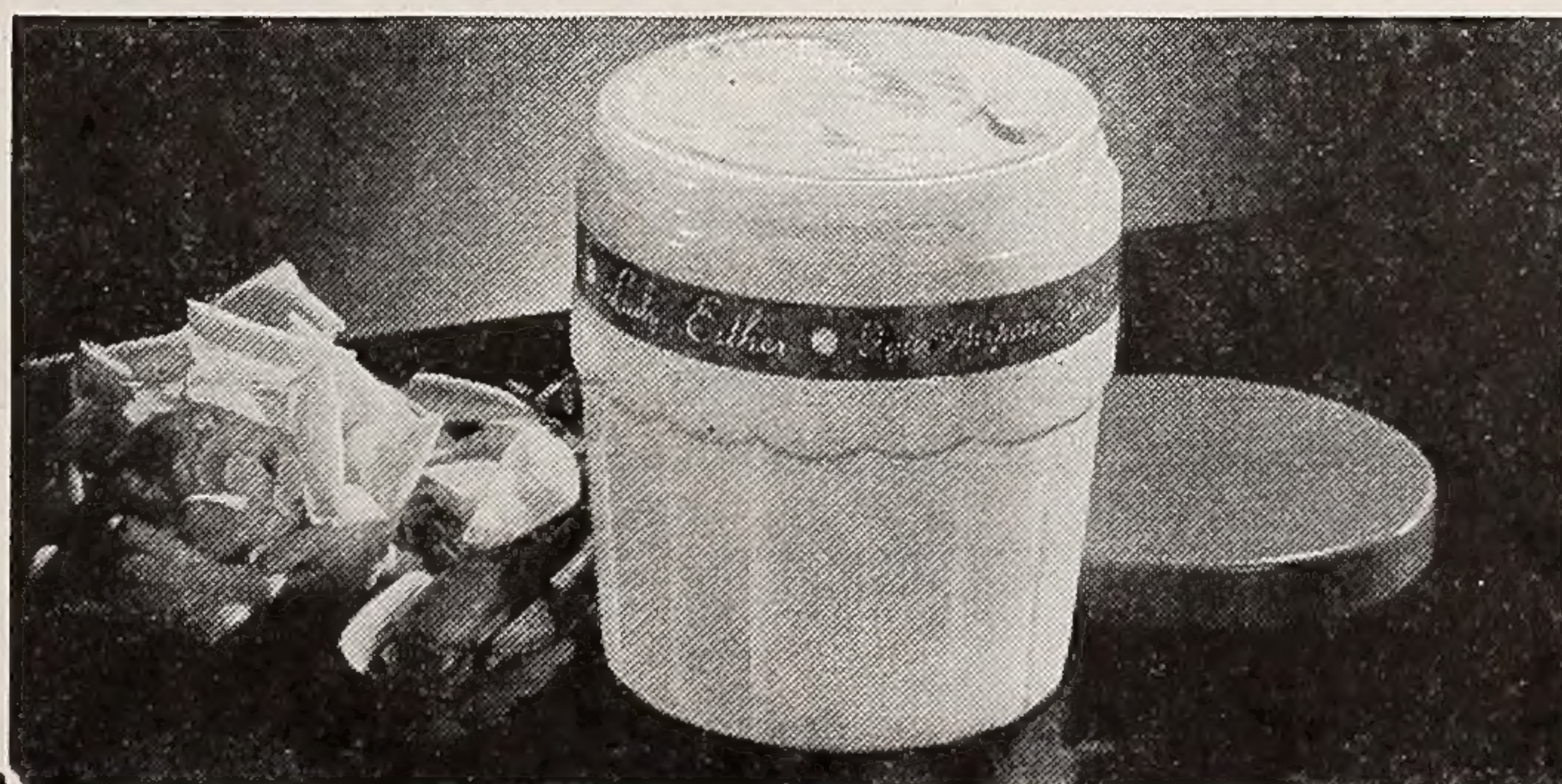
Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)
LADY ESTHER, 7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

CAPTIVATED BY

Irresistible Lips



Inviting, exciting Irresistible lips for you with Irresistible Lipstick... the softer, more lasting, non-drying lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a secret new process to assure that tempting dewy-fresh look... and to achieve the clearer, lovelier colors that distinguish Irresistible Lipstick from ordinary lipsticks. In luscious new **FLASH RED, FUCHSIA PLUM, RED OAK, ORCHID** and other smart shades with matching rouge and face powder.

IT'S *Whip-Text*

FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS



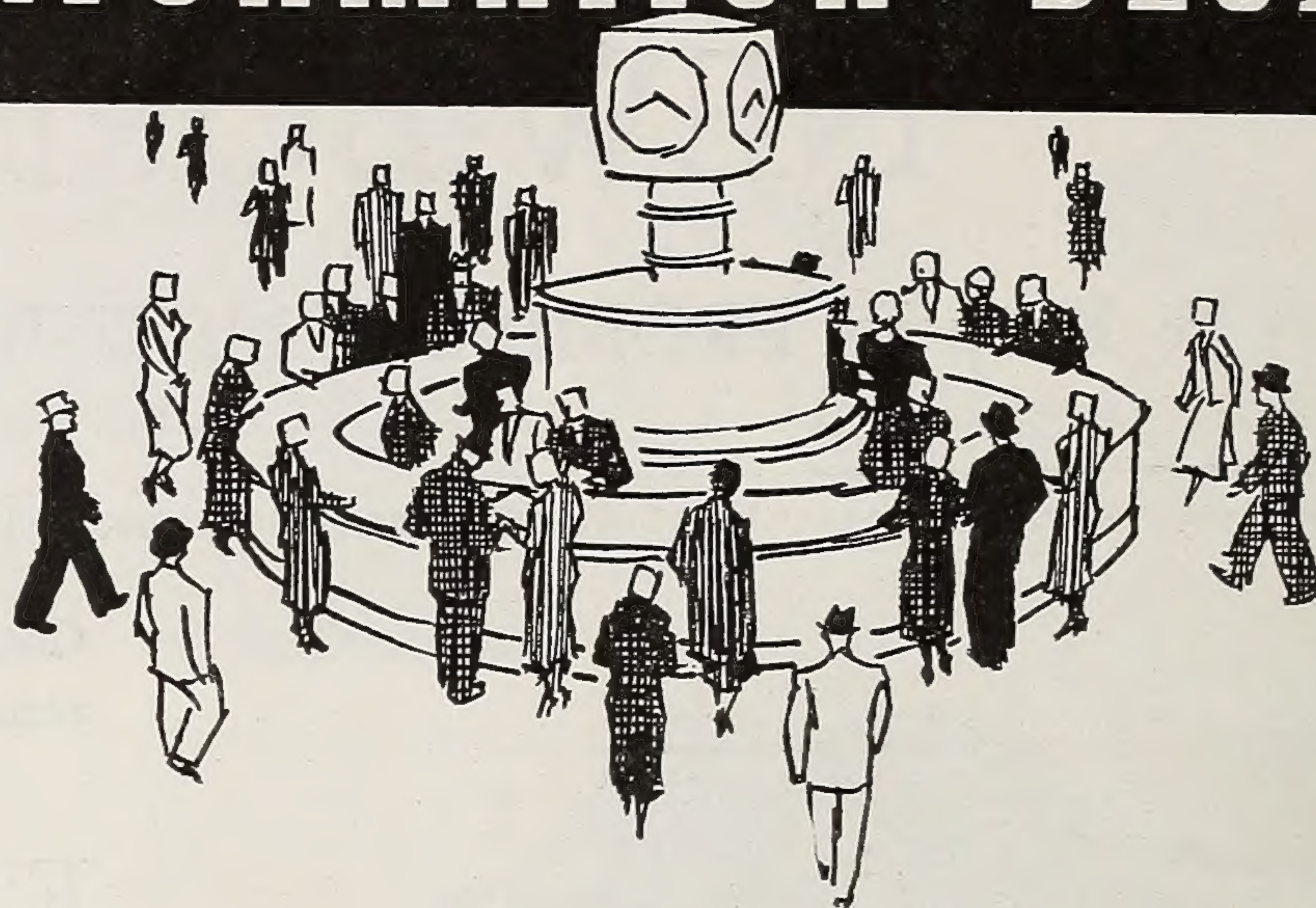
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AT ALL
5 AND 10 CENT
STORES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PUTS THE YOU IN
IRRESISTIBLE YOUTH!

INFORMATION DESK



NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Catherine Maguire, New York, N. Y. Eighteen years ago the Coopers' new baby was christened "Jack," but when he first went into the movies, aged five, the impressive "Jack" became the little-boyish "Jackie," which will probably stick even when he is doddering around playing character parts. Jackie Cooper is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Those mischievous and roving eyes are hazel, and his hair is "dirty blonde." You'll love him in "Seventeen" with Betty Field.

Florence Ericson, Roland, Iowa. Bing Crosby's real name is Harry, but he won his nickname by shouting "Bing! Bing!" louder than the other kids in the game of "Cowboys and Indians." He was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904, but considers Spokane his home town, as he was just a baby when his family moved there. He made his stage debut in the title role of a school presentation of "Julius Caesar" and changed the play into a riotous comedy that must have made Shakespeare turn over in his grave. In accordance with his rehearsed lines, Bing died nobly on the stage and watched the curtain sweep majestically down—down practically on top of the "corpse." Bing leaped to his feet and bolted backstage, while the audience howled and clapped him back for five encores. Although his parents wanted him to be a lawyer, Bing's heart was in singing, and in college he formed a partnership with another music lover, Al Rinker, with whom he left college and eventually landed in Hollywood. Al's sister, Mildred Bailey, was instrumental in starting Bing on the road to success via small cafe engagements, Paul Whiteman's band and the Coconut Grove. Bing is married to Dixie Lee, and they have four sons. His hobbies are short-story writing, horse breeding and reading detective stories.

Mildred Dann, Albany, N. Y. The little Idahoan who threw such a bombshell in our midst when she eloped not long ago uses her middle and last names for her nom de screen. The whole thing is Judy Lana Turner, but the studio thought the Judy was too chorus girlish. Lana Turner's favorite sport is swimming, but she's also said to pedal a mean bicycle.

Mary O'Neill, New York, N. Y. Charlie McCarthy was born nineteen years ago in Chicago, Ill. He cost Eddie Bergen thirty-five dollars and is now insured for upwards of \$5,000. Charlie worked Eddie's way through Northwestern University, and since then the two have been an inseparable and irrepressible pair. Bergen, the man who, Charlie says, is responsible for all his mistakes, has provided for his side-kick in his will to the tune of a \$10,000 bequest which will go, through Charlie, to the Actors' Fund of America. If you write the McCarthy a fan letter, you will receive a delighted reply, penned on his own stationery and signed with a distinguished signature which Bergen has devised for him. Eddie got his inspiration for him from a little newsboy who peddled papers near his school. His name was Charlie and he had a brazen manner and an unprepossessing but appealingly puckish face that Charlie's creator—even then something of a ventriloquist—felt should be immortalized in pinewood. Charlie's devilish, painted face, so familiar to all of us, is the very same one that Bergen had whittled years ago. He has tried to have duplicates made, but has never been satisfied with the results.

Eva Asanoff, Harrison, N. J. Pictures of Rudolph Valentino are still available. Send fifteen cents per picture to Artcinema Associates, Inc., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Specify that you would prefer stills from "The Eagle" and a picture of him with Vilma Banky, if they are available. We are sure that they will be only too glad to promptly forward them to you. (Continued on page 12)

**WE REFUSE TO BE STUMPED, SO COME ON, FANS,
YOU ASK THE QUESTIONS AND WE'LL ANSWER THEM**

Now! CAMAY brings you this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion...with these three Wonderful Aids to Beauty Cleansing!



THE MOMENT you open a cake of this wonderful, new Camay you'll *know* it's different. There's a new, entrancing fragrance that just lasts and lasts! Note, too, new Camay's abundant lather, its unusual mildness!

Women everywhere are turning to the new Camay... discovering in Camay their ideal beauty soap... adopting the Camay Way to Beauty. Perhaps you, too, can find new loveliness by following this Camay beauty method as printed on the back of the Camay wrapper.

Camay's 3 Advantages Proved by Tests!

Our tests against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps proved Camay's advantages. Time and time again, Camay proved it possessed a greater mildness than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time, had a fragrance that most women preferred!

Because of these tests, you can definitely trust yourself to Camay's gentle cleansing care and expect it to help you in your search for a lovelier skin, a more radiant complexion, new allure!

Go to your nearest dealer. Look for Camay in its famous yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered to protect freshness. Get 3 cakes of Camay... give Camay every test you can think of... and feel your skin responding to its gentle beauty cleansing care!

Now — more than ever

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

New, long-lasting Fragrance that 2 out of 3 women preferred!

We asked hundreds of women to compare Camay's fascinating, new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay. You'll like Camay's new fragrance, too. It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"A PERFECT BEAUTY SOAP!"

Read this interesting letter from
Mrs. George D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y.

Your new Camay is so mild, gives such marvelous, gentle lather, and has such a lasting, lovely fragrance. I find it a perfect beauty soap to help keep my complexion wonderfully soft and fresh and radiant.

(Signed) ELIZABETH L. LAWRENCE
Bronxville, N. Y. (Mrs. George D. Lawrence)

*The Beauty News
of 1940 is the New Camay!*

The Camay your dealer now has is the New, Improved Camay. No change in the familiar green and yellow wrapper. The change is in the Soap.

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



**Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!**

"AND HE fell in love with her for life!" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just *which* you get depends on *you*!

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. To avoid odor *to come*... more women use Mum

than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

SAVES TIME! Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every* day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment...

Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Jane Richards, Rome, N. Y. That handsome Welshman, Ray Milland, is a born adventurer. Above all else in this world, he hates monotony. His pre-screen career was very colorful, including a job on a potato boat which cruised around the Channel Islands, training horses on his uncle's stock ranch and riding in the ranks of King George V's personal bodyguard. Anita Loos saw him "hamming" in some mediocre English plays and was instrumental in getting him to Hollywood in 1930. With a few time-outs to return to his native land, he has been steadily employed there ever since. Married almost ten years, thirty-three-year-old Ray still hauls in plenty of fan mail and is one of Hollywood's most consistently popular stars. Watch for him next in "Untamed" with Pat Morison and "Irene" with Anna Neagle.

John Cappio, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., George Raft, one of ten children, was born in New York's "Hell's Kitchen." His grandfather introduced the merry-go-round into this country, and George could always get himself and his chums free rides at Coney Island. That little item, together with a natural quality of leadership and a pair of hard-hitting fists, made him the kingpin in his neighborhood. He had dozens of jobs before deciding that dancing was his real calling. He still claims he's just a hooper and not an actor at all. After ten years of successful and continuous dancing, Raft decided to take a rest and went west to combine his vacation with a visit to some of his friends. He had no sooner arrived and was having a quiet bite at the Brown Derby, when Rowland Brown, the director, spotted him and signed him to a contract. The first picture, "Quick Millions," was followed by several others, but it took "Scarface" to put George irrevocably on the map. The ex-baseball player, ex-hooper, slick-haired man-about-town claims to have no fears whatever. Hard as nails in all his roles, in reality he is a rank sentimentalist. He has forty-five suits, an entire bureau drawer of imported white handkerchiefs and he favors maroon and navy ties. He has been separated from his wife for years, but is not divorced.

Mrs. William Patton, Wissahickon, Pa. Another actress with the name Priscilla besides Miss Lane, is Priscilla Lawson, now playing in Westerns. In addition to Neil Hamilton, other actors with that last name include Hale, John and Margaret. There are two other Alexanders besides Ben. Katherine, a featured player, and Richard, who is in the Buck Rogers serials.

Janice Zwainz, Los Angeles, Calif. That's a pretty large order you've given us, but we'll see what we can do. It takes 282,000 employees to run the picture show business, all branches included, and they average an annual wage of \$1,306.95. The motion picture audience is estimated at eighty millions. The picture retailers have in the United States almost eleven million seats and each of those is occupied 7.78 times a week, or just slightly more than once a day. Incredible, though it may seem to us, the moving picture industry is forty-six years old this year. You ask where the stories come from. Well, mostly from good books or plays or from the pens of studio scenarists. Not infrequently they start off as just an idea and more or less write themselves as they go along, with everyone on the set putting in his two cents'

(Continued on page 103)

The shadow of This woman
DARKENED THEIR LOVE!



Selznick International presents

Rebecca

starring

LAURENCE OLIVIER • JOAN FONTAINE

hero of "Wuthering Heights"

in her sensational starring debut

with GEORGE SANDERS • JUDITH ANDERSON • *Directed by* ALFRED HITCHCOCK

From the best-selling novel by DAPHNE DU MAURIER • *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK
WHO MADE "GONE WITH THE WIND"

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ Pinocchio



All the charm which Hollywood has tried so hard to capture with living actors in fantasies like "The Blue Bird," is present in the animated cartoons of Walt Disney. "Snow White," his first feature-length production, received the most extravagant praise ever heaped on a motion picture. "Pinocchio" surpasses "Snow White" in all departments save possibly musical score and multiplicity of characterization.

And perfectly enchanting it is, from Jiminy Cricket's opening tenor solo (in the voice of Cliff Edwards) to the moment of his final splendor, when he receives a gold badge for distinguished service as Pinocchio's official conscience, from the Blue Fairy. She occasionally comes to earth to grant wishes of worthy people like aged and lonely Gepetto, the puppet-maker, who wishes that his masterpiece, a little-boy puppet named Pinocchio, would come to life; and like worthy Pinocchio himself, who wishes to become a real boy and earns his wish by bravely descending to the sea-bottom to rescue Gepetto from the belly of Monstro, the Whale.

The rest of the cast may be divided, first, into Pinocchio's friends: Cleo, the glamorous gold-fish and Figaro, the frivolous kitten. And second, into Pinocchio's enemies: self-seeking J. Worthington Foulfellow; his scatter-brained stooge, Gideon; Lampwick, a charming hoodlum; Stromboli, the slave-driving puppet maestro and a certain Charles Laughtonish coachman.

Disney's voice parts are as delightful as his drawings. The picture is as wonderful to look into as the fragile machinery of an old-fashioned music box, with its sweet tinkle. But there is nothing old-fashioned about the dialogue or his wise-cracks! Disney has outdone himself again.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★★ Northwest Passage



Red Injuns, red coats, red blood, red fire of burning frontier stockades, red sunsets—these are one's most vivid recollections of the cinematic tone poem made from Kenneth Robert's best-selling novel. And by red should be understood, not a feeble russet color, but a flaming Technicolor, a red to stop a freight train or to set fox-hounds baying. The picture has other exciting moments: Major Spencer Tracy marching and starving with his men to wipe out a murderous detachment of French and Indians; Ranger Robert Young heroically dragging himself across country with a bullet wound in his vitals; Walter Brennan being comical in the teeth of an almost certain pre-Revolutionary demise.

It is true that there are some patches of blue, green and yellow. For instance, during the picturesque marches across mountainous terrain and through dismal swamps, during the massacre of the Indian settlement, and during the decorative, weary, trek back to the deserted frontier base. But the red refrain is constantly repeated in the red coats of the British troops, in the red sides of beef which they parade before the starving Rangers, and finally, even in the surprisingly uncolonial shade of Ruih Hussey's lips which Mr. Young finds waiting for him on his return to New Hampshire. Oh, yes, we forgot that Mr. Young is a painter, and there is also the red of his palette.

Thanks to a sound screen play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings, efficient direction by King Vidor, an excellent cast and a sumptuously scenic production, "Northwest Passage" is saved from becoming an unrelieved chromatic fantasy. It's well worth seeing.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

★★★ Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet



Although, at first blush, the story of how a certain compound for the treatment of a hitherto unmentionable social disease was developed by the German-Jewish bacteriologist, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, might seem a rather specialized subject for the movies, a notable picture has been made of it: Not since "The Story of Louis Pasteur" has the screen lent itself so auspiciously to the cause of science. Don't be fooled by the presence of Edward G. Robinson or by the melodramatic title. In spite of these ambiguous elements, the picture is a dignified and occasionally stirring account of a brave man's fight against human fear and disease, excellently acted by a splendid cast, tightly written by John Huston, Heinz Herald and Norman Burnside, and directed with his usual mastery by William Dieterle.

On the other hand, conservative medical opinion may question the wisdom of the film's climactic implication that syphilis has been destroyed by Ehrlich's arsenic compound, developed after 606 experiments. Also, there may be those who will deny that the Germany of Dr. Ehrlich's day was, with the exception of two or three friendly figures, a hot-bed of anti-Semitic and bourgeois obstructionism, as the picture makes out.

Mr. Robinson, in a beautiful series of beards, seems as much at home behind this scientific shrubbery as Paul Muni himself. Outstanding also is the performance of seventy-year-old Albert Basserman, a German refugee who, without knowledge of English, learned his speeches for the part of the great Dr. Koch by rote. Otto Kruger, Ruth Gordon, Donald Crisp, Montagu Love and Maria Ouspenskaya are other prominent members of the cast. They all are excellent.—*Warner Brothers*. (Continued on page 79)

HIGH SPOTS AND SIDELIGHTS IN THE CAREERS OF THE STARS ON REVIEW

Walt Disney



Walt Disney, the man who won't let us grow up, arrived in Hollywood in 1923 after a varied career of newspaper selling, ambulance driving and illustrating farm journals. He had exactly five hundred dollars in his pocket when he set up his studio and endeavored to sell sophisticated Hollywood his "Oswald the Rabbit." Though the next few years were lean ones, two events of importance did happen. First, he married Lillian Bounds, one of his two assistants, and then, following a long friendship with office mice, he evolved his masterpiece, Master Mickey. "All women hate mice," reasoned the producers, "therefore, they'll boycott your films." But Mickey made false prophets of them all and today, at twelve, he's carved a niche for himself in the Tussaud Museum in London, while Walt, at thirty-nine, has acquired honorary degrees, Academy Awards and a six-figured bank balance.

"Snow White," his first feature-length film, represented two years of work by eight hundred men. "Bambi," Disney's next, has an army of twelve hundred workers. These include idea men, gagmen, song writers and animators. The last named, the men who make the Disney actors act, receive fifteen dollars a week while taking his special three year art course. Their average age is twenty-six, and they must have three years of regular art school training behind them before Walt considers them eligible for his course. He insists on this long apprenticeship, although he confesses that his own art training, excepting brief courses at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, was negligible.

Ruth Hussey



A lady endowed with an abundance of beauty, charm and talent is a mighty rare character, but that's just what MGM fell heir to when they signed Ruth Hussey. This lovely brunette New Englander never even aspired to movie fame. She was doing an amazingly good job of Kay in a road company performance of "Dead End," when the all-seeing eye of a talent scout settled upon her approvingly. A few weeks later, she had her first screen role and, from less than a dozen featured parts, she progressed to her current and much coveted role of Elizabeth Browne in "Northwest Passage."

Miss Hussey is one of those unique persons who could have been a success in a number of fields. She majored in art at Pembroke College and her deft handling of water colors and oils would have assured her a future in painting. Her charming speaking voice made her a good bet for radio, and she broadcast a fashion program for almost a year. She was also the editor of her high school magazine and college year book, to say nothing of having turned out some very clever advertising copy right after she won her diploma.

She really sounds too good to be true, but we are relieved to discover that she is delightfully human in spite of it all. A candid camera fiend par excellence, she is the terror of her unfortunate victims. She confesses to a weakness for mangy, stray cats, and, though it doesn't seem possible, by her own admission she is this world's "laziest critter" and would like nothing better than lounging abed till noon every day.

Edward G. Robinson



Edward G. Robinson doesn't do anything on a small scale. At an age when most little boys are modestly aspiring to be cops or firemen, Eddie had three ambitions—to be a minister, a lawyer and a teacher. Far from struggling with one required language, he mastered seven with ease. Eventually, he determined to make acting his profession and was acclaimed one of the finest performers on the American stage.

Small of stature but great of accomplishment, Eddie is the very antithesis in real life of the "Little Caesar" roles he portrayed for so many hair-raising years. A dyed-in-the-wool family man, he comes home every night laden with toys for six-year-old Mannie and perfume for Mrs. Robinson. The man who is, to quote him in an enthusiastic moment; "nuts about music" and a real connoisseur of nineteenth century French painting, revels in his stick-em-up portrayals. He likes his gangster roles but doesn't object to playing law-abiding citizens just as long as his characters are real and understandable, and he can smoke a cigar in the part. His friends say the only reason Eddie agreed to do "Dr. Erlich" was because he was told the doctor was famous for trailing cigar ashes all over his laboratory.

Eddie, when questioned about his plans for the future, cryptically replies in that terse, clipped way of his (the only hang-over from his shady past), "I want to be a guide on a round-the-world tour." If anybody could lure a war-harried world out cruising on a submarine-infested sea, we think that person would certainly be Mr. E. G. Robinson.

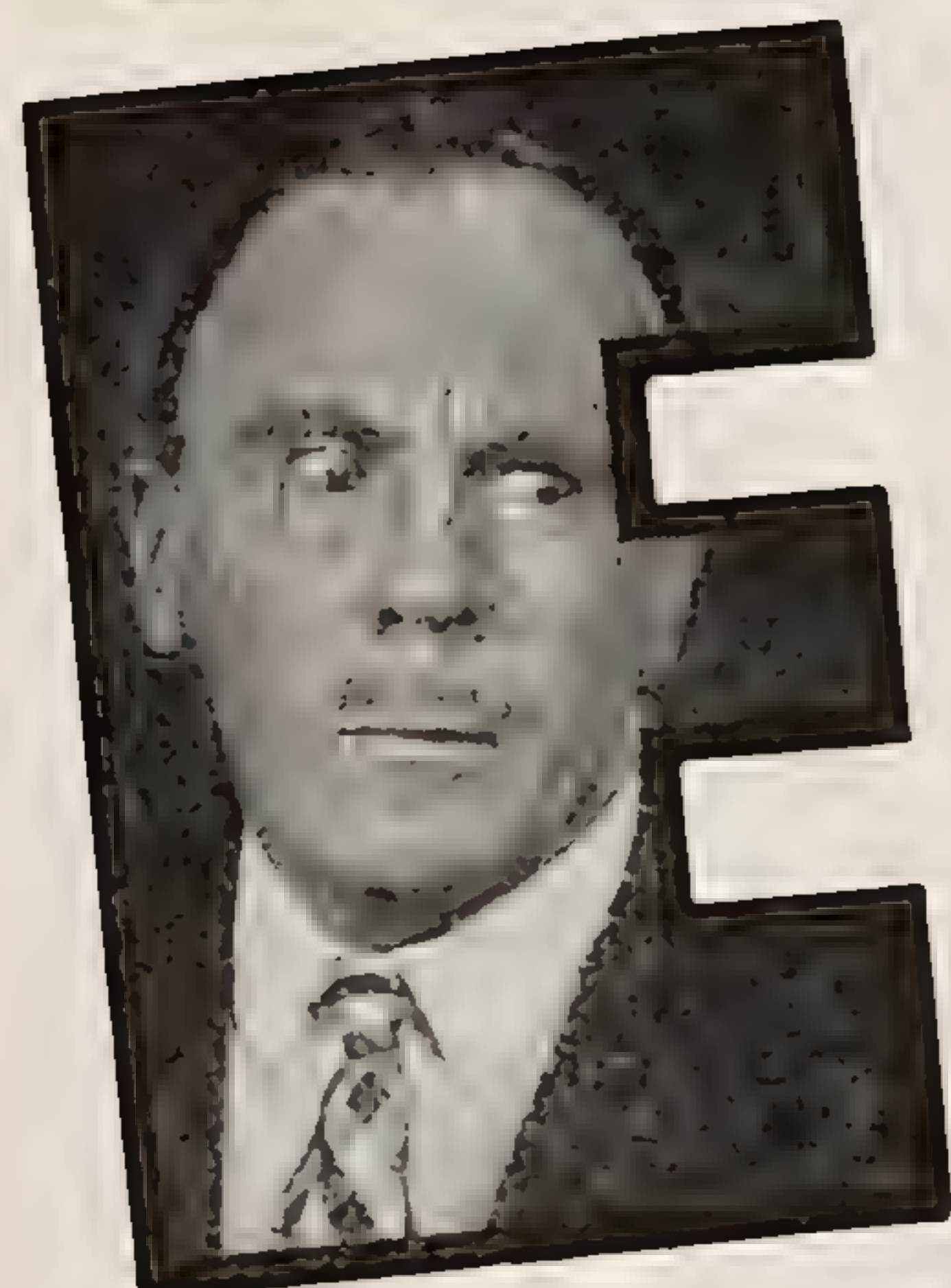
CHARTING THE STARS

THE SECOND HALF OF THE INTIMATE LISTING WHICH BEGAN IN OUR APRIL ISSUE

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|------|----------------|----------------------------|------------------|---|
| Hervey, Irene | Student | Stranger's Return | 1933 | Riding | Singing | Universal | Home—120 North Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights |
| Hiller, Wendy | Stage Actress | Pygmalion | 1938 | Badminton | Cooking | M-G-M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Hinds, Samuel S. | Lawyer | Crime of the Century | 1933 | Golf | Untangling Legal Problems | Universal | Studio—Universal City, California |
| Hodges, Joy | Singer | Old Man Rhythm | 1935 | Riding | Collecting Perfume Bottles | Universal | Studio—Universal City, California |
| Holden, Fay | Stage Actress | Salomy Jane | 1923 | Tennis | Gardening | M-G-M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Holden, William | Student | Golden Boy | 1939 | Football | Playing Violin | Paramount | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Holt, Jack | Rancher | Light of the Western Stars | 1918 | Polo | Hunting | Columbia | Home—168 Granville Ave., Bel-Air |
| Holt, Tim | Student | History is Made At Night | 1937 | Badminton | Raising Cocker Spaniels | RKO-Radio | Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Hope, Bob | Vaudevillian | Big Broadcast of 1938 | 1938 | Golf | Amateur Photography | Paramount | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Hopkins, Miriam | Chorus Girl | The Best People | 1932 | Dancing | Painting | Warner Bros. | Home—1400 Towergrove, Beverly Hills |
| Horton, Ed. Everett | Chorus Singer | Age For Love | 1933 | Sailing | Dog Raising | 20th Century-Fox | Home—5521 Amestoy, Encino |
| Howard, John | Student | Car 99 | 1935 | Baseball | Drawing | Paramount | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Howard, Leslie | Stage Actor | Outward Bound | 1930 | Cricket | Photography | M-G-M | Home—724 Linden Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Hudson, Rochelle | Student | Fanny Foley Herself | 1930 | Swimming | Collecting Corsage Ribbons | Columbia | Home—609 N. Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Hull, Henry | Mining Engineer | The Man Who Came Back | 1924 | Golf | Architectural Designing | M-G-M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Hull, Warren | Singer | Personal Maid's Secret | 1935 | Rowing | Growing Orchids | Mono-gram | Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood |
| Hunt, Marsha | Student | The Virginia Judge | 1935 | Tennis | Composing Music | Mono-gram | Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood |
| Hunter, Ian | Stage Actor | Downhill | 1928 | Riding | Reading | M-G-M | Home—126 Mayberry, Santa Monica |
| Huston, Walter | Engineer | Gentlemen of the Press | 1929 | Football | Cabinet Making | M-G-M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Jaynes, Betty | Student | Sweethearts | 1938 | Tennis | Collecting Charms | M-G-M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Jean, Gloria | Student | The Underpup | 1939 | Bicycling | Doll Collecting | Universal | Studio—Universal City, California |
| Jenkins, Allen | Stage Actor | Blessed Event | 1932 | Sailing | Raising Dogs | Warner Bros. | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |

(Continued on page 60)

SHE'S DANCEABLE!...SHE'S ROMANCEABLE!
SHE'S ENTRANCEABLE!...



MEET 1940'S GRANDEST
GLAMOUR GIRL IN 1940'S
GRANDEST MUSICAL ROMANCE!...

Featuring a galaxy of stars
...the most singable, swing-
able of melodies... the
latest of springtime fashions
and a love story that'll sing
its way into your heart!

Anna Neagle · Ray Milland

"IRENE"

WITH
Roland Young · Alan Marshal
May Robson · Billie Burke

ARTHUR TREACHER · MARSHA HUNT · ISABEL JEWELL · DORIS NOLAN
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HERBERT WILCOX

Screen Play by Alice Duer Miller from the Musical Comedy "IRENE"
Book by James H. Montgomery · Music and Lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McComb

A SPRINGTIME ROMANCE SET TO MUSIC


ALICE BLUE GOWN

CASTLE OF DREAMS

YOU'VE GOT ME OUT ON A LIMB

IRENE

CASTLE OF DREAMS



**"SURE, I'M HARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO HOCK
YOUR SOUL TO GET
WHAT YOU WANT IN
THIS WORLD!"**

*A snarling, vicious,
killer-breed . . . in the
eyes of the law! A
hurt and embittered
boy . . . to the girl who
loves him! With bite
and dynamite, this
drama blasts the truth
out of his heart!*

**Tyrone
POWER**

. . . not since "Jesse James"
has he had such a role!

**Dorothy
LAMOUR**

. . . revealing more of her
allure than ever before!

in
**Johnny
Apollo**

**EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL**

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne
and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon
and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production





You'll *LIVE* this Romance...You'll *LOVE* its Stars!

MERLE
OBERON

Far more wonderful
than ever before, as
the girl with nothing
to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle!
The grandest role of
all for the hero of
'The Fighting 69th'!

"Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

Be sure
to learn where it's
playing. If you want to
see a really thrilling
romance you'll want to
Be there!

A New
WARNER BROS.
Success

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
BINNIE BARNES
FRANK McHUGH

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Warren Duff • From
an Original Story by Robert Lord









ELLEN
DREW

MADELEINE CARROLL
as Livia Vayne

Edward Small presents
MADELEINE CARROLL
BRIAN AHERNE
LOUIS HAYWARD

My Son, My Son!

with LARAINÉ DAY • HENRY HULL • JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • SOPHIE STEWART
BRUCE LESTER • Screenplay by Lenore Coffee • Directed by Charles Vidor • Released thru United Artists
From HOWARD SPRING'S best-selling novel — praised by more than a million readers

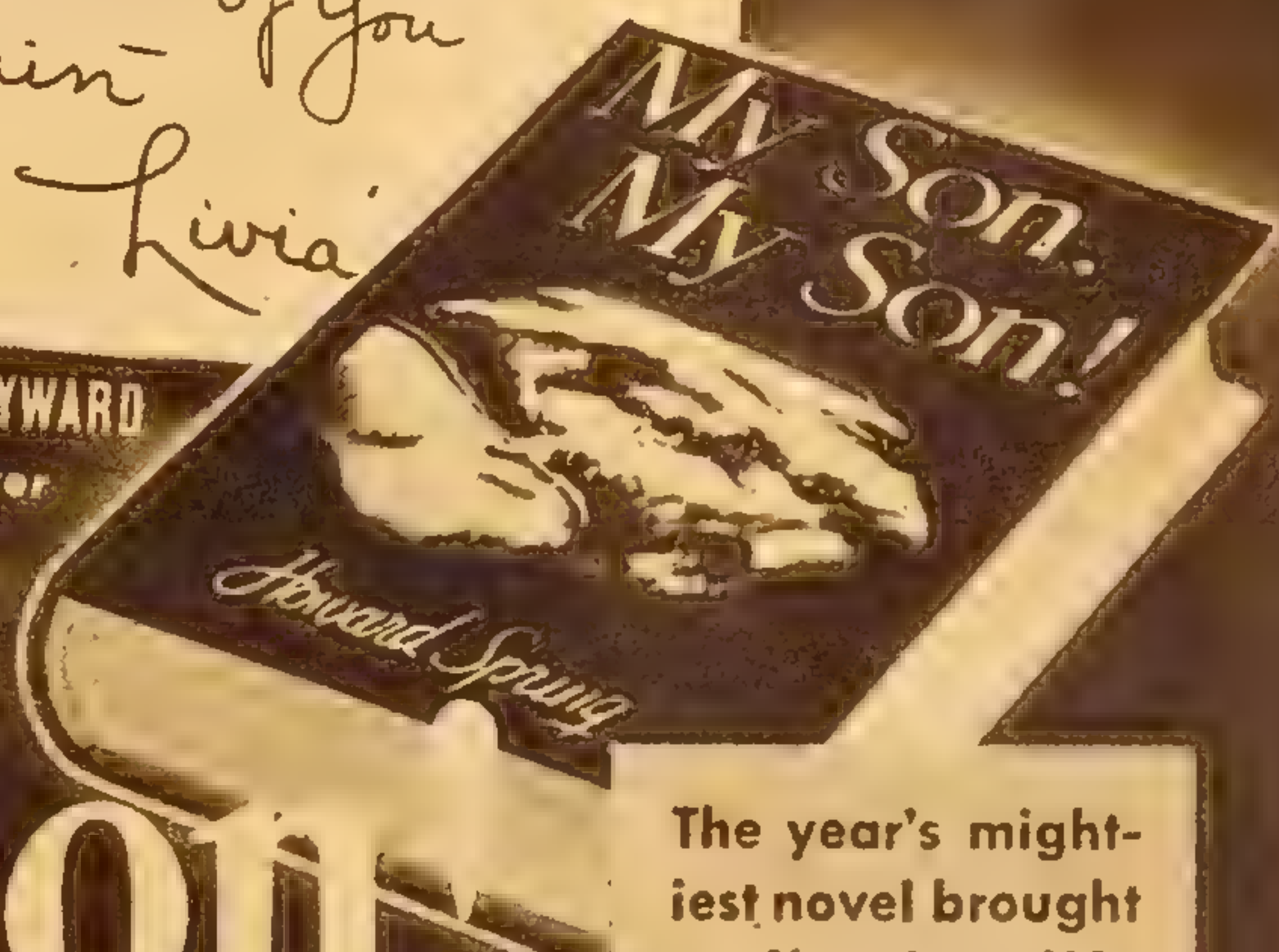
(See it soon at your favorite theatre)

L. V.

I love you both too much,
William, darling, to let
my love come between
you. You and Oliver—
a son hating his father—
a father despising his
son because of me—it is
better that I never
see either of you
again.
Livia

BRIAN AHERNE
as William Essex

LOUIS HAYWARD
as Oliver



The year's might-
iest novel brought
to flaming life
upon the screen
by a perfect cast!

"I'M NOT BOY CRAZY!"

ASSERTS JUDY GARLAND, DEBUNKING THE HOLLYWOOD MATCH-MAKERS' GOSSIP

JUDY GARLAND plucked the knife from its place beside her salad and waved it dangerously. Her pert nose quivered. Her dark eyes sparked.

"Honestly, I don't know why, but all the gossip writers keep painting me as if I'm boy crazy! Maybe it's because of the songs I sing. Yes, that must be it. Those songs give the wrong impression. But gee, I'm not that way at all!

"Take the stories about Mickey Rooney and myself. I'll give it to you straight. The columnists keep saying I'm in love with Mickey. It upsets me so; really it does. Because I'm not at all in love with him. Not a single bit. Oh sure, we're swell friends, very good friends. Mickey is so full of fun and I enjoy working with him. I'm looking forward to our next picture, 'Strike Up The Band.' But outside of pictures, why, I rarely even see him! Neither one of us cares for the other—except as pals. And that's the truth!"

Judy Garland put the knife down, and absently contemplated her salad. When she looked up, she gulped, glanced around to see if anyone at the crowded tables in the M-G-M commissary had overheard her outburst, and then looked at me with her shy smile.

"Gee, you understand, don't you? The papers have it wrong. I don't go mooning over some new fellow every other day. It's all so unfair. Why, right now I haven't got a special boy friend. And I don't even go out much.

"Last night, for example, I was home reading that marvelous book, 'Masterpieces of Art' by Craven.

Then, this morning—why—did you see this morning's paper? Someone reported that last night I was at Victor Hugo's holding hands under the table with some person I don't even know! It's very confusing, and I hope everyone doesn't believe all those things.

"The last time I went on a date was over a week ago. A concert violinist named Jimmy took me to see Katharine Cornell in 'No Time for Comedy.' I won't be going out again until the Ballet Russe comes to town. I have a date for that. I'm dying to see the Ballet Russe. Have you seen it? I can't wait!"

Judy unclasped her light fur jacket and allowed it to fall back over her chair. She went at the cottage cheese in her salad. It was her favorite cheese and it seemed to mellow her.

"I'm really not very enthused about going out places," she explained. "Why should I be, when I live in such a marvelous home? Sometimes I see different boys, maybe twice a week, but they come over to the house. We sit in my music room and listen to symphony records. Now that's real fun!"

"Most of my friends are non-professionals. That is, they're not movie people. After all, I spent nine years in vaudeville, and I met the finest people that ever lived. They're still my best friends."

Judy's red hair crept out from under her turban. She violently put her hair in its place.

"Do you really want to know how silly those rumors about me are?" she inquired, dead earnest. "I'll tell you: First the rumors said I was in love with Leonard Suess, a musi-

cian. Now feature that. Why, I've known Leonard for ten years! He's a sort of brother to me, a friend of the family. He's only seventeen, and he supports his mother. Sometimes he works in my pictures.

"Then the rumors said I was in love with Peter Hayes, whose mother manages the Grace Hayes Lodge. Well, he's really a nice person. But I only went out with him three times in my life, and we were only pals.

"That's the way it is with everyone. When I make a new acquaintance or send someone I admire a note or flowers, I am immediately rumored madly in love. Imagine what people, reading about those different men and myself, must think. Boy crazy Judy, they must say. And I'm not at all like that!"

Judy's intensity left her breathless. She sat back against her fur jacket and took a deep breath. She was a young girl being very and delightfully sincere.

Suddenly Judy Garland's eyes widened, and she leaned forward with a secret. "But one day I *am* going to fall in love—and it won't be a rumor."

Her voice quickened. "The man I'm going to marry is going to be honest. Yes he is. He's going to be a colorful and exciting man. I want him to have strong, sincere opinions, even if they're wrong. And as for looks, gosh, how a man looks doesn't matter at all with me!

"I've always vaguely dreamed of getting married at twenty-four. That age sounds just right, doesn't it? If I'm still good enough to be in the movies, I wouldn't want to retire when I'm married. But I wouldn't



Judy premieres with Barron Poon, one of her legion of non-professional admirers.

The red-head from Grand Rapids rhumbas with Peter Hayes at the Beverly-Wilshire.



By James

Carson

want a burdensome contract, either. My big dream is to have a husband, a big family, and do maybe one picture a year. That sounds ideal. Too ideal, I'm afraid. Maybe it's only a fairy tale dream. I suppose things never happen like that, do they? But I pray this does."

And this certainly will. For, while Judy is only sixteen, and much will happen to her as it does in all young lives, she will always and eternally be the same Judy—quick of enthusiasm, but sound of judgment and desire. She possesses an amazing sense of true values for one so young, and her seriousness and honesty are tempered by the most precious gift of all—laughter.

But Judy, at no one's expense, will always have her way and her desires, because she will always be Judy.

She hasn't changed a bit since she was Frances Ethel Gumm of Grand Rapids. Not even when, some seven years ago, she played on a vaudeville bill with George Jessel, and he said, "You can't get any place with a name like that—Gumm. Why, it sounds too much like crumb, bum or dumb. I'll christen you with a new name. I'll name you after my best friend, the drama critic, Robert Garland." Even when she came to Hollywood five long years ago, her feet were on the ground. Even when she tried to sing, and they said she was too young, and she sang anyway—and so well that Mr. Louis B. Mayer himself was dragged in to hear her and to sign her.

Today, with applause loud in her ears after "Babes in Arms" and "The Wizard of Oz," with critics and polls falling all over themselves to vote her among the best ten of the past year, Judy still manages to retain the old values. My contention is that, if the past five years haven't changed her, nothing ever will. She may be the great Judy Garland to the world but, in her heart, she's still plain Frances Gumm, who loves dill pickles, Debussy, Bette Davis, Italian operas (Cont'd on page 89)

Believe it or not, this little singer of swing is a traitor to "jive." She'd much rather listen to the classics!





"WE KNOW TRACY"

I'VE HAD the most delightful week gossiping my head off about Spencer. "Psstt," I've gone around saying to folks, "c'm here and tell me things about Spencer Tracy." And really, my dears, the slants you do get on Spence when you see him through the eyes of others!

I learned things about Tracy I could never have learned from Tracy himself. You cannot get Spencer to talk about himself; there's no use trying. Think up provocative questions as you will, the answer is "Ug" or, when he feels most chatty, "Glug." That's why I went "psstting" around behind Spencer's broad back and how I'm able to pass on to you more information about Spencer than I could possibly have gathered in any other way. For this is Spencer as others see him. And moreover, these others are the people who, among them, live the clock 'round with Spencer, see him at work and at play, in every mood, in every circumstance of his life.

Let's begin with Hedy Lamarr.

"If you ask me what I think of him," said Hedy, "I have to say it in one word, that word is 'Terreefic!' In every way, terreefic! What is his attraction for women? Oh, that is easy. His attraction for women is that he is every inch masculine.

"But," said Hedy, and very seriously now, "this is not

the most truly and deeply that I see Spencer. No, what I think of him goes deeper in. You see, when I first started to work with him in 'I Take This Woman,' I was afraid of him. I was so new and all; he had such experience and greatness. I would start to say something in a scene and I would not be sure how to say it. I would somehow find myself asking him how I should say it. He would rehearse it over and over with me, so kindly, so patiently, not as a great star with a beginner, but as a friend with a friend. I was not afraid of him any more, because I knew that he was my friend. He is so natural himself, that you cannot be uneasy when you are working with him.

"Like all truly great people," Hedy said, laughing now, "Spencer is fun. We made so much fun and laughing on the sets. When I first came, I did not pronounce his name right; I called him 'Speenzer.' So then he called me 'Hedl' and it was Speenzer and Hedl all the way through. If I blew up on my lines he would kid me to death. He would look at me so funny and shake his head very solemnly and say, 'I don't know, Myrna never does that!'

"One day I found all the drawers of my dressing table filled with five-and-ten-cent bars of candy. Pretty soon in came Speenzer and I knew who had put them there. So we took a bite out of every one of them and the ones

Caught unawares! Spencer Tracy cuddles his five-year-old daughter, Susy, who rather likes the idea. Thirteen-year-old Johnny Tracy looks on approvingly. It wasn't a screen performance that won Spence the devotion of these two fans!



**THE STUDIO GATEMAN, A WARDROBE GIRL, MR. T's
WAITRESS, SECRETARY, WIFE AND KIDS TELL TALES
ON SPENCE 'TIL HE HASN'T A SECRET LEFT**

By
Gladys Hall

we didn't like we put back in the drawer and the ones we did like we ate all up and ordered more!

"We had great laughs about our eating. In the picture we had a breakfast scene and when Speenzer came to the set and saw only grapefruit on the table, he said to the prop man, 'Is this all you got? I thought we would have real ham and eggs and coffee and flapjacks!' When he was trying not to eat so much he would order ice cream for me. Then, after a little, he would come around to my dressing-room door and he would eat some, too. I gained six pounds on that picture," laughed Hedy. "One night we had to work late and we had dinner in the studio commissary—Speenzer, Margaret and I. We were all getting fat. We made plans to go to Switzerland to live as peasants, carrying our stomachs on wheelbarrows! Oh, yes, he is terreefic," sighed Hedy.

Then I went out to the quiet valley of the San Fernando, through the plain, white wooden gates, up the short avenue bordered with alternating palms and oleanders. I was welcomed by eight beautiful red setters, and then by the low, rambling, one-story house which seems to hold out its arms to you. In the lovely, homey living and dining room combined, there were chintz divans, neutral-toned, woolly rugs, low tables, and books and magazines

everywhere. There were pictures of children here and there but no photographs of Spencer.

I talked with Louise Tracy who makes this home. What a refreshing person she must be for an actor to come home to—out of artifice and applied glamour to this gray-eyed young woman with her smooth-parted, shining hair, no make-up and lovely smile. We just sat and talked, as women will, about husbands and children and the special problems they present. I quite forgot Tracy, the star, and found myself thinking of him as Spencer Tracy, the husband and father.

Small Susy, for instance, her mother told me, recently made a record of herself singing. Entranced with the result, she decided that she would like to go on the radio. She asked her father, "How much does it cost to go on the radio, Daddy?" Spencer explained (he always takes time to explain things to the children in detail) that it doesn't cost anything; that if you are good, the radio pays you. Susy then wished to know if he had been paid for his broadcasts. Spencer told her, yes, they had paid him.

"How much?" demanded Susy.

Spencer told her.

"Oh, they did not!" laughed Susy, doubling up, "they did not!" To small Susy, Spencer (Continued on page 77)

By James Reid

Loretta tosses off scenes like these with Robert Taylor (below) and Charles Boyer (far below) without a tremor. "It's just work to me," she says, but admits it's nice work.



THE MEN

'WAY BACK in 1933, when Loretta Young was twenty, she gave an interview entitled, "I Have Been In Love Fifty Times!" In that interview, she said, among other things: "I fall in love with all my leading men. If I fail to fall, it is just too bad for me and too bad for my love scenes. If I didn't fall a little bit in love with the men I play opposite, I could not do love scenes with them. I could not be fondled and caressed and kissed by any man, on a set or off, unless I felt an emotional interest in him. It would be impossible. If I don't feel a spontaneous attraction, I see to it that I work one up."

The other day, on the set of "The Doctor Takes a Wife," Loretta was amused at being reminded of what she had once said about herself and love scenes. In fact, she laughed outright.

"It was marvelous," she said, "what press agents could persuade actors and actresses to say in those days. The more unexpected things we said, the more 'colorful' and 'different' people thought we were. (At least, the press agents said so.) We all tried frantically to make amazing statements, but that time I really went overboard."

Which, in some quarters, might also be considered an amazing statement. No feminine star today is more famous for her love scenes than Loretta. When she is supposed to be in love in front of the camera, she has an eloquent light in those enormous eyes—a light that no other actress seems able to equal. But then, no other actress has been in front of the camera with so many of Hollywood's Great Lovers. There are millions of people unwilling to believe that Loretta is only pretending every time she plays a love scene.

However, that is what she insists they will have to believe. She laughs at any other notion. She laughs at her earlier self for having said anything to the contrary even for the sake of startling her fans.

MISS YOUNG KISSES AND TALKS!



Teamed five times, Loretta and Ty Power have no difficulty with clinches.



Miss Y. says Don Ameche has calmed down since she first played with him.

LORETTA HAS KISSED

"A love scene is work like any other scene," was the way Loretta put it. "It's nice work, if you can get it. But it's still work."

Work to be held close by Clark Gable? Work to listen to Charles Boyer's caressive voice? Work to look straight into Tyrone Power's brown eyes, or Robert Taylor's blue ones? What does the girl mean?

"Oh, I don't mean that love scenes are an ordeal," Loretta hastily explained. "All I mean is that so many other things enter into the making of love scenes that personal emotions are crowded out."

"There's your make-up to think about, and your hair. Your clothes have to be just so. You're subjected to a hundred blinding lights, glaring down on you from all sides with blistering heat. A microphone hovers over your heads. A camera stands a few feet away and you have to remember to stay in focus with it. A director tells you how to stand, or sit, for the best photographic effect. A script tells you what to say. Every change of expression, every movement you make, even the angle of your kiss, are all ordained in advance. You start at a signal, and you stop at another signal. The director doesn't like the first take. So you do the whole thing over and over, and then you do close-ups and retakes of close-ups, working harder and harder all the time to keep the sheer repetition of lines and action from turning you into two automatons."

"Who said movie stars can't help falling in love making love scenes? Did I? Imagine having personal emotions at such a time. The wear and tear on them would be simply terrific. As long as everything is impersonal, any amount of make-believe is possible."

"That's why I don't have to become acquainted with an actor before I can do a love scene with him. And why, if I were married, I'd hate to play opposite my husband."

Loretta paused to extract a cigarette from a porcelain box on a nearby table. Then she continued to reminisce.

"The first time I did a love scene, I was so self-conscious I could hardly stand it. The scene was with Richard Barthelmess, who was an idol of mine. His mere proximity was enough to set me to shaking, to say nothing of his taking me in his arms and kissing me."

"He sensed how wrought up I was. He asked, 'Are you embarrassed?' I managed to squeak, 'Terribly.' He said, 'You mustn't be. This is just another scene. Just part of the day's work.'"

"I suppose every beginner goes through the same thing and lives to see the scenes as part of the business of acting and nothing else."

"Heavens knows you can't go on being embarrassed by them and hope to be an actress. Love scenes are going to be an important part of movies as long as the movies try to mirror life. Life, with most people, is a pursuit of happiness. And, to be happy, they have to love something or somebody—usually somebody."

She moved an ash tray within striking distance. "Naturally, some love scenes are more enjoyable than others. So many people think love scenes must be easy or difficult in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure you find in your leading man's company. That doesn't enter into it. What makes any scene easy or difficult is the way it's written."

"The most difficult love scene I've had in years was one in 'Eternally Yours' with David Niven, who is a friend of long standing. The setting was a bedroom. That always helps to make things difficult. The couple were having breakfast on the bed. He started to pick into her food. Then there were other light-hearted suggestions of intimacy, ending in a kiss. It was one of those borderline scenes. Done with just the right touch, it would amuse audiences; otherwise, it would embarrass them."

"A well-written love scene is a delight to do with anybody—that is, short of someone you can't abide. I've had some leading men I wasn't crazy about and the feeling was mutual, but we were able to (Continued on page 69)

AND, WHAT'S MORE, NOT ONE OF THE SCREEN'S GREAT LOVERS IS SPARED

"Send the girl in Test 4783 to my office. I like her!" the excited producer shouts into his dictaphone. Result? Some unknown aspirant, such as you, becomes a movie queen.



By Irving Wallace



Deanna Durbin

Errol Flynn

IN A GLOOMY private projection room, in the corner of some Hollywood studio, a middle-aged man slumps in a leather chair and watches the five hundred feet of film unreeling on the screen before him.

In this room, and by this man, every potential star in filmdom is found—or forgotten.

Here, Cary Grant and Vivien Leigh were found. Here, also, Deanna Durbin, Errol Flynn, Priscilla Lane and Bill Holden were discovered.

The producer watches the make-believe on the screen before him. He sees close-ups of the youngster, every angle of her face. He sees her walk, turn, sit and act. He isn't moved, just tired—for he has seen ten similar tests in the past week, and toiled ten nerve-wracking hours during the past day. Now he is weary, thinking perhaps of his indigestion, reflecting upon whether his wife will go to Bermuda, wondering who won the fifth race at Santa Anita.

But he remains alert. Because in this little room, when he was just as tired, he first saw Bette Davis, Gloria Jean and Ginger Rogers.

Suddenly, the man sits up. He leans forward, forgetting to puff on his expensive cigar. He is inwardly excited, for

he has seen something. With eyes riveted to the screen, he pulls the curved bell of the dictaphone to his lips and speaks: "Send the girl in Test 4783 to my office tomorrow morning. I like her."

He likes her! The producer has spoken. The magic is already taking place. And a star is in the process of being born.

But what did the producer see, as he sat watching the short screen test? What quality in the unknown aspirant suddenly arrested his attention? What attracted him?

You want to know, don't you? Because, after all, one day that person in Test 4783 may be you. Oh, yes, it may. Joe Pasternak, head of Universal, told me that you have as much of a chance as the experienced entertainer, and Hal Wallis, high mogul at Warners, insisted that you don't have to be good looking. Because for every gorgeous Ginger Rogers with dancing ability and for every handsome Bob Taylor with acting experience, there have been a hundred like Ellen Drew, whose dramatic background was limited to serving chocolate sodas, or like Arleen Whelan, who slaved as a manicurist, or like Fred MacMurray, who blew himself dizzy on a saxophone. They didn't have extensive stage experience. Some didn't even



THE STARMAKERS SPEAK!

HERE IS THE SECOND ARTICLE OF OUR INFORMATIVE
SERIES. THE TALENT SCOUTS MAY DISCOVER YOU, BUT
IT'S ALWAYS THE BIG BOSSES WHO HAVE THE FINAL SAY



Lucille Ball



Cary Grant



Susan Hayward



William Holden



Priscilla Lane

have looks. But they scored in screen tests because they had what Artie Jacobson, Paramount's talent head, calls "that certain something."

You may have "that certain something." The day after tomorrow, when you go to the corner for a magazine, or stop in the drugstore for a milk-shake, a talent scout may see you. And a week later, you may be in Hollywood.

Then there will be a screen test. You will learn that a script has been prepared for you, a set built for you, men hired to handle you. You will learn that a producer has spent \$750 to photograph you.

There'll be a camera, and those hot white klieg lights that make you see double, and technicians who are not paying any attention. You will start playing a short scene—part of a one-act play like "The Valiant" or a revised radio script—and you will have to make-believe.

When the torture is over, you'll wait. You won't have fingernails, and you'll have nerves in the oddest places. That middle-aged man with the cigar in his face will be sitting in his 40-foot projection room, staring at 500 feet of celluloid that contains your image.

Yes, maybe, one day soon, you will be the lucky girl in Test 4783—maybe the producer will see "that certain

something" in you to start you out on a movie career!

That certain something? But exactly what? The answer depends entirely on the individual producer. In the past week, I went from studio to studio, on sets, in projection rooms, in ornate offices, chatting with those unpublicized giants who select and hire the stars. Each, I learned, possesses his pet ideas, prejudices and theories. And each knows specifically and definitely the qualities he wants in you—that is, if you are to be his star.

When I began my producer-hunt, the first place I went to was Universal, out north of Hollywood in the valley. There, in a white bungalow on the lot, was Mr. Headline himself, Joe Pasternak, who has given birth to eight smash hits out of eight times at the plate. That's batting in any league—and this is the majors!

Discoverer of Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean, the man who upholstered Marlene Dietrich's career, Pasternak proved to be a two-legged synonym for dynamite. Slender, fast-talking, vital, this ex-busboy from Simloul Sylvania, Hungary, told me what he looked for in Universal's \$800 screen tests.

"Sincerity, that's what I want!" he exclaimed, propping his feet on his desk. "Good looks (Continued on page 91)

ON THE SET

WITH "LILLIAN RUSSELL," 20th CENTURY-FOX'S NEW \$1,000,000 EXTRAVAGANZA



Henry Fonda gets a make-up test required of all players. He perfected his characterization of Lillian's 4th husband by studying 3,000 feet of newsreel showing the two.

Alice "Lillian Russell" Faye finds a new use for stand-in, Helene Holmes. Under the plumes and spangles is the famous corset reducing Alice's waist from 24 to 20 inches.



LILLIAN RUSSELL was vibrantly beautiful. Born at the dawn of the Civil War, she lived her life with a boiling-point fervor which made that beauty felt by millions. As the most wildly-adored actress of her day, she scorched the headlines with her escapades, inspired "Bahs" and "Ahs" with her extravagances, and won four attractive husbands with her spine-tingling, head-spinning charm. Had she been less than this she could never have been nominated for Darryl Zanuck's Hall of Fame.

Over on the Will Rogers stage of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Mr. Z's cameramen are busily recording Lillian's career. When they are finished, her name will again leap from every tongue and she will have earned her greatest triumph, the right to stand beside those other Fox immortals, Alexander Graham Bell, Jesse James and young Mr. Lincoln.

The casting of "Lillian Russell" was a snap. Any steno could have run her finger down the studio's contract list and done the job. Alice Faye as the heroine was a natural. According to the publicity boys, she's almost an exact counterpart of Russell—except for her size. True, there's nothing skimpy about Alice, but Lillian was still a good 28 pounds up on her. You may be certain, however, that this is one historical detail which will be blithely overlooked by the producer.

Also overlooked will be two of Lillian's mates. The researchers fought like devils to get every point down pat but somehow husbands No. 1 and No. 3 were lost in the scuffle. Of course, news that the survivors are being played by Don Ameche and Henry Fonda is enormously consoling and the hapless pair probably won't be missed.

Lillian's incidental romances will be more conspicuously absent. All have been thoroughly deleted with the exception of Diamond Jim Brady. With Edward Arnold on the lot, such an omission would have been unpardonable so, as the walking gold-mine who flooded the actress with gifts and affection, Eddie will eat much and laugh loudly and never get to first base with our Lil. It's unfortunate about the others but, as one star remarked, "We are not only dealing with history, we are dealing with the Hays' office!" Yes, you can bring the kiddies.

As is usual with pictures of this type, the producers have gone to incredible lengths to obtain authenticity of minute details which few movie-goers can check anyway. William Anthony McGuire, ace Hollywood writer, worked two years on the screen play, devoting at least half of that time to research alone. McGuire is a man who is entitled to his own bit of fame because he passes up the typewriter and writes entire scenarios in longhand. When he completed "Russell" he found he'd used 1,800 pencils and a few score erasers, while his manuscript, laid sheet on sheet, measured one foot, six inches from the floor!

Packed into the script are scenes demanding replicas of many of Russell's personal possessions. The most famous, for obvious reasons, is the \$3,900 corset made for her by Madame Rosa Binner. The original was an ivory brocade creation with flexible gold stays, diamond clasps and \$700 worth of Belgian lace. It was a gorgeous affair—as corsets go—but when Madame Binner laced Lillian into it she found that it bulged unflatteringly around her customer's well-rounded thighs. The outcome of this near calamity was the first corset garter, designed to keep the corset down—not to hold the stockings up as we of the two-way stretch era have come to think. Madame Binner is in Hollywood now as the picture's technical adviser on corsets. She will supervise the reproduction of the \$3,900 garment and estimates that its (Continued on page 103)



Warren William, Lynn Bari and Edward Arnold are measured by an assistant cameraman for what they call "lens footage." A million details like this halt the day's takes.

Irving Cummings, director of the film, tells Edward "Diamond Jim Brady" Arnold that, in his youth, he was the glamorous Russell's last leading man. And he isn't kidding!

Yes, they all punch time clocks! With her homework—script to you—under her arm, Lynn Bari checks off the set. In the picture she's Edna McCauley, Lillian's best friend.

Alice and Don Ameche, who plays Husband No. 3, take time out. The "rats" used to build up the lady's coiffure had to match her locks exactly and cost the studio \$300.



THE VERVE

VIVIEN LEIGH'S INSATIABLE

In her new picture, "Waterloo Bridge," versatile Vivien shows a "Scarlett" fever-stricken world that she does not intend to rest on her past laurels.

THREE HUNDRED and sixty-five days ago, Vivien Leigh was the girl no one wanted to see as Scarlett O'Hara. Today, she is the girl everyone is feverishly paying to see. Paying so feverishly that already the staggering cost of "Gone With the Wind"—nearly \$5,000,000—has been met. And the picture's travels have hardly begun.

No other girl ever had such a triumph. Yesterday, the most unwelcome unknown in Hollywood history; today, not only Hollywood's most sensational star, but the most famous girl alive!

Vivien herself isn't taking her triumph big. She sizes it up this way:

"No matter what I do, after Scarlett, it's going to be difficult to startle anybody. I'll try, naturally. But in case I don't succeed, I want to have something to show for my efforts. I want to be sure that, meanwhile, I'm learning more about acting. That's why I don't care what roles I do, as long as they are assorted.

"I'm not going to start being afraid of the future, until I find a role that doesn't teach me something new."

Anyone capable of playing Gerald O'Hara's daughter as Vivien Leigh played her should have nothing more to learn about acting, you think. Vivien

A quartette of Britishers—Benita Hume, Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The Leigh-Olivier merger is anticipated in August.

OF THAT GIRL!

By George Benjamin

ZEST FOR ACTING IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY HER UNBOUNDED ZEST FOR LIVING

doesn't think so. That she doesn't is a tip-off to a wide streak of modesty behind her self-assurance. It is also a tip-off to something else. She isn't acting for what she can get out of it. If she were, she would leave well enough alone, with fame here and riches on the way. She's acting for what she can get out of herself.

Here is no "accidental" actress, who landed on the stage because of her face or figure, made good by courtesy of the Great God Luck and now suddenly has acting ambitions. As long as she can remember, Vivien has wanted to act. Her entire life has revolved around that one urge.

Her earliest memory is of taking part in charity shows staged by English exiles in India. "You know, the sort of thing given on the terrace of the country club on a Saturday afternoon. But I loved them. I said then that I was going to be an actress all my life. I couldn't have been more than four or five years old."

She was born in Darjeeling, India, a resort town in the foothills of the Himalayas, whither her mother had gone to escape the seasonal heat of Calcutta, where her father was a stock broker. The date was November 5, 1913. According to the old jingle, Vivien should be "full of woe," for she was born on a Wednesday.

The press-agents have broadcast that Vivien, like Scarlett, teems with French-Irish blood. Her mother, nee Gertrude Robinson, is Irish, right enough. She came from Connemara in the peat-bog country. "One of my father's grandmothers was French, so that makes him one-quarter French, which isn't enough to show. No one would ever take him for anything but a Briton. Especially when he has the name Ernest Richard Hartley."

From neither parent did she inherit any theatrical blood. "My father wanted to be a singer when he was young. Both he and my mother were interested in the theatre as spectators. That was as far as it went. There's a story out that they objected to my becoming an actress. That isn't true. Rather, when they saw which way the wind was blowing, they encouraged the twig to bend that way."

Vivien's memories of India are hazy, for she didn't live there long. She was six when her parents decided to get her out of the tropic sun and give her a chance to have an English complexion and an English education. Her mother took her to England and enrolled her in the Sacred Heart Convent at Roehampton, on the outskirts of London.

After that, for several years, she saw her parents but once a year,

when they "came home" to be with her during summer vacations. She grew up pretty much by herself.

Perhaps you have a mental picture of Vivien, a spitfire of a child, rebelling against the strict discipline and the regimentation of the convent.

Vivien shakes her head. "I know it would make a better story if I had been a little more like Scarlett. But I wasn't like her then, any more than I am now. I loved Roehampton. It was a very beautiful place with enormous gardens. And the most terrible punishment of all was to have to wear one's own clothes, not be able to dress like the other girls. I know; it happened to me. What I had done, I don't remember. I don't remember, either, what I had done the year I wasn't allowed to see the Passion Play, or the year my heart was practically broken because I wasn't allowed to hear a lecture by a South Pole explorer. But I'm positive I wasn't a rebel. I'm more inclined to believe I was just experimenting with some impulses."

At Roehampton at the same time was Maureen O'Sullivan. The press-agents relate that both of them were in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at which time Vivien, aged eight, told Maureen, "I'm going to be" (Continued on page 66)





ALL WORK AND NO PLAYBOY

IS BOB STACK, WHO JILTED THE
EASY LIFE OF TRAVEL AND POLO
FOR THE BUSINESS OF ACTING

Robert Stack's first role before the cameras demanded nothing but a school-boy kiss. "The Mortal Storm" gives him a chance for dramatics.

By Ralph Richards

THE BIGGEST moment in my life," confessed 21-year-old Robert Stack, "was that publicized moment when I gave Deanna Durbin her first movie kiss. Not that the kiss itself was so enjoyable because, God knows, I was too scared to realize whether it was fun or not. But that smack on the lips was important as a symbol—the turning point in my life. It was a sort of mental hurdle and, when I cleared it, I knew where I was going."

Robert Stack, of course, didn't know, then, how far he was going. He didn't know that overnight he would be on the receiving end of countless mash notes and fan letters. He didn't know that columnists would pick him as "the best discovery of the past year." And, of course, he didn't know how quickly he would graduate from the toothy juvenile in "First Love" to the sullen and unsympathetic Nazi in "The Mortal Storm."

And it all began, mind you, with a kiss. Robert Stack, with the body of a weight-lifter and the face of Apollo, tilted back on his chair in the studio mess hall and recalled his big moment, now relegated to history.

Clean-cut, talented, unknown, Stack had been taken from the stage of a little theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and selected to commit osculation with the comely Miss Durbin. Before the kissing scene,

Stack had fortified himself for the ordeal with a lunch of clam chowder. Returning to the set,

he was told by a director that he reeked of onions. This unnerved Robert to the extent of making him miserable and uncomfortable in his big scene and lending an authentic touch of realism which thrilled moviegoers from California to the Cape.

Producers saw some-

thing else in him—a latent fire. When he went on a recent trip to Manhattan, he was interrupted by a telegram. It read: "You have been loaned out to M-G-M stop You will play with Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in 'The Mortal Storm' stop My faith in you is justified stop This is a big step so keep plugging and don't stop (signed) Joe Pasternak."

And so, before you could say Frank Borzage who, by the way, was to direct the epic, Robert Stack jumped into a stray airplane and flew back to Filmtown. It took him one day to return. M-G-M didn't bother to test him for the new role. They knew he was good. He began work the following morning.

"I read the script a dozen times," Stack told me. "The story held me like glue. I knew it would be a great picture and a great opportunity. 'The Mortal Storm,' you know, is from the best-seller novel of the same name by Phyllis Bottome. She wrote 'Private Worlds.'"

"This movie begins in the home of a typical German family. Have you been out on the set? Well, then you saw the professor's home, with all the old-fashioned furniture and framed pictures of mattress-chinned ancestors. A setting like that gets you in the mood."

Robert Stack, blue-eyes glistening, became a storyteller.

"'The Mortal Storm' begins on that evening in 1933 when Adolf Hitler came into power. It deals with a brilliant Jewish professor, played by Frank Morgan, and his wife, who is an Aryan.

"The professor has three sons. I've been playing one of them. This role won't get me any nice fan letters like my role in the Deanna Durbin picture did. It'll get me a lot of hisses, though. I'm a young Nazi and entirely unsympathetic. Margaret Sullavan plays my half-sister. Jimmy Stewart and Bob Young are her suitors. Jimmy



"It's a funny thing in Hollywood," says Robert, "but you go with a girl twice in a week and everyone has you engaged. . . . Sometimes those rumors give girls ideas." You really can't blame them, Mr. S. After all, with your looks, talent *and* the cold two million that you inherited on your 21st birthday, you'd be quite a catch. Above, we witness cute Peggy Moran giving Bob a gentle Leap Year warning.

Stewart is on the side of tolerance and, despite the rise of Hitler, he keeps his head. Bob Young becomes a relentless Storm Trooper—who would and does kill a member of his own family for the Party.

"Believe me, it's all very terrific. The picture shows how the new Nazi regime breaks up a happy intelligent family and brings violence, hate, sorrow and, in the end, death."

Suddenly, Robert Stack halted, and blushed. "Gosh, I guess I sound like a trailer for the picture. But if the ending is left intact, I really have some meaty scenes. In the past, on the stage, and in my one picture, I've been confined to juveniles and wishy-washy romantic roles. But now—well, you know how it is, every comedian wants to be a tragedian, and every leading man wants to be a character actor.

"Another thing, which I suppose you'll find pretty hard to believe. You know, lots of fans choose Margaret Sullivan and Jimmy Stewart as their favorites. Well, not so long ago, I used to be a regular fan and, so help me, precisely those two people were my favorites. But now, instead of writing letters to them, I'll be on the same set with them.

"During the shootings, I've learned so much from Margaret and Jimmy. The only trouble is that I don't get enough time to stand off and watch them work. I'm in so many scenes and Borzage won't permit me, or the others, to slack down."

An hour or so spent with Mr. Stack would assure you that he is a very serious young man. Not that he can't play a gag as well as the next fellow, because he is quite adept at delivering the notorious hot-foot and other practical jokes. But he is dead serious about his work and his future. And with the certainty of youth, he has everything pretty well figured out in advance. He has his career under control.

"For example, even if I could, I wouldn't want to star in a picture during my first year," he admitted. "It's utterly stupid to think of trying to carry an entire picture when you don't understand all the technique and know all the tricks as well, for instance, as Jimmy Stewart does.

"And I have so much to learn! Before, when I was on the little theatre stage, I was told to overact, be full of voice, broad of gesture. Now, before the cameras, I am told to underact, to speak as softly as I am speaking to you now, to be entirely natural.

"I love the movies and the people in the business. They're more alive than others. More interesting. I used to hang around with musicians—and they were terrible! I like music, but when the musicians gathered around and spent hours arguing about fugues, movements and the 3rd bar minor in such-and-such symphony, I was terribly bored.

"The big-shots in Hollywood are democratic. Look at Spence Tracy over there. You heard him stop before and ask about my mother and everyone. You saw him chatting with extras and technicians. Would the stodgy head of a business firm be so considerate or thoughtful?

"I'm in films only because I love the work. Monetary gain is not the issue. I think you have to approach acting with a deep love for it. Do you know Sam Hinds, who played the Mayor in 'Destry Rides Again?' He told me what he thinks of movie work. 'I get paid for having a good time,' he said. That's the way I feel—though, for heavens sakes, don't tell the producers that!"

Mr. Stack is six feet one inch tall, and his best weight is about 172 pounds. He looks like an animated Esquire ad. He is poised, cultured,
(Cont'd on page 82)

LAMOUR'S IN



When they were cast in "Typhoon," Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston disliked each other on sight. Now, he calls her Pete, and she calls him Pres. Says Dotty, "I'm the best friend he has or ever will have."

THEY used to call her Miss Sobersides at the studio. Not any more. There's a new lilt in Dorothy's voice, a new sparkle in her eye. A year ago she was like Klara in "The Shop Around the Corner"—"psychologically mixed up." Now the kinks are ironed out. On the screen she may be a siren in a sarong—a silken, sultry singer of torch songs; but off it, she's a girl whose happiness brims and spills over, a girl who's having fun for the first time in her life.

Bob Preston is largely responsible for this release of spirits. It was his finger, anyway, that touched the spring. Through her childhood and early girlhood, her mother's energies, and later her own, were engaged wholly in struggling with the wolf at the door. Those years left their logical mark on Dorothy. She didn't know how to be gay. She turned up her pretty nose at boys of her own age and their callow ways. She went out with older men because, by her earnest standards, they had more sense.

She was Herbie Kay's wife when Paramount tagged her for pictures. Warned and re-warned against the Hollywood perils of marriage, they were resolved to preserve their own. With her husband away most of the time, Dorothy could scarcely play the hermit. So when she stepped out, she'd wire or phone Herbie where she

By Ida Zeitlin

Though her name has been linked romantically with one escort after another, since her divorce from Bandleader Herbie Kay a year ago, Lamour of the 36-inch-long hair has narrowed the field. If you see her knitting a masculine-looking sweater these days, you can be sure it's for Pres.

LOVE

AND THE SULTRY SIREN OF THE SARONG ADMITS SHE'S HAVING FUN FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE

was going and with whom. It was an artificial and rather dreary arrangement. As success came to both and separations grew longer, they did try desperately to keep their marriage going. It proved to be a losing battle.

Dorothy moped, hiding away first from the rumors, then from the mechanics of divorce. She was glad to be able to step into "Typhoon" last July, after the decree was granted. Bob Preston, fresh from his triumphs in "Union Pacific" and "Beau Geste," played opposite her. They disliked each other on sight—or in Bob's case, before sight. "Uh-huh! Miss Exotic! Probably goes round dripping glamour all over the place." Feeling his hostility, she stuck her own nose in the air. And there could have been the start of a beautiful feud. Except that one day Bob took her unawares with a crack that hit her funnybone. She threw her head back and howled. "My God, she's human!" gasped young Mr. Preston to himself. So it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship instead.

A professional cynic, working hard at his profession, might be able to withstand this Dorothy and her newfound glee. She's disarmingly like a kid, with her arms flung open to wonders. "All of a sudden," she says (we were about to write "sings," for it has the effect of a

carol), "without warning, I found someone with whom I could have fun. We just look at each other and laugh. If I feel like being crazy, it's okay with Pres, and no questions asked. There are times when he feels like being crazy, too, so he understands. That's one of the nicest things about him. He understands without a lot of explanations.

"He knows the whole story of why Herbie and I divorced, but he doesn't talk about it, and I don't either. At first, we used to go to night clubs, because he thought I wanted to, and I thought he wanted to. Personally, I didn't care if I never saw another night club. One evening he said, 'How'd you like to go see some friends of mine? They have a little place down at the beach.' I said I'd love it.

"We never went to a night club again. We go to visit his friends or we go horseback riding. When we have free time, we pile into the car and drive a hundred and twenty-five miles to San Jacinto to play the marble machines. Nobody bothers us there; it's nice to get away from people who are sure to stick you into a gossip column next morning. If we have an afternoon off, we sometimes drive to Santa Barbara for a hot dog sandwich.

"One day we had a flat tire. (Continued on page 71)





Bette Davis, looking very girlish in her "cover-up" dress and big hair-ribbon, chats with Anatole Litvak, a heavy suitor these days.



Mrs. Hugh Herbert puts the "one about" way to a man's heart" into practice. But she doesn't appear a bit susceptible.



Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, with confetti and rice still in their hair, were a starry-eyed and most inseparable twosome.



Eddie Cantor, lacking only the proverbial villain's handle-bar mustache, reduced the crowd to hysterics with his inimitable antics.

STRIKE UP

FASHIONS, FOOD AND FLOOR-SHOW VIE

WHEN A COLOSSAL studio throws a mammoth party, the result is bound to be something for which there is not yet a word. The missing term, whatever it may be, is the only one worthy of describing the sixth annual ball held by the Warner Club at the nifty Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.

Although the movie colony is notorious for its cults and cliques, the Warner Club remains one of the most interesting organizations ever to spring up in the town. It was formed twelve years ago and today has over 10,000 names on its roster. Every man, woman and child who earns his bread at Warner Bros. is enrolled, from President Harry Warner—who earns enough for butter, also—to the girl who files requisitions for a certain leading man's new toupees.

Membership in the club is not a matter of "sign up, or else . . ." but the advantages of joining are so numerous, not even the stars pass up the opportunity to get their cut of the benefits. For a quarter a month, each enroller is entitled to \$50 when he marries, another \$50 every time a new baby hits his family and \$15 and a bouquet of flowers whenever he's sick. Since weddings, babies and

illnesses are as common with the studio as prison pictures, the dues don't do very much about counteracting the outlay, and yearly it becomes the privilege of the Brothers, Harry, Jack and Albert, to dig deep into their own trousers and pull up nearly \$100,000 to keep the fund from going dry.

The ball, in keeping with the rest of the organization, always offers more than it takes. This year, tickets, which were sold to members for \$3 and to outsiders for \$5, entitled guests to an expensive dinner, a smooth dance floor, a rhumba orchestra, a swing orchestra and a lightning-fast floor show, m-ceed by Rudy Vallee and headed by Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Ruth Terry and the inimitable "Rochester."

Actresses, mingling for the occasion with studio secretaries, prop girls, wardrobe mistresses, local glamour hopefuls, bit players, script girls and wives of producers, directors and cameramen, had to depend upon their beauty and individuality to steal the fashion parade, for the gowns of the unknowns vied with those of the famous in their striking appearances. However, the stars, evidently taking their cue from studio designers, snubbed extreme styles and wore gowns that were cut simply, but



Wayne Morris escorted—naturally—his vivacious wife, who was pretty blasé about those dozens of orchids.



Errol Flynn, with an absolute dead-pan, signs "Cary Grant" to a stunned autograph seeker's book, while Lili Damita stands by.

It must be true-love with Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore if its path doesn't run smooth. The romance is "on" at the party.



Jimmy Cagney and his tiny wife, Billie, need re-fueling. They had a hectic time finding their table and poor Jimmy was ravenous.

THE BAND.

FOR HONORS AT THE WARNER CLUB BALL

becomingly—each one setting off its wearer's beauty.

Bette Davis, the studio's ace Academy Award winner, could have taken another prize as the ball's best-dressed woman. She looked as demure as a small girl, dressed in a pink and black slipper satin formal with a large black velvet bow catching her hair in back. Her gown had the new "covered-up" look, with little puffed sleeves, squared neckline and tiny waist.

Dancing to the rhumba orchestra with her new husband, Actor Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman wore a pale yellow crepe gown, accented by a gold bracelet and gold earrings. Over her chair was slung a long white fox coat on which she had pinned a single huge white orchid.

Screen youngster Judy Garland who stopped in for a short while was not in formal clothes but appeared more sophisticated than many of the older stars in her cherry-dyed silver fox coat, hat and muff. Her dress was black, but she kept it covered during the evening by her wrap.

Rosemary Lane looked like the first breath of spring in her silk jersey print formal and chartreuse turban. Squared neckline, off-the-shoulder sleeves, soft shirring on the hips and full skirt made the gown as striking as

Rosemary, herself. Around her neck was clasped an old-fashioned cameo and, as the night wore on and the room chilled, she slipped into a full-length mink coat.

The fashions, food and floor show were all good enough, but the greatest kick of the party was the unreeling of screen "blow-ups," a hilarious compilation of mistakes made by the stars during the enacting of scenes. These shots are caught by enterprising cameramen who continue to grind after an actor or actress has messed up his lines. "Blow-ups" never get to the screen except at the Warner Club balls, and there's an excellent reason for keeping them from the general public. Unfailingly, performers both male and female express their disgust with their errors by flinging out cuss words and gestures that are sufficiently off-color to bring the Hays office and the cops a-running. Such well-mannered ladies and lads as Bette Davis, George Brent, Pat O'Brien and Binnie Barnes exhibited an amazing but enviable knowledge of what not to say in polite company. Deep blushes bathed the faces of some of the "blow-uppers" present; others laughed good-humoredly, and the party broke up, as even the best parties will, with delicious profanity ringing in every ear.

KEEP YOUR SMILE IN STYLE

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE TEETH ARE PRICELESS ASSETS TO SUCCESS

WHAT A lot of things a girl has to think about if she wants to be really beautiful! Lovely skin, hair, features and figure aren't nearly enough. In fact they're just the beginning. You may at first sight appear to be a perfect paragon of all that's charming and desirable—until you open your mouth. But what then? A girl can't just go around looking like a gallery portrait or a fragment of old porcelain, however exquisite that may be. She has to have life and sparkle and animation. She has to smile and talk and laugh.

Haven't you often been enchanted with a new face only to have an awful let-down when the girl opened her mouth? We have, and it isn't pleasant. Haven't you often seen a belle with perfect but "dead-pan" features and faultless grooming dropped like a hot potato in favor of a much less perfect but more animated and vivacious girl whose smile sparkled and whose laughter rang with warmth and good camaraderie? We saw that happen recently and felt no pity for the flawless beauty until she opened her mouth. Then we understood. That girl had been afraid to laugh and "let go." She couldn't afford to, because she had discolored, defective teeth which utterly ruined the perfection of her appearance.

No movie beauty, however talented or otherwise dazzling, is ever allowed to pose for a single picture until every slight imperfection about her mouth and teeth has been entirely corrected. Can you imagine Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan, Deanna Durbin or lovely Linda Darnell with smiles that reveal neglected, unhealthy teeth? Hardly!

The care of teeth for the sake of both health and beauty is not a new idea. The ancient Egyptians used tooth brushes twenty-five thousand years ago, the Romans made dentifrices out of egg shells, pumice, ashes and myrrh and the ancient Hebrews were no slouches either when it came to dental care. It remained, however, for American dentists and manufacturers of the last twenty-five years or so to make the biggest advances in knowledge and also to educate the general public, not only to the importance, but also to the workable simplicity of the methods necessary to guard and beautify smiles.

There are three important points to remember in connection with tooth and mouth beauty. The first is cleanliness; the second, exercise; the third, dentistry. Cleanliness is essential not only to tooth beauty but also to your general good health. And, in this case particularly, you can't have the former without the latter. It doesn't matter whether you use paste, powder or liquid dentifrice. That's a matter of purely personal choice, but do get yourself a

dentifrice that you like and enjoy using—one that is mild and smooth, free from excess grit, soap, starch or sugar. The teeth should be brushed at least twice a day, morning and evening. After each meal is even better.

The brush you use is important, too. Medium stiff bristles are usually best, unless you have some special condition which calls for either soft or hard bristles. Small to medium-sized brushes are preferable to large ones for most mouths, because your brush should be small enough to get around all the curves and corners comfortably and thoroughly. In brushing your teeth use a rotary or circular motion, neither horizontal nor straight up and down. Concentrate on a few teeth at one time and brush each group thoroughly on both inside and outside surfaces.

A tooth brush should be dry and firm every time you use it. If possible, keep two going so that one will always be dry. Keep your brush in a clean, airy place, too—sunny, if possible. Don't bury it in the depths of a dark, closed cupboard.

DON'T FORGET your gums. They need stimulation and massage, too. You see, with the soft foods we eat, our teeth, gums and muscles don't get sufficient natural exercise. And when the muscles and gums lose tone, the bones suffer. This weakens the teeth. So it goes in an endless circle. You never heard of Eskimos having tooth trouble, did you? No, because they haven't yet fallen heir to the soft living and soft foods that we enjoy. However, you can enjoy the graces of civilization and still have good teeth, if you'll counteract your luxuries with a bit of extra care. Good teeth are well worth that and much more.

Another good way to exercise teeth and muscles is by chewing gum. Many dentists as well as beauty experts advise it, and so do the elocution teachers who train your favorite stars in Hollywood. In fact, any day on the movie sets you can see practically every player in the cast chewing away for dear life both to loosen up her facial muscles and to exercise her teeth as well.

Before we get clear off the cleanliness subject, don't let's forget dental floss. Even if you slant your brush diagonally, rotate it with a circular motion and do all the other oral gymnastics in the best prescribed fashion, those crevices between your teeth just can't be reached without floss. Tartar deposits not yet solidified can be reached this way, too. But don't jerk the floss or you'll cut a tender gum. With average care, however, you'll have no difficulty and you will have a cleaner mouth. Don't forget your tongue and other smooth oral surfaces, for many a microbe sets up housekeeping and (Continued on page 96)



Keep teeth clean with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice.



Brush teeth with a rotary motion and then massage gums.



Use dental floss to clean the crevices too deep to brush.

By Carol
Carter



LANA TURNER



Mouthwash swished around vigorously sweetens the breath.



Chewing gum exercises teeth, gums and facial muscles, too.



Use temporary remedies only until you can see a dentist.

Since childhood, Doug has lived beyond his years, but now at thirty he's hit his stride.



FACED WITH NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND A CHALLENGE, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IS RIGHT

ON HIS TOES

LAST DECEMBER ninth Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, was thirty years old. At his birthday dinner, his father, "Doug" to the world but always "Pete" to his son and namesake, celebrated with him and Mary Lee, his wife. Two nights later, without fuss or farewells, gallant, joyous, incomparable "Pete" set out on his last and greatest adventure.

The death of his famous father has profoundly affected Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Coming, as it did, when he had just discarded the irresponsible twenties, when he had just discovered the real love of his life and had just learned of the approaching birth of his first child, it has brought valid maturity to Hollywood's prince of precocity.

For Douglas is no longer "Junior," a name which he resented so much that his family thought up "Jayar" (from "Jr.") to please him. He is Douglas Fairbanks now. He has inherited his father's famous name and, with it, new responsibilities. He has been handed a challenge to carry on. For the first time in his comparatively care-free life, Doug must meet these things, face to face.

The other afternoon, I discussed these new responsibilities with Doug. It was in the Pacific Palisades home he is going to abandon for the California Riviera estate he recently purchased from Elissa Landi.

It was the first time that Doug had talked about his father's passing, his own marriage to Mary Lee Epling Hartford or his approaching child. He was still officially in mourning. The day before, Doug had gone into Beverly Hills for lunch. It was his first appearance in public since "Pete" went away.

The lines are deeper around his mouth, it seems, but little good-natured wrinkles are still sketched around his eyes. Nothing, I believe, could ever eradicate the Fairbanks *elan* or destroy the Fairbanks smile.

"Yes, I'm settling down, all right," admitted Doug. "But on my toes—ready to go somewhere. I'm still the same sort of fellow I always was, I guess," he grinned. "A chap with one foot on a cloud—and the other on a banana peel! I mean, I'm bursting with plans and dreams that are quite likely to slip away from me. But whether or not my plans ever materialize, the point is—I have them! Now, more than ever, I know what they are and what I want to do about them!

"The last time 'Pete' and I sat down to talk things over," continued Doug, "we talked, as we often had, about me and my future. My father always had definite ideas on the subject of my career. He believed I should be establishing myself on the screen in adventurous, romantic, dashing roles. I don't think he ever wanted

By Kirtley

Baskette



Independent to a fault, Doug wants to make his own name in the world and not trade on his dad's.



Sharing a love for fun, Doug and Mrs. Doug agree that all play makes life intolerably dull.

me to imitate him. He was unique. It would seem not only sacrilegious to me, but impossible to try to follow in his footsteps.

"You know," said Doug, warming to the subject, "I've been running 'Pete's' pictures over and over again recently. I've wanted to see just what the essence of his art was, and if I had any of it. I've come to realize that my father's most famous 'stunts' were not acrobatics at all. They were dances—almost ballets. I remember now how he used to time every leap, every bound to a metronome. Tick—here—tick—there—tick—over there! It was like that. The real thing he had was grace and ease. Everything he did was set to a musical score. He used to study and figure them out months before he ever did them on the screen. They were really rhythmic dances.

"I never could do that, and I know it. But," said Doug, "what I can do, and what I am going to do, is carry out the general plans my father and I had. Before my father died, we definitely planned to do a film together, produce it ourselves and act in it. It was the story of Joaquin Murrietta, the early California Robin Hood. We even had a title—'The Californian.' We had plans, too, for a romantic comedy on the life of Lord Byron."

HE LOOKED around the room, and I followed Doug's eyes to the photograph of himself and his dad, both in cutaways and striped trousers, both smiling. It was taken the day last April when Doug, Senior, was best man at Doug, Junior's, wedding. There were other pictures of the pair in a large leather album on the table. Smiling, having fun, looking like affectionate brothers. More and more, I thought, as they both grew older, had Doug Fairbanks, *pere* and *fils*, resembled each other, in looks, mannerisms, spirit and speech.

Emil, Doug's valet, who used to be his father's man, had met me at the door. While we talked, Tom Geraghty, one of his father's best friends called up for a long telephone chat. Doug's bull mastiff ran around outdoors, barking in the sun. The mantle of Douglas Fairbanks hangs heavy over his son's home.

This is not strange, but it is a change. Doug, Junior, had always been so completely independent of his father. In fact, up until the time he made good on his own, his strivings were tinctured with a rebellious "I'll show him" resolve.

"They say," smiled Doug, reminiscing, "if you aren't a rebel at twenty, you haven't a heart. If you aren't a conservative at fifty, you haven't a brain!"

Until only a few years before his death, Doug and Doug,

Junior, stayed on their respective owns. Even after they became marvelous friends, the boy remained hypersensitive about trading on his father's famous name. He was always reaching ahead of himself, trying to prove to the world he was a man and an actor in his own right. His greatest enemy was his youth.

Doug's circle of friends have always been older, always more worldly-wise than he. Even his bachelor romances—his flings with Gertrude Lawrence in London and Marlene Dietrich in Hollywood—were with older women. His first wife, Joan Crawford, was his senior. In his middle twenties, Doug was running around with the Mayfair big league, the gay but mature lords and ladies of London, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Windsors and the smart London crowd.

At thirty, he's a veteran of thirty-six ocean crossings, a man who still keeps a flat in London, a member of smart sets in the East, London and on the Continent. He's a young gentleman who belongs to the world. I wondered aloud whether settling down in Hollywood would be enough for Doug Fairbanks.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't know. It never was before, I'll admit. But things were different then. I'm married now; I hope soon to be a father. I have opportunities here. In a way, oddly enough, I used to feel that my opportunities lay outside of Hollywood. It looked as if I would always be just another leading man, here. That's one reason I stayed in London. Production was opening up in England, and I saw a chance to do something there with Hollywood methods. Well, the collapse of the British producing industry killed that. War has sealed it for the time being. Professionally, then, I'm stuck here. Not that I mind.

"I'll be honest. I like Hollywood, but there are other places I like every bit as well and some much more. If I had my 'druthers,' I'd like to live three months here, three in New York, three abroad and three in Virginia, my wife's home. I'd like to be an international commuter. I hope I'll always be restless. I know I'll always want to see new places and new things. If I have a great personal ambition, it still is to travel. I've done enough of that, Heaven knows, but it still isn't enough for me! I have friends all over the world. I correspond regularly with a flock of people abroad, country folk in England, London socialites, pub owners, assistant directors in Elstree, an old nurse of mine in Ireland, friends in the army—all kinds of people. The point is, my interests are spread all over. So, if I had my choice, I'd probably be spread all over the world, myself," Doug laughed. (Continued on page 87)

HOW HOLLYWOOD SPENDS ITS

WHEN CASH BURNS HOLES IN MOVIE FOLKS' POCKETS, THEY RUN TO BILLY SEYMOUR,



A small corner of Saks-Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills is 34-year-old Billy Seymour's entire shop. Paulette Goddard, wearing a fortune in star sapphires, is about to sign over a nice sum to Mr. S. This little lady has a genuine passion for diamonds.



Joan Crawford is another good customer. The star sapphire clip, ring and bracelet set which she is wearing was enough to keep Billy's business going for some time. Now, we hear that she's planning to add a brooch to the group.



PLOP IN the heart of Movietown is a collection of jewels that could make the Shah of Persia cross-eyed with envy. But if the Shah ever came to town, he wouldn't stay envious for long. He's a big shot and would probably march right up to Billy Seymour, who owns the collection, slap him on the back and say, "Billy, my boy, I'll give you eleven wives and a life pension if you sign over the entire works!" And Billy, being only human, would very likely grab the offer. If he did, Hollywood would lose the most popular and best-trusted jeweler it's ever known.

Billy comes from New York. Fourteen years ago he began his career as a jeweler for "high society." Since most people try to better themselves, it is interesting that he voluntarily switched from Blue Bookers to picture folks. His present clients, besides liking him personally, have complete respect for his good taste and judgment and, with chest proudly puffed, he tells you that over his counter have passed the checks of Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Blondell and Andrea Leeds, among others.

As foremost jeweler for the stars, Billy has learned better than any man what makes them coo—and order. He knows, for example, that Madeleine Carroll, Joan and

One of Seymour's window displays. Top to bottom: A \$3,250 diamond and ruby twin pear brooch; a \$7,000 platinum and diamond clip with a 9.05 carat star ruby nestled in the center; a \$1,450 ruby and diamond spray brooch.

WEALTH

THEIR PET JEWELER



These diamond earrings, bracelet and ring that Gracie Allen is airing at a night spot are neither rented nor paste. They are three of the many fine pieces of jewelry Gracie owns.

Constance Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Crawford are star sapphire addicts. Even at this moment, Miss Crawford is thinking of adding a 200-carat brooch to a star sapphire clip, bracelet and ring set given her by a certain Mr. Franchot Tone. The new trinket is so enormously expensive that Billy is permitting her to wear it "on trial." He's a gracious business man and wants Joan to be positive she's sold on the piece before he demands cash on the line.

Miss Lamarr and the Bennetts have soft spots for rubies and diamonds, too. Such an affection is a teasing itch to most women. However, these three are able to back their fondness with the necessary cool green bills. All own joy-giving and bank-breaking specimens of both gems. Yet there is satisfaction for the rest of us in the knowledge that the pretty baubles couldn't swing from lovelier arms and throats.


Lest anyone misunderstand, Billy would like it known that he does not run an exclusive salon for ladies. Hollywood husbands frequently appear at his shop to take an active part in the selection of their wives' jewelry. Sandra Shaw Cooper has an exciting gold group built around suggestions made by her devoted Gary, while Robert Taylor recently adorned his spouse with some of the most gorgeous costume pieces ever seen in these parts. Bob was wholly responsible for the design of his gifts and displayed an alarming streak of sentimentality by ordering a gold clip fashioned of two clasped hands—his own and Barbara's. Then, he had the clip open to reveal a ruby heart in his palm and a ruby wedding band in hers!

Basil Rathbone, Joel McCrea and Gene Markey are others who put as much sentiment as money into the

tokens they give the missus—but they'd blush to the gills before admitting it.

The women, curiously go much easier on the whimsy when selecting gifts for their men. Babs Stanwyck followed up Taylor's presents to her by handing him matching studs, cuff-links and ring, done simply in gold and set with cat's-eyes. Cat's-eyes, incidentally, are superstition-tainted gems reputed to have a deadly effect on anyone daring enough to wear them. But this is no occasion to leap at Barbara. She certainly harbored no evil thoughts on the happy night she gave her husband his gift. Like most of the stars, she just doesn't give a rap for superstition. Why should she? A few months ago Andrea Leeds bought her groom a cat's-eye set—and he's still doing all right!

Sometimes Billy's customers surprise him and act as salesmen—without commission. Dolores Del Rio was in the store the other day and spotted an emerald and ruby bracelet almost as eye-stopping as she is. She dawdled over the piece and though it didn't quite click, thought it too lovely to pass up. Suddenly an idea walloped her. Marlene Dietrich! Emitting the Mexican equivalent of "Wow," she rushed from the store and in a short while was back with Marlene. Billy trotted the bracelet out again; Miss Dietrich looked; Miss Dietrich bought; and both women left feeling they'd done a good day's business. Billy didn't feel so bad, himself. (Cont'd on page 94)



25-year-old Mary
Martin eloped with
a Weatherford.

IT WAS A ROCKY ROAD, BUT THIS DYNAMIC DIXIE BELLE,
WHO WOULDN'T SAY "DIE," HAS GONE RIGHT TO THE TOP!

JUST LEAVE IT TO MARY

By Radie Harris

THERE IS no trick to meeting famous people *after* they have arrived at the top. Everyone seeks out celebrities, if for no other reason than just the vicarious thrill of shining in their reflected glory. Even Noel Coward unashamedly confessed in his autobiography, "Present Indicative," that it was the apex of his ambition to know important people well enough to call them by their first names. A far greater thrill is to have been on intimate terms with Joan, Ty and Doug before Hollywood catapulted them to overnight fame and fortune.

I remember Laurence Olivier, when Garbo didn't think he was important enough to have as her leading man; Bette Davis' first fur coat; Burgess Meredith's understudy in "Flowers of the Forest"—a dark good-looking boy named Tyrone Power; Margaret Sullavan scurrying up the steps two at a time, to see if any agent had phoned about a job; and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Betty Field and Martha Scott, when they were my next door neighbors at the Hotel Algonquin.

With the same thrill I remember Mary Martin when she came to call on me on the very day of her arrival in New York. Larry Schwab had discovered her singing at the Trocadero in Hollywood and had signed her for a Broadway musical. A mutual friend of ours had suggested Mary look me up as she knew no one in the Big City. My first impression was of a very pretty girl, who was an amazing combination of Claudette Colbert and Jean Arthur. My second, was of a natural friendliness and warmth that I quickly discovered is her greatest charm.

We started talking as if we had known each other all our lives, and I soon learned that she came from Weatherford, Texas (population 4,000 at the last census). She had taught dancing at home and had gone to Hollywood three summers ago to study the newest steps with Fanchon and Marco. She had no screen ambitions, and her ultimate goal had always been New York and a Broadway show.

She told me that she gave voice lessons, too, and that her first break in Hollywood was singing over a local network. Then she was tested by practically every movie studio and unanimously turned down. Finally, signed as soloist on the "Good News" program at \$250 a week, she could hardly believe there was that much money in the world.

Now, at last, she was in New York. During the first month of her stay, things kept on happening and happening! The show in which Larry Schwab had hoped to put Mary was called off. There was no other new musical pending. And then, the long arm of coincidence, which we are always reading about, reached out in real life. June Knight, who had been rehearsing in "Leave It to Me," suddenly decided to withdraw from the cast, and an SOS for a substitute was frantically sent out. Larry quickly arranged an audition for Mary, and she got the job!

I went to the orchid and ermine opening night at the Imperial Theatre. No fond parent whose doting offspring is about to perform could have been more nervous than I. Turning to my escort, I whispered, "You know Mary Martin has never even set foot on a stage before, and here she is, competing with such show-

men as Sophie Tucker, Vic Moore and Bill Gaxton!"

An hour later, when she sang her famous "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" and took blasé Broadway like Olivier took Leigh (and vice versa!), he turned to me and twitted, "Is that the little girl you were so nervous about?"

Ever since that fateful night, people are always asking me whether Mary's meteoric success has changed her. And my answer is, "Superficially, yes." Where before she lived on the wrong side of the Hollywood tracks in an inexpensive furnished apartment, she now has a lovely home, with swimming pool to match, in the fashionable Bel-Air district. Where before she was just a very pretty girl dressing on a limited budget, she is now as chic as a page out of a fashion magazine. Where before her phone used to ring a few times a day, it now rings incessantly. Will Miss Martin make a Cole Porter Album for Decca? Can she accept the invitation of Winthrop Rockefeller to dine at El Morocco? Will she pose for color pictures and a double page spread in a magazine? Will she christen a boat, endorse a cigarette, model a hat, receive the press, play a benefit, tell what she thinks of the future of television, etc.?

BASICALLY, and miraculously, all this hasn't changed her. Her hat may now be a Lily Daché, but it's still the same headsize. She is every bit as unspoiled and unaffected as she was before she made "Daddy" the most discussed man of the hour. Certainly, Weatherford, Texas, can attest to this. Mary went back there for the local premiere of "The Great Victor Herbert," and the town gave her a royal welcome.

Since the major picture emporium, the Palace, boasts only a seating capacity of five hundred, the second run house, the Princess, was also pressed into service, with Mary making personal appearances at each. The proud owner of both theatres depleted most of his profits for the year to stage a real premiere. With arc lights flooding the streets, and the population for miles around crowding the sidewalk, Mary, swathed in a full-length ermine coat (which still has all the local citizenry gasping) drove up in an open touring car. But there the grand entrance ended.

Neither the Palace nor the Princess is equipped with a backstage dressing-room or entrance, and so, to reach the stage, Mary had to walk down the center aisle. Each step of the walk was interrupted with shouts of "Hi'ya, Mary!" from her old teacher; "Honey chile, you look perfectly beautiful!" from Aunt Nona, who taught her piano when she was just a baby; "I'm so proud of you, sugar!" from Auntie Flo Hutchinson, her "expression" teacher—and so on from all the home folks who knew her "when." But perhaps the proudest person in the theatre, with the exception of Mary's mother, was "old Billie," her colored mammy, who sat in a special reserved seat upstairs.

Mary stayed on the hill, in the big house in which she was born, but which is now filled with nostalgic memories. For it was here that the Daddy to whom her heart really belonged died last year. Her mother now makes her home with Mary in Hollywood, where Mary's eight-year-old son, Larry, gets (Continued on page 86)

**CAMERA-SLY JULES
BUCK SNOOPS AND
SHOOT TO BRING YOU
NEWS OF MOVIE TOWN**



Forrest Tucker and Girl-friend Helen Parrish share and share alike. The six-feet-four youth makes his debut in "The Westerner."



Hedy Lamarr, Gene Markey and Lamarkee step out for an evening of fun. The last named is what the gagmen christened Gene's new moustache.



Reggie Gardiner's newest imitation—Flesh and the Devil! This time his accommodating and trusting stooge is comely Natalie Draper.



Super Cowboy Gary Cooper, who always takes our breath away when he's dressed in evening clothes, goes gadding with Wife Sandra Shaw.



Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb and his be-orchided missus, Gail Patrick, leave the old camping-ground to see how things are done at Ciro's.



Two colorful personalities have a chat—Marlene Dietrich and newly divorced Orson Welles. Marlene's next picture? "Seven Sinners."



One of the love-in-bloomingest couples we know. The Gene Raymonds attend the Stokowski-Rachmaninoff concert in Hollywood.



Bandleader Roger Pryor and wifie, Ann "Maisie" Sothorn, carry their heads high and walk right into the camera at a recent premiere.



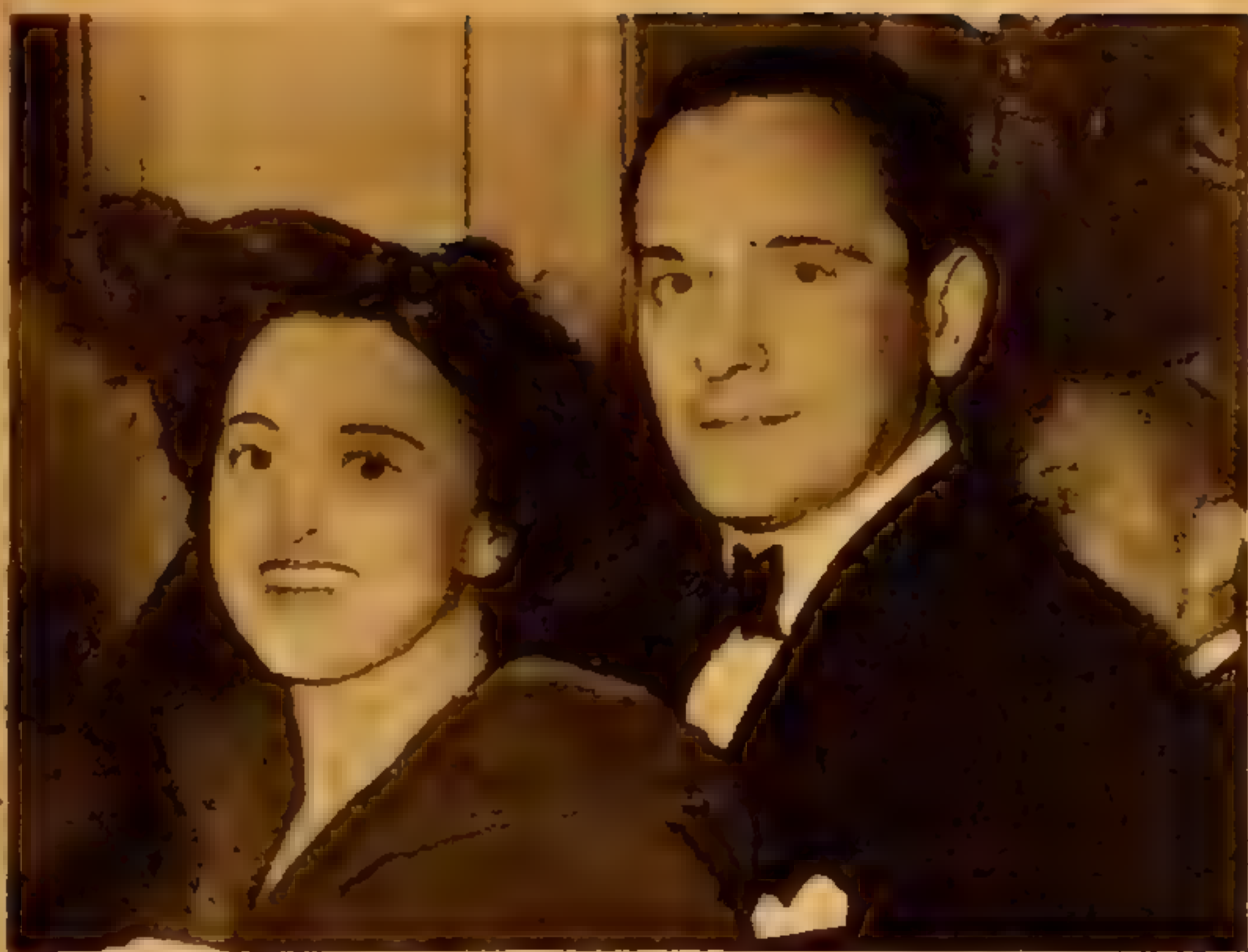
A glamorous guy from Glamorgan—cross our hearts that's Ray Milland's home town in Wales—takes his little woman to the Trocadero for a spree.



Jack Benny and Bob Hope watch Connie Boswell aim to sing louder than Bob's tie. After all, there's no limit to what a girl can do!



Newcomers Robert Stack and Linda Darnell dine out. "Is it good?" the gentleman wants to know, before going further into the situation.



The Fredric Marches are in the Hollywood swing again. "Susan and God" is Freddie's first movie since his stage hit, "The American Way."



Bill Powell has been making the rounds of the night clubs since his surprise marriage to Diana Lewis. And he looks so happy!



The sombrero-ish hat is the Spanish (of which there is plenty) in Rita Hayworth coming to the fore. She's rhumba-ing with Hubby Ed Judson.



As they gaze into each other's eyes, John Payne and Anne Shirley are making big plans in anticipation of a summer visit from the stork.



Nancy Kelly two-times her Broadway beau, Edmond O'Brien. We caught her having a gay time with Bob Cummings, the director's son.



Found: A wife who laughs at her husband's jokes! Mischa Auer panics Mrs. A. and a doorman as they say "adieu" at Sardi's.



Old Meanie Humphrey Bogart does a bit of grinning off the record. That's his cute wife, Mayo Methot, who is laughing with her "Bogie."



'Member when Conrad Nagel used to thrill you from the screen? Now, he's a radio mogul and greets Claudette Colbert at a broadcast.



Jimmy Ritz, who wouldn't marry Ruth Hilliard till she retired from the movies, casts an approving eye on Career-girl Alice Faye as they dance.



Andrea Leeds, the lady with a yen for poetry and philosophy, tete-a-tetes with the real light of her life, Socialite Hubby Bob Howard.



Fred MacMurray turns on that high voltage smile, and wifie, the beauteous Lillian Lamont as was, obligingly retaliates in kind.



Cary Grant and lovely divorcee, Fay Wray, are not an unfamiliar twosome since Cary split up with his old flame Phyllis Brooks.



DESIGNING ACTRESS

Ann Rutherford tells us that every time she goes into one of the de luxe dress shops in town the clerks watch her from the moment she enters until the door closes behind her. "Admiring me?" she laughed. "Well, not exactly. They're just keeping an eagle eye on me because I copy their designs." With one squint at a swanky model, three yards of silk crepe and an evening at home, the little Rutherford gal can produce a Paris model.

IT DIDN'T WORK

Myrna Loy has had a masseuse for some time. But awhile back the star noticed that the woman was skipping lightly over her nightly massage, obviously in a hurry to leave. After a few tactful questions, Myrna learned that the woman was in a terrific hurry to get home every evening to listen to the radio installments of "I Love a Mystery." "Tell you what we'll do," said Myrna, "we'll turn it on right here every evening. Then we can both hear it while you're working on me." It seemed like a brilliant idea to the star. "But the trouble now is," she told us, "that my treatment takes twice as long. The masseuse has to stay and work out the kinks in my nerves after I've listened to the program!"

SAY IT WITH LIMES

Incidentally, when Myrna Loy appeared on the Screen Guild radio program, every member of the cast and production crew received a present from her—a large box of limes. They were the home-grown products of the Hornblow ranch—the results of Myrna's scientific gardening. She takes care of the entire four acres of fruits and flowers with the help of only a part-time gardener.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

"My, how you've grown," said May Robson, when she met Cecil B. DeMille on a recent Lux show. That's Miss Robson's customary

Despite the scarcity of eligible men in Hollywood, Olivia de Havilland seems to be holding her own. She's been dating three attractive men lately—Jimmy Stewart, George Brent and Tim Durant. The other afternoon all three dropped in for a cup of tea, and no one was more surprised than Olivia. It seems the three gentlemen had conspired on the situation and decided to find out which one would get the most attention. They left equally baffled, for their hostess passed out smiles and orange pekoe without the slightest cue.



greeting to the director, and it's been going on for more years than Mr. DeMille would want us to mention. You see, Miss Robson used to work for DeMille's father when he produced plays on Broadway with David Belasco. "And I used to give him many a spanking in those days," she told the cast. "Mighty cute he was, too, in those three-cornered pants."

A FOUR-STAR SHOW

No wonder the Kraft Music Hall is one of the most popular shows in town. Bing Crosby and Bob Burns give a rehearsal for the benefit of the audience that beats any entertainment on the air-waves. Bob works the audience into the proper frame of mind by telling them that he and Bing have decided they are the brightest looking group of people ever gathered together in one place. He winds up by requesting that they refrain from applauding. "We had applause here once," Burns admits, "but it was so skimpy we decided to do without it altogether."

BABY TALK

Carole Lombard was at Westmore's the other day having her hair shampooed and waved. After the star had left, Miss Lombard's hair-

Edgar Bergen makes a number of personal appearances in neighboring towns and generally manages to meet a very attractive girl. The members of the Chase and Sanborn cast always know when a new acquaintanceship has been started, for the young lady comes to the following Sunday's broadcast accompanied, in each case, by either her parents, an aunt or a few cousins. "Somewhere, something's wrong," sighs Bergen. "Every member of the family thinks I'm swell. But the girl always falls for some guy in the orchestra."

dresser took her next appointment—a man almost too excited to talk. "Tell me all about her," begged the customer. "Is she going to have a baby like the newspapers say? Wouldn't it be wonderful if Clark and Carole had a baby? Why, America would go wild!"

PROUD INVENTOR

Reg Denny ought to know better, but he got so excited about a new gas-model airplane he'd invented that he brought it right into the breakfast room to show to his family. "Hear how it hums," he explained enthusiastically, giving the motor a quick turnover. The little plane began to throb, and Denny was balancing it on the back of a chair when, zup! Away it flew! It bounced off the wall, knocked a picture awry, flicked a flower vase onto the floor, dived at a frightened Mrs. Denny and finally plunged nose-first into the breakfast marmalade. Breakfast, plane and the Denny family's morning disposition were wrecked. But Reggie himself was unperturbed. "Anyhow, it flies," he said.

BENNY IN BLACKFACE

At the Jack Benny broadcast the other day, the audience was given a preview of

Rochester's song and dance version of "My, My." After the thunderous applause had subsided, Jack stepped up and addressed the audience. "From the looks of it," he said sadly, "my next picture will probably be "The Life of Booker T. Washington."

STUDIO PLAYGROUND

Though "The Dictator" sets were closed to visitors, word leaked out from time to time that a swell time was being had by all. In fact, the lot was a family affair during the picture's production. There is a tennis court, a badminton court and a swimming-pool at the Chaplin studios, and wives, husbands and children of the members of the cast were welcome guests. Paulette Goddard brought the Chaplin boys, Junior and Syd, to the studio almost daily for a fast game of tennis with her and a dip in the pool. Chaplin, Sr., sometimes joined in the swim, but the tennis game he left to the "youngsters."

MICKEY'S IDEAL

We caught Mickey Rooney in a confidential mood the other day and asked him to tell

WIFELY PRIDE

The Spangler Arlington Brugh—okay then, the Bob Taylors—are mighty career conscious, too. Barbara says she has no intention of giving up her career as long as the public will pay to see her, but she admits that Bob's work comes first. When congratulations began pouring in on her for getting the excellent role in "The Night of January 16th," Barbara took the compliments patiently, but could hardly wait to interrupt with "Have you seen Bob in 'Waterloo Bridge?' Now there's an actor!"

FRIENDLY CRITICISM

The Metro casting department ran into a snag the other day when the problem of casting a glass-blower for "Edison, The Man" confronted them. They had figured that any actor could play the role, but found to their dismay that an honest-to-goodness glass-blower was needed to make the scenes in Edison's laboratory look real. Finally, someone in the department had an idea—Max Goeppinger had been working for years in the studio's special effects department as a glass-blower par excellence. Max was sent

for and given the role, much to his amazed delight. But his pleasure was short-lived. For in the eyes of his co-workers, Max had lost caste. Whenever he comes around the prop department now, the boys delicately hold their noses and refuse to talk to him. "Whew! A ham!" are the only remarks Max can get from his former pals.

A NEW FAD

Dolores Del Rio has been the envy of the glamour ladies lately because she has stolen the spotlight with her beautifully draped turbans, matching every gown. Where those stunning chapeaux came from, Dolores refused to divulge. But now the secret's out. The actress has her favorite milliner drop by the house just before she's ready to leave for a party, and gets "wound up" for the festivities.

ANOTHER CONQUEST

Now that Ginger Rogers is finally getting that divorce from Lew Ayres, those in the know contend that she's seriously considering taking over the title of Mrs. Howard Hughes. The famous Mr. H. has rushed about every beauty in town the last few years, but since he met Ginger the other glamour girls are no longer the objects of Howard's affection.

JEANETTE MACDONALD

If Jeanette MacDonald's concert tour is interrupted by a mousy looking gent with a summons in his hand, the gorgeous songstress shouldn't be at all surprised. For she foisted just such a character off on Director Robert Z. Leonard as she finished "New Moon." Bob used to hang his raincoat in Jeanette's portable dressing-room on the set. When the picture was completed she had her lawyer draw up a legal looking document, charging Leonard with rent, storage, wear and tear on the door hinges, and a big chunk of hush money for Gene Raymond.

GOOD NEWS

FANS FEAST AND IRENE DUNNE PAYS DOUBLE



After a preview the other evening, Irene Dunne was surrounded by a crowd of youngsters begging for autographs. Irene was shivering in a new spring suit, and taking a look at the number of autograph books thrust at her, she shook her head and said, "Oh, I can't. It's too cold." Then she hastily amended, "Too cold for you, too. Tell you what, let's go in here." "In here" was Brown's ice-cream parlor, where Irene stood them all to Brown's world-famous hot fudge sundaes—and signed all of their books before leaving.

about his latest romance. "I can't divulge her name," said Mickey regretfully, "because I don't know it yet. But I'll tell you exactly what I'm shopping for. It's a girl who doesn't know all the answers . . . someone who gives a guy a feeling of peace. In short, the home-loving type." The line forms to the right—but are there that many home-loving girls left? Mickey, incidentally, is beginning to look as conservative as he sounds. Gone are the striped shirts, and suits that used to be his pride and joy and the only plaid you'll find in the Rooney wardrobe is an occasional necktie. "I've noticed that important men show very quiet taste in clothes," Mickey explained. "Men, you know, like Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard and Mr. Roosevelt."

GOOD NEWS

GEORGE BRENT ENLIGHTENS HIS NEIGHBOR



When George Brent made a guest appearance on the Silver Theatre program recently, it was the first time he and Director Conrad Nagel had met. Since they were neighbors in Brentwood Heights, they were naturally pleased to meet one another. Said Nagel to Brent: "You know, there is so much light on your tennis court at night, I can sit on my front porch, a hundred yards away, and read my evening newspaper." Brent laughed good-naturedly. And two days later, Conrad received a letter from his neighbor, enclosing a light bill!

Leonard was a bit taken back, at first, by the imposing aspect of the warrant, but when he realized it was only a rib, he promised to get even. Knowing Bob's agile mind, Jeanette should be prepared for the worst!

A HELPING HAND

On a tour of inspection at Paramount Studios the other day, a group of visitors were surprised to hear the guide say casually, "The gentleman sorting the mail at the end of the counter is Bing Crosby's father." No, it's not Mr. Crosby's regular job, but every day he stops by the studio mail-room to pick up Bing's fan letters and generally winds up by spending most of the day there. "You boys look kind of rushed," he will say, "so guess I'll just give you a hand for a while."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Edward Arnold's role as Diamond Jim Brady in "Lillian Russell" is causing him no end of grief. In the first place, Mr. Arnold has been trying to streamline his waistline. But with all of the delicacies which he had to consume for his screen role, he held out no hope for his figure. The last three days of the picture, however, presented an even worse

JACKIE COOPER



problem. In a restaurant scene, Mr. Arnold had to drink glass after glass of champagne. Champagne on the set is, of course, ginger ale. And the unfortunate actor is allergic to ginger ale—it tickles his nose and makes him sneeze. "This is a fine thing," said Arnold to the director. "I can't even take my indigestion pills. Every time I get one in my mouth, I sneeze and lose it."

ONE WAY TO FAME

Since David Niven's left town, Reginald Gardiner has taken over his role of Ribber No. 1. Latest Gardiner prop is a dime store flute, with which he bewilders ladies at the best night-clubs. The other evening at the Trocadero, he took a table behind that occupied by a certain uppity star. Every time she opened her mouth to say something to her escort, she was accompanied by a few flute notes, all sour. Was she surprised!

LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN

The George Raft-Norma Shearer romance is beginning to look like a family affair. As soon as Norma brought her two children back from Sun Valley, Raft began taking them to tennis tournaments, to the famous Hollywood indoor rinks for ice-skating and, our sleuth reports, to the Venice Fun Pier where the three always have a wonderful time on the roller-coasters. Mr. Raft seems to have won the popularity contest on all sides.

GREER GARSON



SIGN HERE, PLEASE

Proudest collegiate at U.C.L.A. is Bob Holden. Every morning when he arrives on the campus, his car is besieged by pretty co-eds. The attraction? Well, it isn't entirely Bob. You see, his brother William drives him to the campus every morning en route to Paramount. The co-eds are after autographs, not dates. Bob's already warned them that Brenda Marshall is leading lady in Bill's private life.

LUCKY LINDA

You girls who wistfully sigh for the life of a movie star may be interested in a short-shot of Linda Darnell's day. Linda, you know, is not yet sixteen so the Board of Education is hot on her trail. That means she hasn't a moment to call her own during the day, with hairdressers and make-up men demanding time from the moment she awakes, at five, until the cameras start grinding, at eight. For the rest of the day, when not in front of the camera, Linda does geometry and geography. If she's lucky, she's home from work—and we mean work—at seven. After the make-up is off and a lounging robe on, Linda collapses into bed and has supper off a tray. "Reading about the glamorous night-life of Hollywood is the closest I ever get to it, too," says this movie star.

EXPENSIVE LESSON

An important scene in the "Son of Monte Cristo" takes place in a Swiss mountain village and the picture's stars, Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, have to do some expert skiing in the sequence. When Director Rowland Lee told them about the scene, he dis-

RICHARD GREENE



covered that neither Joan nor Louis had ever been on skis. After a hasty conference with the producer, Lee told his stars they'd have to go to Arrowhead, high in the San Bernardino mountains, and spend a week learning the sport. Joan couldn't leave her children and Louis couldn't leave Ida Lupino, so there was nothing to do but send them all and let the production budget take the beating. Now that's really nice work—if you can get it!

THAT'S TELLING 'EM

When Lana Turner suddenly became Mrs. A. Shaw, everyone was interested in Judy Garland's reaction when she showed up at the studio after hearing the news. Judy was her usual beaming self and, when asked point-blank how she felt about this new turn of affairs, she said, "Why, swell! And I hope they're happy. Why, look at this," and she held out her hand with Jimmy Cathcart's fraternity ring glistening on her ring-finger. "It still looks better to me than all the solitaires in the world."

IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY

Paulette Goddard, believe it or not, is one of the most practical girls in town. Though always looking like a cool million, the prices of her dresses would make other stars swoon with jealousy. For most of them come from the ten and fifteen-dollar racks in Hollywood Boulevard shops. According to Paulette, it isn't the clothes hung on the frame that makes a girl attractive, but the vitality of her face and figure. And that, she points out, is within the reach of anyone who has a little gumption and a pair of sports shoes comfortable enough for a three-mile daily walk. It could hardly be said that the fabulous diamond necklace which Charlie Chaplin gave her recently could come under the heading of "practical." But Paulette added the Goddard touch to that situation, too. She found a pair of paste earrings in the Paramount prop department that were of similar design to her costly present. Says she purrs as much over the earrings as the necklace!

LAMOUR AND PRESTON

If you think Robert Preston's only interest is Dorothy Lamour, you have been misled. For Bob has a fifty per cent interest in a prize

fighter named Wayne George. The first time Wayne fought under the new ownership arrangement, he won the fight and enabled Preston to collect enough money in bets to take the Chicago trip to see Dottie. So everyone's happy about the whole thing.

BON VOYAGE

When Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, found that she was going to be given a vacation

MYRNA LOY



from the studio, she was faced with a problem. For she wanted to take a boat-trip, but she also wanted to take her mother, Mrs. Carolyn Cagney, along. And Mrs. Cagney gets very sea-sick. Brother Jimmy came to their rescue with the suggestion that they use his yacht, tied up at Newport Bay—as a house boat. It was a cinch, and the two spent three weeks on board, never setting sail from the wharf.

THE REAL THING

Jackie Cooper's flaming romance of the moment is with Mary Jane Bather, one of the attractive "Seventeen" girls. After four consecutive dates, our sleuth asked Jackie if he had finally given up carrying the Garland torch. "It's pretty serious," Jackie admitted. "Gosh, she's so pretty. Looks just like Judy Garland."

THE ANSWER TO A WAITER'S PRAYER

Ask any of the waiters at Ciro's, Hollywood's newest and most elaborate restaurant, to name their favorite movie star and the answer is always "Mischa Auer." Mischa's been a frequent patron since its opening, and never fails to seek out the Russian waiters and chef in the kitchen for a good long chat in Roosian.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Bob Hope and his wife and baby have moved into a new North Hollywood home. According to Bob, "It's really a very swell place from what my wife tells me." Actually, between picture work and radio rehearsals, the master of the house has yet to see it by

daylight. As soon as his present Paramount picture is completed, the actor's going to take a week's vacation, and he'll do nothing but stay at home.

MOVE OVER, VIRGINIA

The glamour girls around town would surely appreciate it if Virginia Field would be sporting enough to tell them what's what. "Either marry the man," say the g.g.'s, "or put him back in circulation." The controversy, of course, concerns Richard Greene who had announced some time ago that a lot had been purchased and house plans were under way for his and Virginia's love nest. Now the news is out that the lot has been re-sold, the plans are shelved, and the two are just "best friends." But our spies report that neither has dated anyone else.

IT'S AN ILL WIND . . .

You can't keep a good man down—even when he's in a cast. And especially if he's Joe E. Brown. The actor's been having the

CHARLES BOYER



time of his life during his convalescence. He's taken trips to all the surrounding resorts and claims he's had the best vacation in years. "How can I miss?" he asks. "I go to Palm Springs and while everyone else is getting sun-burned I'm in the cool shade of my cast. Up at Arrowhead, while everyone else is down with a cold, I don't even feel a draft."

NICE GOING

Two movie actors who have received enviable titles lately are Bing Crosby and Johnny Weismuller. Bing's just been presented with a life membership certificate in the Professional Golfer's Association—the second person ever to receive such an honor. Johnny's just been informed that he's now the captain of the Los Angeles County Life Guards.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE

Frank Morgan broke his famous "ad lib" record when he appeared on that recent Screen Guild Theatre broadcast. Actual count showed that he made 57 of them—

and actual count showed that the director paled visibly fourteen times. That was for the first fourteen ad libs, and after that he managed to take them with calm. Though Morgan is notorious for confusing every radio cast with which he's appeared, the comedian is so genuinely and pathetically sorry about his ad lib failing that he's yet to go unforgiven by a single co-worker or sponsor.

CHARITABLE, ALL

This interesting fact has just been unearthed about the Screen Guild Theatre—that the waiters at the Earl Carroll Theatre, where the broadcast and rehearsals are held, give their time gratis when they serve at rehearsals. You know, of course, that all stars donate their time. And several of them, including Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and Loretta Young have begged to be allowed to appear on the program as often as possible.

CAN'T BLAME THE GENTLEMAN

Humphrey Bogart claims that acting is acting and he has no preference between stage, radio or screen. But there's one "must" in his radio contracts—Bogart must be a hero and not a mug. "Sometimes I get scared I'll turn into one," he says. "Why, do you know that I can't even go to sleep any more without reading a thriller of some kind? When a guy gets to the point where his literary interests are limited to mug mags, it's time to watch his step."

WHAT A TRIP!

Roger Pryor has very little on his mind lately but aviation. So the other day, when

LORETTA YOUNG



he received his pilot's license, he was overjoyed and in a great hurry to make his first trip. He rushed home, got Ann Sothorn, and they tore out to the flying field to get a plane and headed for Palm Springs. The only one available was a three-cylinder plane but, undaunted, they climbed in and took off. By the time they reached their destination Roger's enthusiasm was noticeably dimmed. Seemed there was a terrific wind to buck. "And it was very discouraging, you see," (Continued on page 104)



True Love? 'Twould seem so here. Yet, 24 hours later, Greg Bautzer learned that Lana was another man's bride.



New Love! It was the last thing anyone thought of, but that's how Lana explains her marriage to Swingmaster Shaw.

"WE'RE IN LOVE, YOU SEE..."

ON the morning of February 13th, M-G-M felt it had been knifed in the back, and Lana Turner was responsible. Or, more specifically, Lana's marriage was responsible. Announcement of her elopement with Clarinetist Artie Shaw came as a mean blow to the studio which would like to have the complete confidence of its little charges—especially where marriage is concerned.

But shock wasn't all the studio felt. They were incredulous, too. They'd watched Lana and Artie work together on the set of "Dancing Co-ed" and certainly no two people ever seemed less in love. It was recalled that the pair had battled incessantly during the making of the picture and at one time Lana had become furious enough to describe the abdicated King of Swing as "the most egotistical, unpleasant man I have ever known." She charged, he hogged the camera and spent more time with the hair-dresser and make-up man than any actress on the lot.

According to the newlyweds, however, they've done nothing very strange. They want each other, and that's all there is to it. Of their former quarrels Lana says simply, "I guess that's love." And it must be, for she even consented to an elopement which is exactly the sort of thing she hates. In a recent interview she called elopements "disillusioning" and added that when she took the leap she'd also take the trimmings: music, flowers, brides-

maids and a veil. Somehow or other she forgot all that.

In Las Vegas, where she married, Lana didn't even have a ring. There hadn't been time to get one. She and Artie had only intended to take a late drive, but around 3 A. M. had found themselves talking of home and kiddies. One thing led to another and, almost before they realized it, they were in a plane headed for the Nevada town. As soon as they landed they rounded up two witnesses, and within an hour, a half-asleep Justice of the Peace had made the 19-year-old actress the third wife of the 29-year-old jitterbugs' delight.

Probably the most surprised person of all was Attorney Gregson Bautzer. For three years he and Lana had been an accepted twosome and, toward the end, it seemed just a matter of minutes before they would make their vows—to each other, of course. In fact, on the two evenings prior to her elopement Lana had dated Bautzer and no one, least of all he, suspected what was to come.

Having his romance snipped under his nose wasn't fun for Greg, but he was in good company. Three thousand miles away, in a New York musical comedy, Betty Grable heard the news with open-mouthed amazement. Only a few days earlier she had received a letter from Artie which left her believing she was top girl in his life. Marvelled Betty, "It sure came on them suddenly!"

CUPID SLIPS AND LANA TURNER TRIPS TO LAS VEGAS WITH BANDLEADER ARTIE SHAW

At Atlanta's World Premiere

An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.

She was a Belle of the Ball

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

-She wrote it up

**-BOTH ARE
SOUTHERN BEAUTIES
-AND BOTH HELP KEEP
THEIR SKIN LOVELY
WITH POND'S**

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."

In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVE, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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(Continued from page 16)

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE- LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|------|-------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|---|
| Johnson, Rita | Waitress | London By Night | 1937 | Badminton | Collecting Oriental Jewelry | M G M | Home—13341½ Miller Drive, Hollywood |
| Jones, Allan | Truck Driver | Reckless | 1935 | Fishing | Raising Horses | P | Home—120 N. Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights |
| Jory, Victor | Boxer | Sailor's Luck | 1932 | Motoring | Writing Short Stories | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Joyce, Brenda | Model | The Rains Came | 1939 | Tennis | Hiking | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Karloff, Boris | Farmer | The Meddlin' Stranger | 1927 | Cricket | Raising Prize Flowers | U | Home—9932 Toluca Lake Ave., N. Hollywood |
| Kelly, Nancy | Stage Actress | Submarine Patrol | 1938 | Swimming | Collecting Odd Jewelry | T C F | Home—624 N. Arden Ave., Beverly Hills |
| Kelly, Patsy | Dancing Teacher | Going Hollywood | 1933 | Golf | Composing Music | M G M | Home—520 Foothill Road, Beverly Hills |
| Kelly, Paul | Stage Actor | B'way Through A Keyhole | 1933 | Riding | Farming | W B | Home—513 Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Kent, Robert | Bank Messenger | The Country Beyond | 1936 | Boxing | Antiques | M | Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood |
| Kibbee, Guy | Rancher | Lilly Turner | 1933 | Golf | Raising Horses | M G M | Home—10830 Oxnard, N. Hollywood |
| Kilburn, Terry | Student | Lord Jeff | 1938 | Tennis | Miniature Collecting | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Korjus, Miliza | Singer | The Great Waltz | 1938 | Dancing | Singing | M G M | Studio—Culver City |
| Kruger, Otto | Musician | Turn Back The Clock | 1933 | Badminton | Composing Music | W B | Home—724 N. Linden, Beverly Hills |
| Lake, Arthur | Student | When Love Is Young | 1924 | Swimming | Raising Dogs | C | Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood |
| Lamarr, Hedy | Script Girl | Ecstasy | 1934 | Sailing | Astrology | M G M | Home—505 Camden Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Lamour, Dorothy | Elevator Operator | The Jungle Princess | 1936 | Hiking | Baseball | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Lane, Lola | Musical Comedy Star | The War Song | 1928 | Tennis | Designing Dresses | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Lane, Priscilla | Singer | Varsity Show | 1937 | Bowling | Gardening | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Lane, Rosemary | Singer | Varsity Show | 1937 | Ping Pong | Bridge | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Laughton, Charles | Stage Actor | If I Had A Million | 1933 | Hunting | Book Collecting | R K O | Home—Garden Of Allah, Hollywood |
| Lederer, Francis | Delivery Boy | Lion Of Two Worlds | 1934 | Sailing | Painting Landscapes | W B | Home—1974 Sycamore, Hollywood |
| Leeds, Andrea | Student | Come And Get It | 1936 | Swimming | Writing | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Leigh, Vivien | Stage Actress | The Village Squire | 1933 | Badminton | Interior Decorating | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Linden, Eric | Student | Are These Our Children | 1931 | Polo | Writing | M | Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood |
| Lindsay, Margaret | Student | Cavalcade | 1933 | Riding | Collecting Theatre Programs | W B | Home—8493 Mountain, Hollywood |
| Litel, John | Insurance Salesman | The Sleeping Porch | 1929 | Baseball | Painting Landscapes | W B | Studio, Burbank, Cal. |
| Livingstone, Bob | Writer | West Point Of The Air | 1934 | Riding | Horse Raising | R | Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood |
| Lockwood, Margaret | Stage Actress | Wild Justice | 1935 | Fencing | Crocheting | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Logan, Ella | Singer | Flying Hostess | 1936 | Bicycling | Reading | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Lombard, Carole | Dancer | The Perfect Crime | 1928 | Boating | Hunting | R K O | Home—4525 Petit, Encino |
| Lorre, Peter | Bank Clerk | Mad Love | 1935 | Golf | Sketching | T C F | Home—525 N. Foothill, Santa Monica |
| Louise, Anita | Stage Actress | The Music Master | 1927 | Tennis | Painting Furniture | R K O | Home—Sunset Plaza Apts., Hollywood |
| Lowe, Edmund | Stage Actor | Silent Command | 1923 | Fishing | Composing Music | U | Home—801 Deven, Los Angeles |
| Loy, Myrna | Dancing Teacher | What Price Beauty | 1925 | Riding | Painting | M G M | Home—9550 Hidden Val- ley Road, N. Hollywood |
| Lugosi, Bela | Stage Actor | The Silent Command | 1923 | Hunting | Sculpturing | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Lukas, Paul | Stage Actor | Loves Of An Actress | 1928 | Fencing | Designing Airplanes | M G M | Home—539 N. Vista, N. Hollywood |
| Lundigan, William | Radio Announcer | Armored Car | 1937 | Football | Writing Radio Plays | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Lupino, Ida | Stage Actress | Her First Affair | 1932 | Swimming | Collecting Figurines | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Lynn, Jeffrey | English Instructor | Cowboy From Brooklyn | 1938 | Basketball | Sketching | W B | Studio, Burbank, Cal. |
| Lynn, Leni | Student | Huckleberry Finn | 1939 | Swimming | Collecting Photos | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |

(Continued on page 62)

NO MATTER HOW
SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME
I NEVER NEGLECT MY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL

IT'S EASY TO WORK
UP A RICH **ACTIVE**
LATHER WITH
LUX SOAP

ANN SHERIDAN

STAR OF WARNER BROS.
"It All Came True"

I PAT IT LIGHTLY
IN, NEXT RINSE
WITH WARM
WATER, THEN A
DASH OF COOL

THEN PAT TO DRY.
IT LEAVES SKIN
FEELING SILKY
SMOOTH-THE WAY
IT OUGHT TO BE!

YOU want skin
that's lovely
to look at, soft to touch.
So let Hollywood's fa-
vorite soap help you
keep it that way.

Take the screen
stars' tip—try this
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL for 30 days

COSMETIC SKIN: unat-
tractive little blemishes
and enlarged pores—spoils good
looks. So don't risk *choked pores*.
Use cosmetics all you like, but
take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove
dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thor-
oughly*. Let **ACTIVE-LATHER**
FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap
protect the beauty of your skin—
help keep it smooth, attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 60)

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE- LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|------|----------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|---|
| Lys, Lya | None | Jimmy & Sally | 1933 | Riding | Automobile Racing | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| MacDonald, Jeanette | Chorus Girl | The Love Parade | 1929 | Swimming | Gardening | M G M | Home—817 Nimes Road, Brentwood |
| MacMurray, Fred | Saxophone Player | Roberta | 1935 | Fishing | Composing Music | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Mahan, Billy | Radio Player | Every Saturday Night | 1935 | Skating | Designing Airplanes | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| March, Fredric | Bank Clerk | The Royal Family | 1928 | Riding | Amateur Photography | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Marshall, Brenda | WPA Actress | Espionage Agent | 1939 | Skiing | Knitting | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Marshall, Herbert | Accountant | The Letter | 1929 | Motoring | Dog Raising | R K O | Home—10916 BaLagio, Beverly Hills |
| Martin, Mary | Dancing Teacher | The Great Victor Herbert | 1939 | Dancing | Fortune Telling | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Martin, Tony | Orchestra Leader | Sing, Baby, Sing | 1936 | Baseball | Collecting Ivory Pieces | C | Home—1100 Benedict Canyon Dr., Beverly Hills |
| Marx, Chico | Vaudevillian | The Cocoanuts | 1932 | Hockey | Astronomy | M G M | Home—932 N. Bedford, Beverly Hills |
| Marx, Groucho | Vaudevillian | The Cocoanuts | 1932 | Greyhound Racing | Writing | M G M | Home—710 N. Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills |
| Marx, Harpo | Vaudevillian | The Cocoanuts | 1932 | Golf | Composing Music | M G M | Home—701 N. Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Massey, Ilona | Salesgirl | Rosalie | 1937 | Dancing | China Collecting | M G M | Home—8102 W. 4th St., Hollywood |
| Massey, Raymond | Salesman | The Old Dark House | 1932 | Ice Hockey | Taxidermy | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| McCrea, Joel | Student | The Jazz Age | 1929 | Surf Board Riding | Farming | U A | Home—1802 Angelo Drive, N. Hollywood |
| McHugh, Frank | Stage Actor | Bright Lights | 1931 | Golf | Law | W B | Home—4200 Navejo, N. Hollywood |
| McLaglen, Victor | Boxer | Beloved Brute | 1924 | Wrestling | Raising Horses | U | Home—214 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills |
| McPhail, Douglas | Gas Station Attendant | Born To Dance | 1936 | Fishing | Singing | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Menjou, Adolphe | Restaurant Manager | Man Behind The Door | 1914 | Golf | Collecting Old Autographs | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Meredith, Burgess | Seaman | Winterset | 1936 | Fishing | Singing | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Merkel, Una | Show Girl | Eyes Of The World | 1930 | Skating | Reading | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Milland, Ray | Stock Rancher | Payment Deferred | 1932 | Riding | Horse Racing | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Miranda, Isa | Model | Hotel Imperial | 1939 | Swimming | Designing | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Montgomery, Robert | Mechanic's Helper | Possession | 1921 | Tennis | Composing Music | M G M | Home—144 Monovale, Holmby Hills |
| Montgomery, Douglass | Stage Actor | Paid | 1931 | Bowling | Building Minia- ture Theatres | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Moore, Constance | Singer | State Police | 1938 | Badminton | Collecting Perfume Bottles | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Moore, Victor | Clerk | Chimmie Fadden | 1915 | Boating | Raising Chickens | P | Home—628 N. Palm Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Morgan, Dennis | Radio Actor | Susy | 1936 | Football | Singing | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Morgan, Frank | Cowpuncher | Dangerous Nan McGrew | 1932 | Golf | Collecting First Editions | M G M | Home—1025 Ridgedale, Beverly Hills |
| Morris, Chester | Stage Actor | Alibi | 1928 | Fishing | Wood Carving | R K O | Home—917 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Morris, Wayne | Salesman | China Clipper | 1936 | Fencing | Collecting Suitcase Stickers | W B | Home—470 Layton Dr., Hollywood |
| Mowbray, Alan | Clerk | Alexander Hamilton | 1931 | Polo | Farming | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Muni, Paul | Stage Actor | The Valiant | 1928 | Tennis | Collecting Dictionaries | W B | Home—10066 Valley Spring Lane, N. Hollywood |
| Murphy, George | Tool Maker | Kid Millions | 1934 | Dancing | Stamp Collecting | M G M | Home—614 N. Oakhurst, Beverly Hills |
| Nagel, Anne | Singer | I Loved You Yesterday | 1933 | Volley Ball | Constructing X-word Puzzles | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Naish, J. Carrol | Engineer | Cheer Up And Smile | 1930 | Golf | Cooking | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Neagle, Anna | Dancing Teacher | Magic Night | 1932 | Badminton | Dancing | R K O | Studio—780 Gower St., Hollywood |
| Niven, David | Lumberjack | Without Regret | 1935 | Cricket | Raising Dogs | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Nolan, Lloyd | Stagehand | Stolen Harmony | 1935 | Baseball | Inventing | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |

(Continued on page 85)

25 Yards in this Skirt...

...yet, due to skillful designing, there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft, smooth *folds*, with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad, Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!

Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad—to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do.



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super*—*Regular*—*Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*



FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Try Flavor-Town's
delicious gum
and don't be tense
when crises come*

... for Beech-Nut Gum is always refreshing and restful. There are 6 delicious kinds to please your taste — Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum



OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 105

ACROSS

- 1 & 9. Beautiful singer pictured
18. Hero of "Remember the Night"
19. Immortality
20. Altar end of a church
21. She's in "The Farmer's Daughter"
22. Indians
23. Row
24. 1 across was in "The --- and the Fiddle"
25. Model wife in "Another Thin Man"
26. C --- a Bow
28. What person?
30. "That Certain ---"
31. Varnish
33. Set over again
35. "Chasing --- day"
37. Carpenter's tool
38. Ethel Turp in "A Call On The President"
40. Portuguese coin
41. Heroine in "Little Old New York"
43. The "Czar of Motion Pictures"
44. Pheasants' broods
46. Performs
49. Singer in "Swanee River"
50. What censors do to objectionable films
51. Tarzan's animal friend
53. Greeting
54. Husband of our star
57. He's married to Margo
60. Hair that grows on the face of a man
61. Women's fleecy head-dress
62. Fortress
64. What foreign stars try to lose
66. "Here I -- A Stranger"
67. Weight of India
68. Tot in "Honeymoon In Bali"
69. Sweden's gift to comedy
70. Male lead in "House Across The Bay"
73. Beauty in "Geronimo"
76. 1 across' rank in cinema skies

78. "The Westerner"
80. Lennie in "Of Mice And Men"
82. Deeply affected
84. Thing in law
85. Frothed
88. Gene Autry's "Champion" is one
89. 1 across' co-star in "Maytime"
92. Priest in "Fighting 69th"
93. Armed conflict
95. Chop
96. Attorney in "Reno"
97. Otto Kr --- r
98. Our star was in "Naughty Mari ---"
100. Her first film: "The Love Pa ---"
102. Fish sauce
104. Range
105. Co-starred with 1 across in "The Merry Widow"
107. Bootlegger
109. Evening songs
110. In carpentry, girders

DOWN

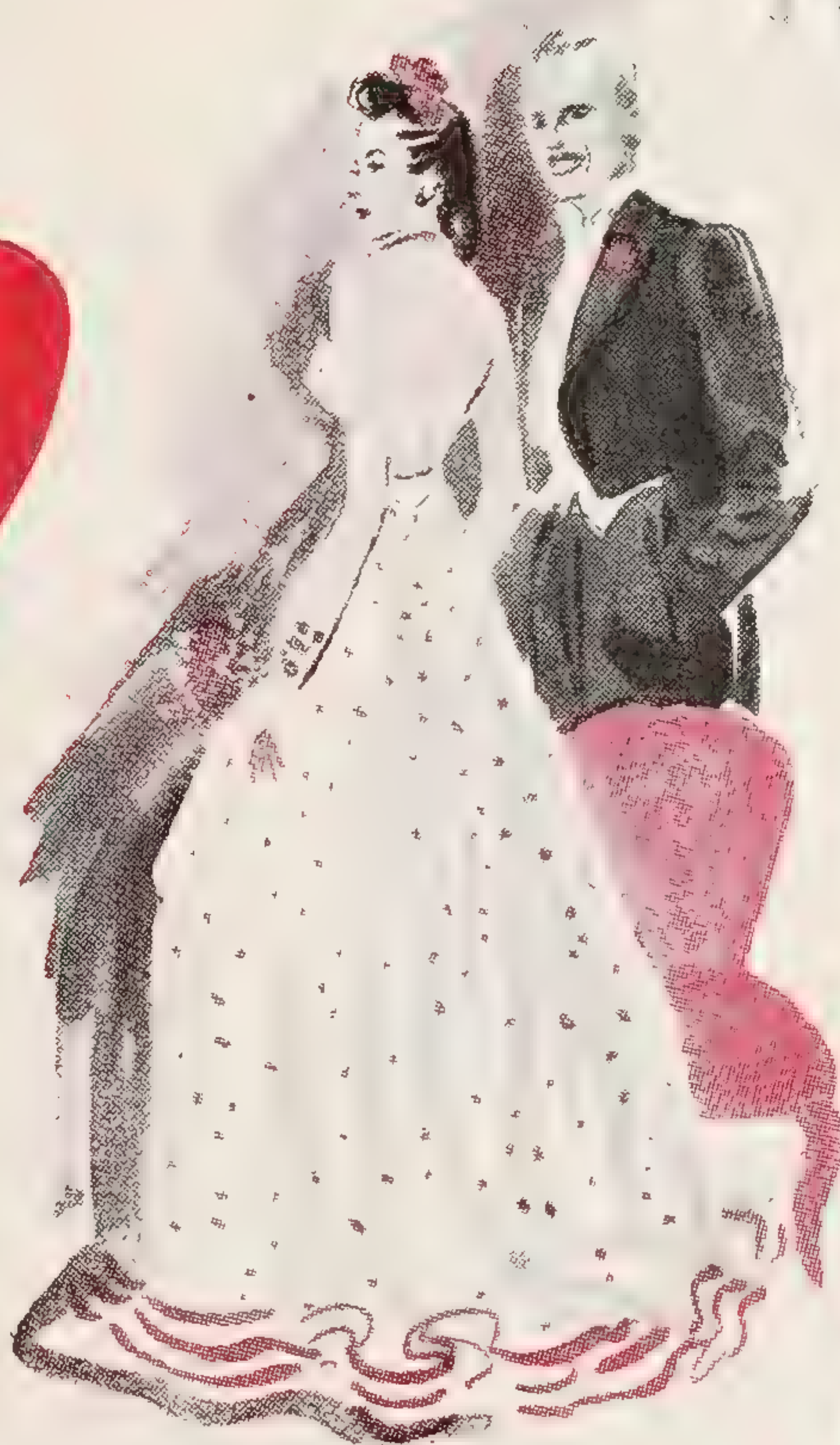
1. Olivia de Havilland's birthplace
2. Hedy Lamarr's most famous film
3. "The Rains C ---"
4. Greek letter
5. Star of "Virginia City"
6. Flat metal receptacle
7. Director --- Garnett
8. Buttonholes
9. Charles Laughton's lovely protege
10. Siamese coin
11. Masticate
12. Showy
13. Our star was in "The Vagab --- d King"
14. Ace of "dumb" comics
15. Native of Asia
16. Loyal
17. Challenger
18. Aromatic spice
25. Opposite 1 across in "Broadway Serenade"
27. A perennial woody plant
29. Atop: poet.
32. Leading lady of "My Little Chickadee"
33. Cowboy singer
34. Attempt
36. Ocean
38. Baby --- y
39. Tom ---
41. Distant
42. Johnny Mack Brown's home state
43. Treated
45. With our star in "San Francisco"
47. Building for dramatic spectacles
48. Cedric Hardwicke's title
50. Menace in "Black Friday"
52. Evoke
55. Affirmative answer
56. Small rug
58. "R --- cca"
59. Famed dog: --- Tin
62. Rod
63. Wanders from the truth
64. Actor in "Green Hell"
65. Cunning
71. Zasu Pitts' typical gesture
72. Actor in "Oh Johnny, How You Can Love"
74. Printer's measures
75. She's in "High School"
76. He got his start with 1 across in "Rose Marie"
77. Man's name
78. Solidify
79. Confirmer
81. Our star's new film: " --- Moon"
83. Small mound
84. Clara Bow's hubby
85. Judge Hardy dons these to read
86. The rooster crows for this film company
87. "Our Gang's" girl
89. Notches
90. S-shaped moldings
91. Close
94. Hostile invasion
96. Ten
99. Hail!
101. She's cast in "My Son, My Son"
103. Gail Patrick studied for this before films
104. Consumed
106. Article
108. "Swe --- hearts"

"TOPS FOR *Flair and Wear*"

SAY SMART FASHION CREATORS



The gayest fingertips—in the gayest places this spring—will be wearing Cutex, smart fashion creators' prophesy!



Dancing in harmony! The latest in evening frou-frou . . . the latest in Cutex nail tones—romantic, glamorous, heartbreakingly feminine.

Guaranteed to wear longer than any polish you've ever worn . . . or your money back.

If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't wear longer than any polish you've ever used, simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good during 1940 only.) Buy a bottle of Cutex Salon Polish today—at any toilet-goods counter.

THE smartest, longest fingertips will be wearing Cutex Salon Polish this spring, smart fashion creators prophesy. In Cutex shades, they predict, you'll find the right answer to what to wear with every fabric color from deepest "Storm Cloud" shades to palest nude pink . . . With Royal Air Force blue, Legion red, Scandinavian green, Chinese tea . . . And the newest neutrals—Turtle gray, putty, greige.

It's smart to wear Cutex, too—the fashion oracles say—because it gives your nails that all-important well-groomed look. For flair and wear—choose the new Cutex Salon Polish this spring!

Northam Warren Corporation, 191 Hudson St., New York



GADABOUT: Vivid blue-red to go places with your dashing new exposed-midriff, hooded-head gowns.

HIJINKS: Red-red—just what you'll want with the new military influence—braid, cockades, "uniform" pockets.

CEDARWOOD: Mauvy-rose flattery to feminize man-tailored toppers and suits.

OLD ROSE: Rich rose—an added romantic touch with your innocent off-the-face hat.

CLOVER: Deep winy red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.

LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate, young. Perfect with your new pinafore frocks.

NEW CUTEX *Salon Polish*



**Do your lips
feel DRY?**

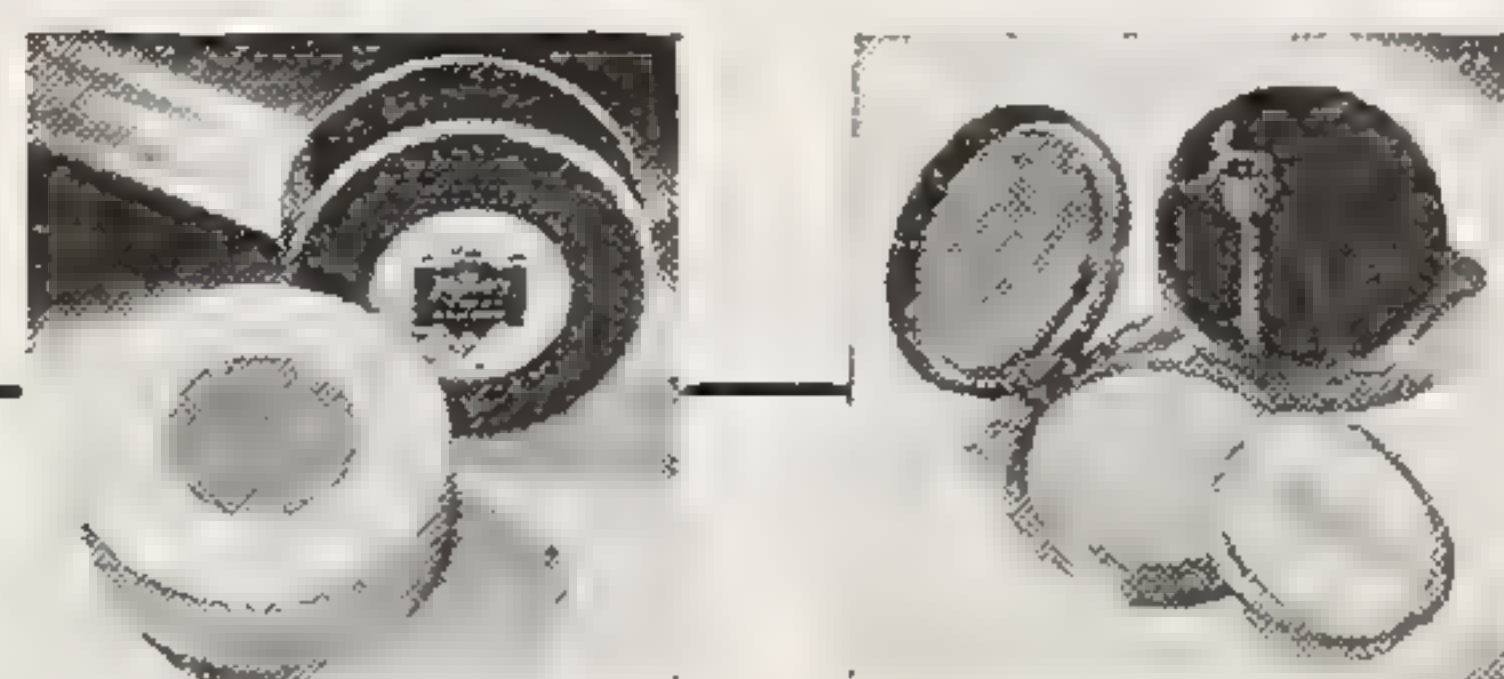
**try this Hollywood
LIPSTICK**



HERE'S a new lipstick created by *Max Factor Hollywood* that is an answer to your every lip make-up problem. Just note these four amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

For a thrilling new lip make-up experience try *Max Factor Hollywood Tru-Color Lipstick*...\$1.00



Powder... Created in color harmony shades, *Max Factor Hollywood Powder* imparts the look of youthful beauty...\$1.00

Rouge... The color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood Rouge* give the right color accent for your type...50¢

Max Factor
★ HOLLYWOOD

★ Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in Your COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP"... FREE. 24-5-58

| COMPLEXIONS | EYES | HAIR |
|---|-----------------------------------|--|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue... <input type="checkbox"/> | BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fair... <input type="checkbox"/> | Gray... <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> | Green... <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/> | Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown... <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/> | Black... <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark... <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Olive... <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Skin Dry <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE <input type="checkbox"/> | |

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

.....(NOT GOOD IN CANADA).....

THE VERVE OF THAT GIRL

(Continued from page 37)

an actress when I grow up." Vivien doesn't recall the incident. "I remember Maureen and I remember that production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," because it was my first play. It's very possible I did say such a thing. I was always thinking it."

No one at the convent encouraged her particularly. "I didn't need encouragement," she says. But something she did need, she decided at the age of fourteen, was more knowledge of foreign languages. Spending vacations in Switzerland and the South of France, she noticed that the French spoke more dramatically and more musically than the dignified British. She wanted the training of speaking French and persuaded her parents to transfer her to a French convent of the Sacred Heart in San Remo, Italy.

"I was there a year, spoke nothing but French and learned a lot, though I wasn't as happy as I had been at Roehampton. I minded the clothes, especially the extraordinary bathing suits we had to wear, with long sleeves and skirts reaching down to our knees."

Her next stop was Mlle. Manileve's School for Young Ladies in Paris, where the principal attraction (for Vivien) was Mlle. Antoine, an actress at the Comedie Francaise who taught dramatics. At fifteen, Vivien at last had the chance to study acting.

THE only trouble was that, at sixteen, she found herself a graduate of Mlle. Manileve's School for Young Ladies. She was too young to get into a regular dramatic school. Seventeen was the minimum age. She had to mark time, so she decided to pick up another language, while waiting. She enrolled in Baroness von Roeder's finishing school in Bavaria and learned German.

She meant to stay only six months. She stayed eighteen. "It was a new experience for me. It wasn't at all like school, as I had known it. We were allowed to feel grown up, taught to do womanly things, taught to enjoy the little things in life, as well as art in all its forms, given holidays in Vienna three times a year, and constant trips to Salzburg, two hours away. I began to live. It was a marvelous experience. I don't suppose anything will ever equal it."

This zest for living convinced her then, more than ever, that she could be a dramatic actress. She won her parents' permission to try to get into the Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. That involved a terrifying entrance test. "They give it to frighten away all but the determined," she says. She came through it highly commended.

Today she says, "I was very lucky. I've always been very lucky. I haven't had a bitter, discouraging struggle. My discouragements are all to come. When I was looking for my first job and didn't find it, I thought, 'This is dreadful.' But I wasn't down to my last meal or anything like that. It must be romantic to look back on a time when one went hungry, trying to make a dream come true. And it would make a beautiful story for the interviewers."

At the Academy of Dramatic Arts, she had fencing, dancing, voice projection and the usual things. She was very intense about all of them. Every term the students put on one Greek play, one French play (in which her ability to

speak French like a native was no handicap), two Shakespearean plays and two modern plays.

She is positive that anyone with the serious ambition to act must study Shakespeare. "No other plays will ever demand more variety of vocal expression from you."

Very simply, she says, "While I was at the Academy, I married. And, after a three-week honeymoon, I went back to the Academy. My husband was always very kind and very interested in the theatre. He didn't object to my trying to do something in it. The proof of that is my stage name, 'Leigh.' I took his Christian name for my last name." His full name was Leigh Holman. His profession, law."

Vivien was a wife at nineteen and, at twenty, the mother of a little girl named Suzanne. But she still hadn't fulfilled her dream of the theatre. No one likes to give up a lifetime hope. Vivien was only human in not wanting to give up hers. Before she could be completely happy, she had to have a taste of the stage. Her husband realized this. Everyone who knew her realized it. And everyone understood.

So, when her baby was old enough to be entrusted to a nurse, Vivien set out anew. None of the London theatrical managers seemed interested. So she went around to the casting offices of the film studios just outside London. She landed two small roles. "I didn't take them very seriously. I never meant to be a movie actress." But the two small picture roles got her an agent who, in turn, got her a role in a London play, "The Green Sash." The critics noticed her. More important, a producer named Sydney Carroll noticed her and gave her one of the four parts in the play, "The Mask of Virtue," in which she made an unexpected hit.

"That was when I was really discovered," she says, amusedly, "despite what anyone has said since. It was the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me. It was also the most frightening thing. I was just starting out, and people were apt to expect more than I was qualified to deliver. I was afraid of the future then. I didn't have experience to give me confidence."

SHE had Hollywood offers then, but she turned them all down. She wasn't afraid of Hollywood. She simply wasn't interested. Hollywood had a habit of typing people, if it used them at all. "I had seen so many English girls come over and waste a whole year with nothing to do. I didn't want to take the chance of having that happen to me. Time is too short in the acting profession to waste any of it."

She did sign a contract with British producer Alexander Korda to do two pictures a year, which would still allow her six months on the stage. Several of the pictures she made were released here, but not widely. Americans didn't notice her in the supporting roles she played until she almost snatched Robert Taylor away from her old Roehampton schoolmate, Maureen O'Sullivan, in "A Yank at Oxford." Even then they didn't see her as star material.

Bob Taylor did. He came back from England, raving about "this girl, Vivien Leigh," and said it was too bad she

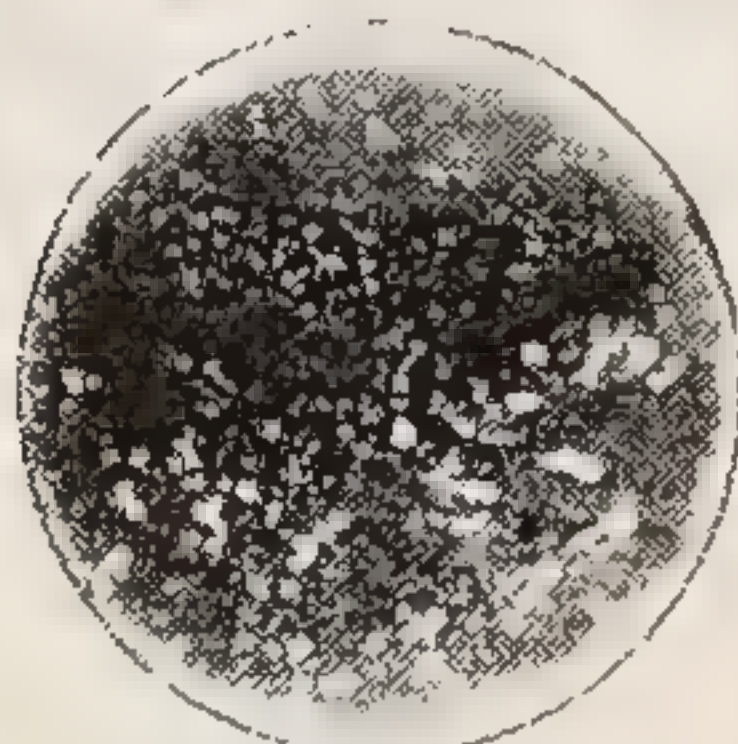
(Continued on page 68)



GOODBYE DANDRUFF

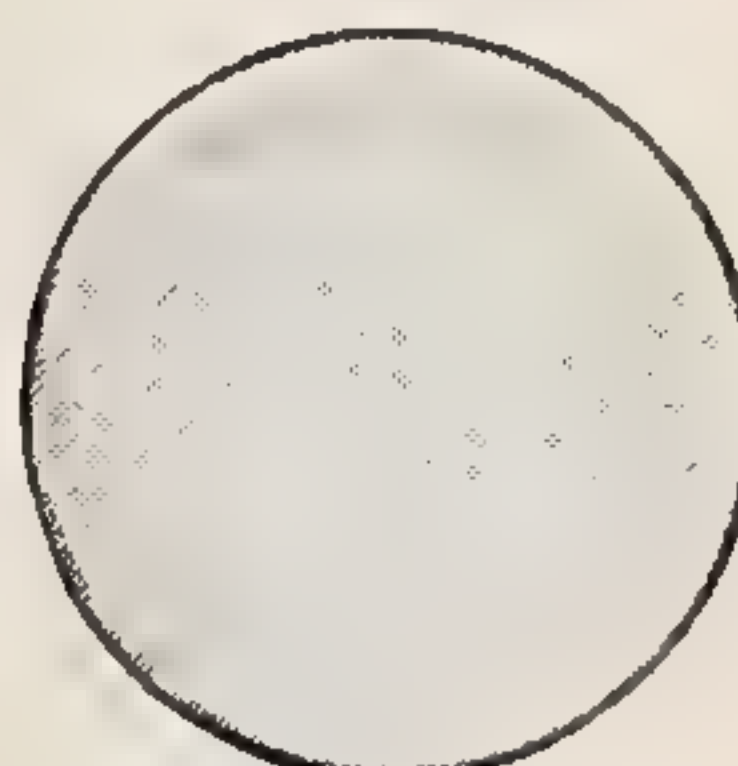
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1 This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

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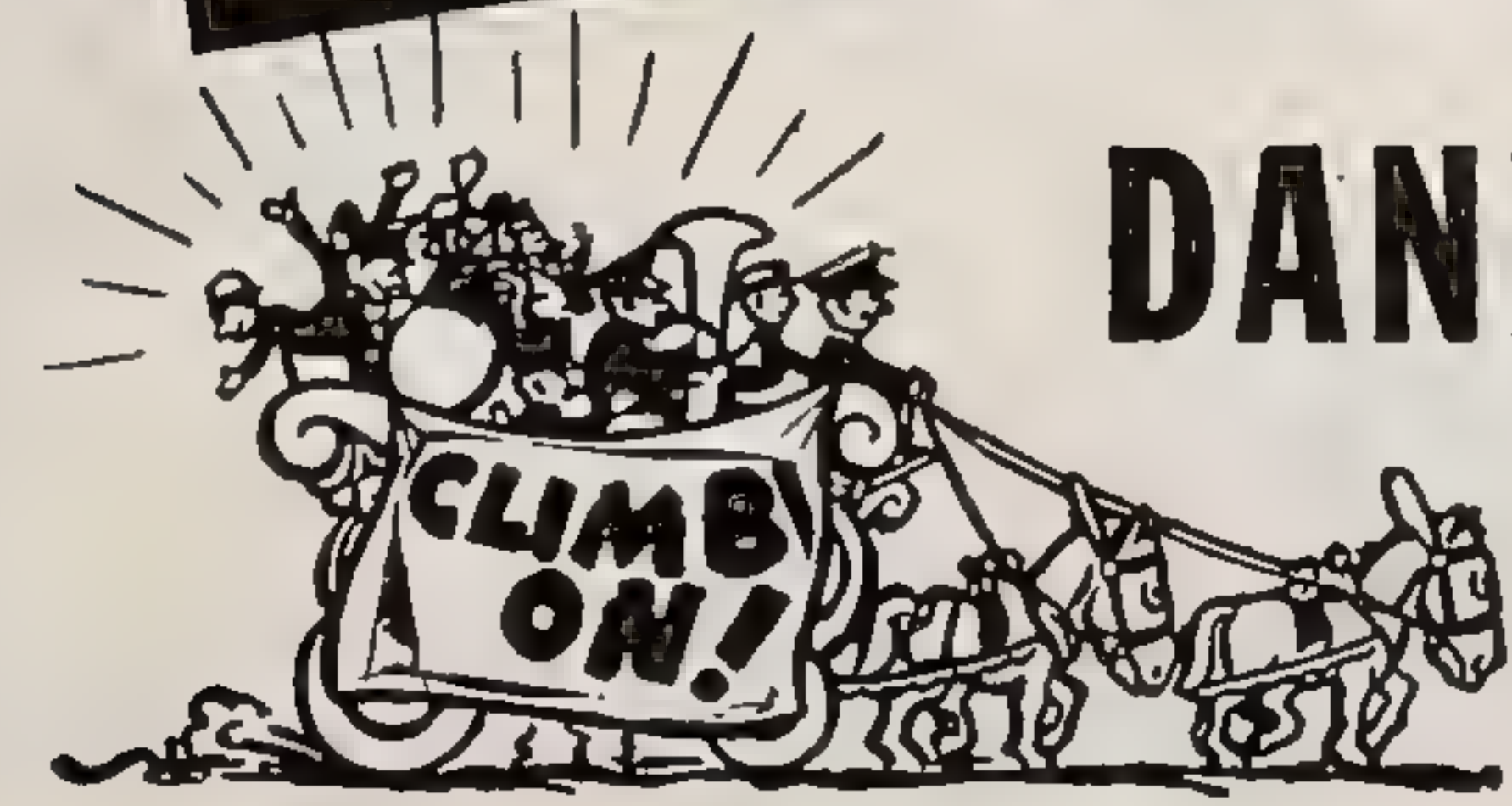
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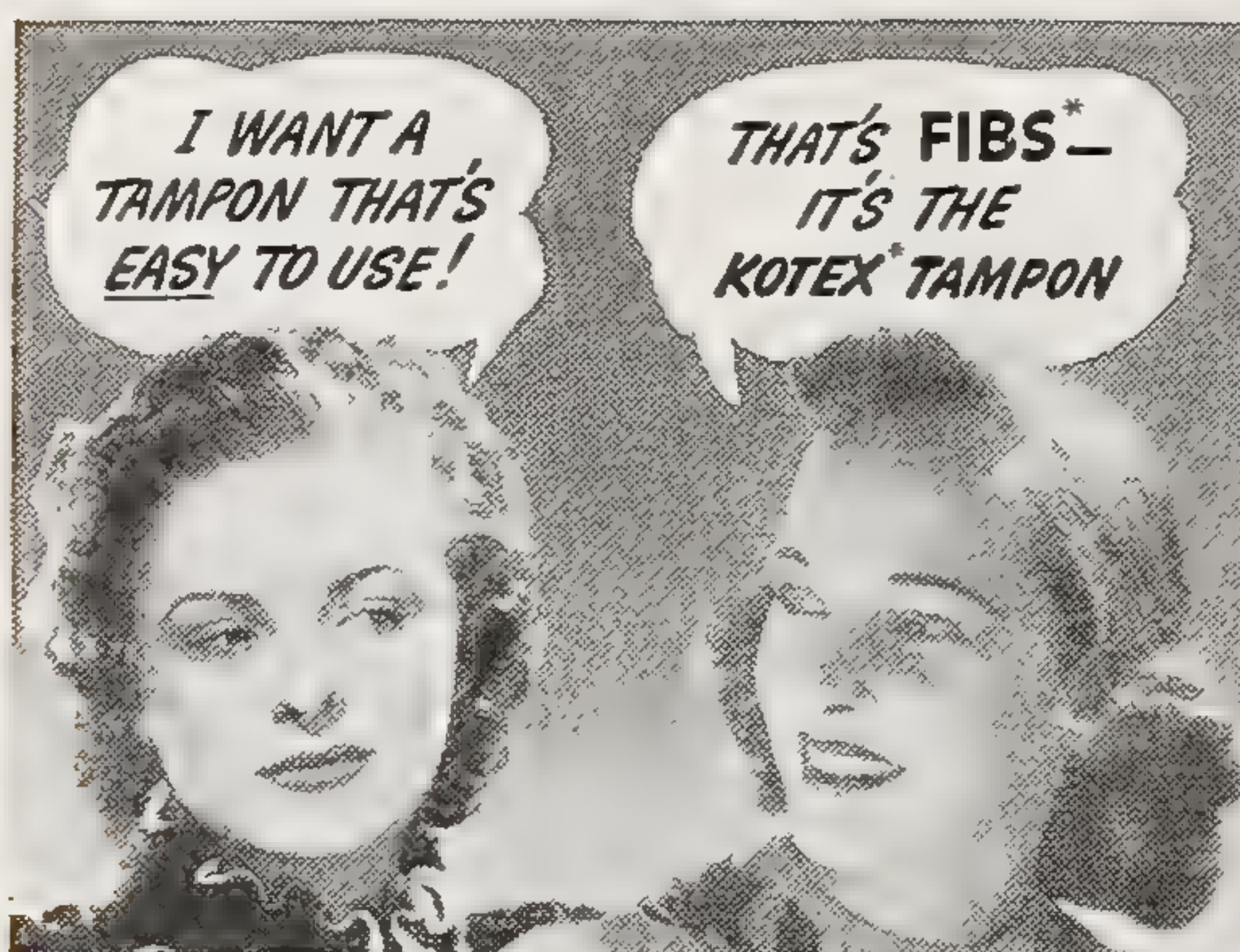
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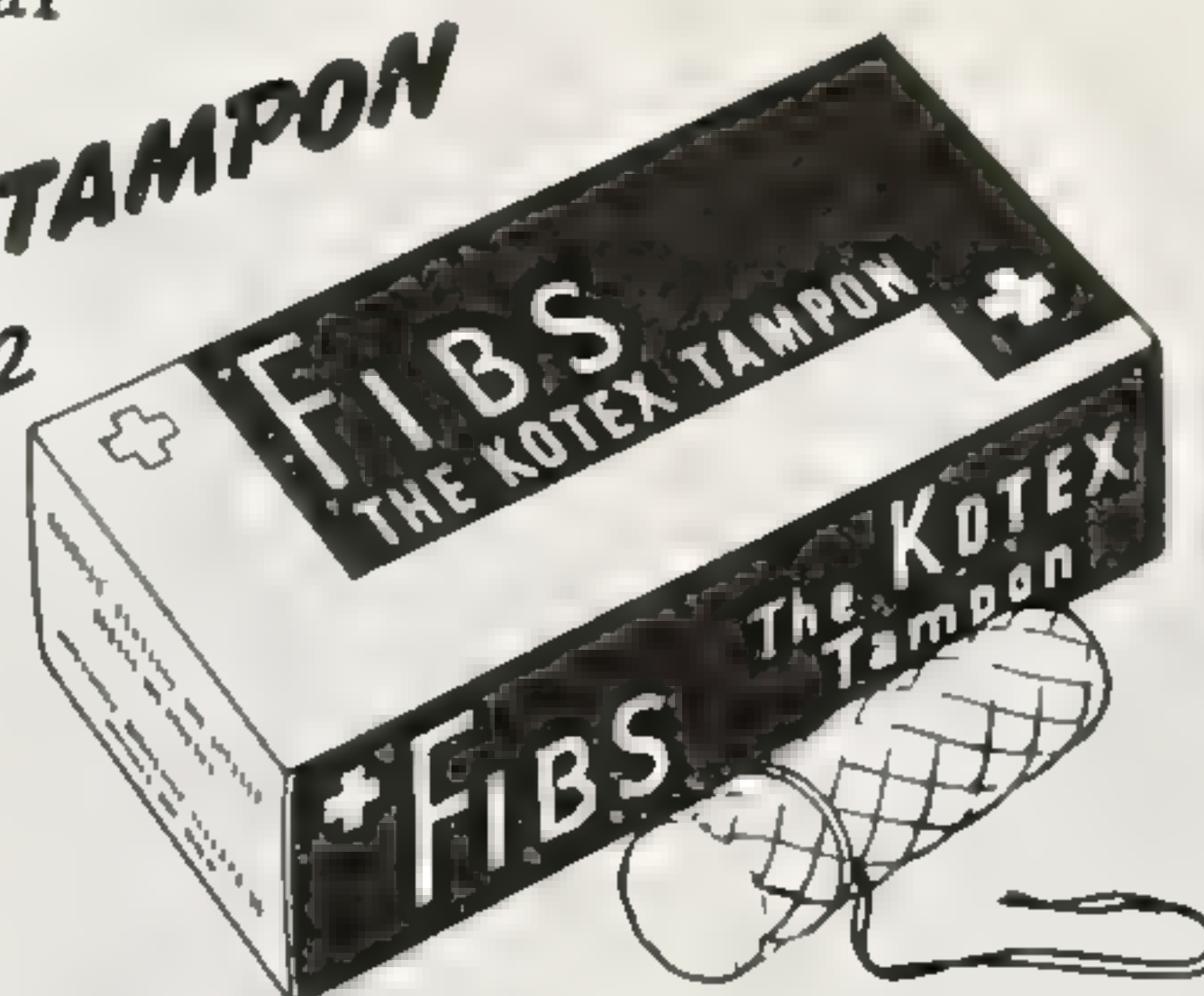
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wouldn't come to Hollywood. Charles Laughton also saw her possibilities and, two years ago, gave her that colorful role in "Sidewalks of London."

How did she happen, then, to come to Hollywood if she had a prejudice against the place? "I came over to see friends. I had no intention of working here. I was going to be here a week, then going back to do "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the London stage. If it had been a new play I was going to do, rather than one I had already done two or three times (playing a different role each time), I would have gone back. I wouldn't have stayed to test for the part of Scarlett."

The story of how she won the role needs no repeating here. Neither does the story of the staggering amount of work demanded by the role, nor how, during the last month of shooting, she had to live on tonics to keep going. Enough has been said about Scarlett, as far as Vivien is concerned. "Right now, I'm busy trying to be as different from her as possible."

SHE looks different, certainly. In "Waterloo Bridge," in which she has Robert Taylor (with a brand-new moustache) as her co-star, she isn't wearing Civil War crinolines. She is wearing the styles of the World War era and sacrificing glamor to realism, even to the extent of encasing her shapely legs in black cotton hose. She talks with a crisp English accent, not a crisp Southern one. She doesn't look like a temperamental vixen, but like a war-worried girl very much in love.

Off the screen, she looks like an alert young modern—nearer seventeen than twenty-seven. She is small; no more than five feet three. She is slight; she can't weigh much more than a hundred pounds. She dresses simply, preferring sports frocks that either button all the way up or zip all the way down. She likes them better than slacks because they're easier to get into in a hurry. She's always in a hurry in the morning; she stays abed "till the last possible minute." You wouldn't expect someone like that to have such lively eyes. They're officially described as green, but when she wears blue, they look blue. Her hair, which she wears in a loose bob, is a natural dark brown.

She has a talent for naturalness, off the screen as well as on. This surprises people. They expect her to be deliberately provocative, a conceited charmer. She isn't. The other day a well-known

press-agent, who has met them all, met Vivien for the first time. Afterward he said privately and appreciatively, "Now there's a girl who has all kinds of sex appeal, without throwing it at you."

To hear her tell it, she is "the world's worst" girl athlete. She swims like a rock and can't hit any kind of ball. She's better at party games, the question-and-answer sort of thing. She's wild about American football; a demon fan. She refused to go to the Rose Bowl game last New Year's Day, because her favorite team, UCLA, which she thought deserved to represent the West, didn't get the chance.

For a Briton she has a strange aversion—tea. She has no use for salads and she can't understand why people will eat pies. She thinks both British and American foods are too heavy. Her English cook has instructions to cook everything French style.

The thing that has impressed Vivien most in America? "People here work much harder than people anywhere else. And they're open-minded people; they're willing to change their viewpoints. They're not hide-bound. I had a fine opportunity to find that out. People here hated me at first; now they are very pleasant and very kind."

She lives in a modest bungalow in Brentwood—a house much too small for her collection of books. She has thousands. She reads constantly. This doesn't mean that she doesn't like dancing. She does, but she can't stand night clubs. "I'm oppressed in them by the feeling of time being wasted."

As this is written, she isn't wasting her evenings. She is rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet" with Laurence Olivier and company, preparatory to their taking it to San Francisco, Chicago and New York. The project isn't some bright manager's idea. "It's something Mr. Olivier and I have wanted to do for quite some time."

Her sense of good taste won't let her tell how or when she and Leigh Holman drifted apart, or how or when she and Laurence Olivier drifted together. It is no secret that she and "Mr. Olivier" are deeply in love. They have no immediate wedding plans, however. "We can't make any wedding plans until August, when our absolute decrees will come through."

Vivien Leigh has no far-reaching future plans. She's going to live life as she finds it. "And," she says with a smile, "not be afraid of the future—unless something happens to keep me from acting. I don't ask to do bigger and better things. Only different things."

The theatre's loss was the movies' gain in Lee Bowman's case. Snagged by a talent scout who saw him in "Berkeley Square," this attractive young bachelor is being groomed for stardom.



THE MEN LORETTA HAS KISSED

(Continued from page 31)

work together. I've yet to do a love scene with someone I disliked. I don't think I could. Acting, after all, goes only so far.

"I don't enjoy the groping, grabbing kind of love scenes. I don't like to play rough. It's no fun being mauled. I prefer something a little more subtle and sensitive.

"Also, for my taste, the less I have to say and the more I can concentrate on expressions, the more effective a love scene is. I haven't used the words 'I love you' in a long time." She smiled. "I've been using my eyes instead."

She squashed out her cigarette, one-third smoked. She has never been known to finish a cigarette.

"The love scene I've most enjoyed doing in recent pictures was one in 'Alexander Graham Bell' in which the word 'love' was never mentioned. It was a proposal scene. They were riding in a buggy along a country road." (She didn't say "we." She said "they," impersonally.) "He was moody. He started talking about whether a man should keep on trying to make something of an idea, starving, losing out on the happiness other men had, or give up his idea, get a job and earn enough to support a wife. She told him, very simply, that the man should keep on with his idea, because the girl would wait for him. 'She would?' he shouted, surprised, exuberant. That was all. But there wasn't any doubt about how much they loved each other.

THAT'S an illustration of what I mean about suggestion being much more effective than the actual doing or saying of a thing.

"There was another love scene in 'Alexander Graham Bell' that I liked. She was deaf, you remember. That, in itself, made her sensitive. He led her out of the bright hall into a dark room at one side, to hold her in his arms, tell her he loved her. She said, 'It's so dark in here, and I do so want to hear you say it.' He said again, almost in a whisper, 'I love you.' Her fingers were against his lips, 'reading' them. The tenderness of that scene was a thrilling thing to me. More thrilling than any crushing clench has ever been."

The assistant director was paging her. For a while, Loretta had to think about "The Doctor Takes a Wife," a comedy about a career girl who becomes famous for a book, entitled "Spinsters Ain't Spinach." Then, after she falls in love with Ray Milland, she has to write another book, "Marriage Ain't Measles."

When she returned to her dressing-room and lighted another cigarette, which she put out after two puffs, she said, "This is the first picture I've done at Columbia since 'A Man's Castle' with Spencer Tracy. That had some of the most beautiful scenes I've ever had to do. Never once did they say they were in love. They were inarticulate people. But their eyes told, every time they looked at each other.

"I love delicate love scenes. There was one in 'Second Honeymoon,' on a dock. They sat there, reminiscing about their elopement. The audience hadn't seen that elopement. The audience had to imagine how they had looked and what they had been like. The tone of



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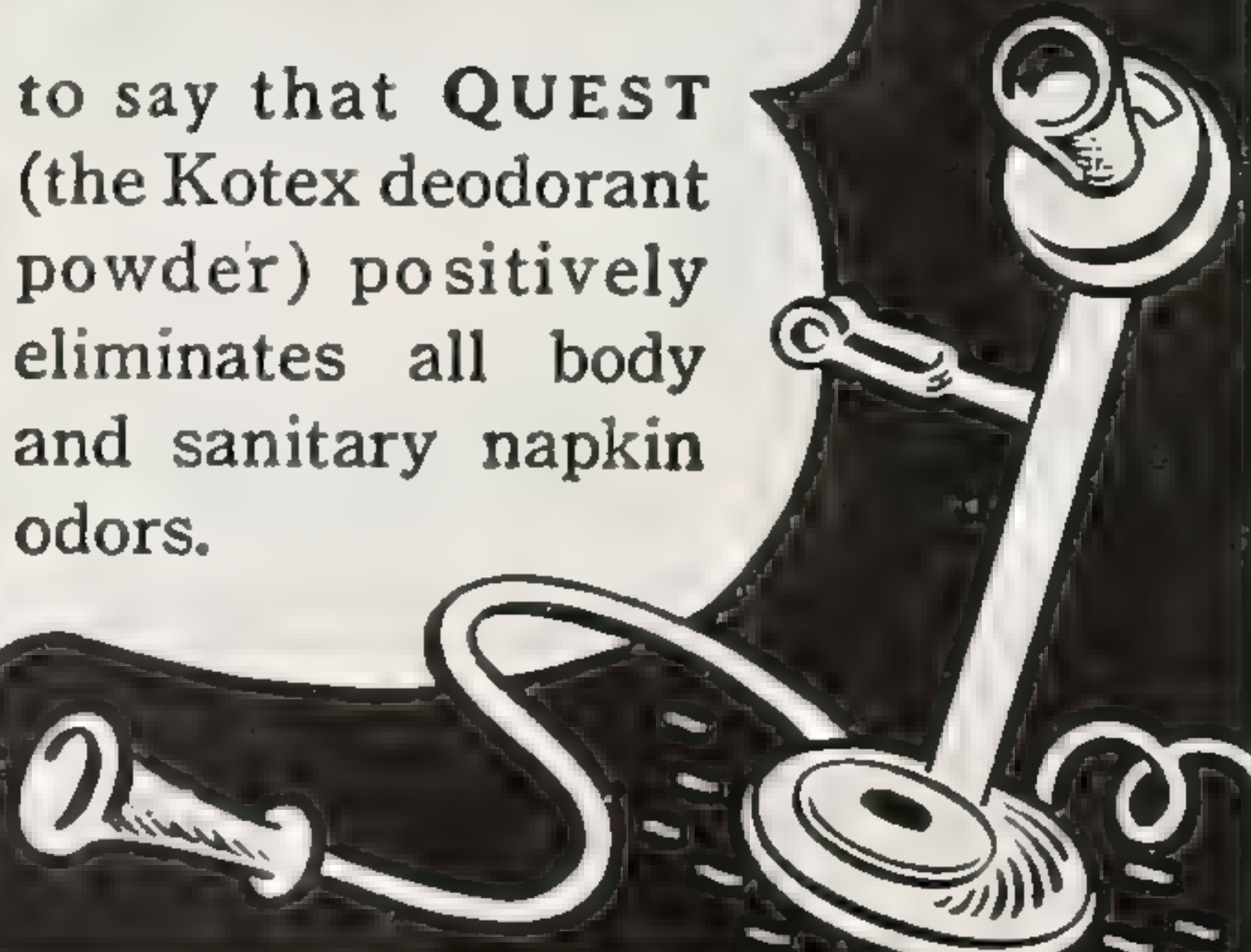
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their voices, more than their actual words, told the story.

"Then there was a scene in 'Private Number' with Robert Taylor. He sat on the ground, and she was in a hammock beside him. They talked about very casual things, but from the tone of their voices you sensed their longing for each other.

"What made each of those scenes memorable to me was a good situation, dramatic, sensitive and in good taste."

Even if you give Loretta the benefit of the doubt and take her word for it that a love scene is strictly business, still it's hard to believe that some of her co-stars haven't been a bit on the memorable side, too.

She laughed at the suggestion. "Clark Gable was memorable, all right. He wore a beard throughout the picture. Imagine getting Clark for a screen lover, and then having a script writer put whiskers on him! There ought to be a law. I had fun in that picture, however, largely because of Clark. He puts anyone at ease. He's genial, friendly, has no small qualities. He has a sense of humor, which always helps. Jack Oakie was also in the picture. Between the two of them, there were laugh riots.

"Ronald Colman is the most courteous man I've ever played with—the most genuinely thoughtful of a mere leading lady. Other actors may let a girl precede them off a set or find her a chair between scenes, if they think of it, but Ronnie never forgets. There is nothing personal in his attentiveness; it is simply good breeding, which is both very rare and very charming. It may not be exactly conducive to chumminess, but it makes working with him an experience to remember.

"I worked with Bob Taylor just after the big furore about him got under way, and he was being hailed as the new Great Lover. I don't know what I expected him to be like, but I found him a surprisingly normal person, neither fussed nor conceited. He was simply doing his work and letting matters take their own course. It's always easy to get along with anyone like that.

"Tyrone Power has much the same attitude. This goes a long way toward

explaining how we have been able to make five pictures together. Ty is one of the most easy-going people I know. He has more poise than any other two men put together. I played with him in his first picture, 'Ladies in Love,' and even then he was like that.

"Working with Spencer Tracy is a great experience, because he is a great actor. You never have a feeling, with him, that a scene is artificial; he is so perfectly natural, himself, in any situation. Nothing throws him.

"I worked with Don Ameche in his second picture, 'Ramona,' and then again in 'Alexander Graham Bell.' He learned a great deal in the meantime. He wasn't so intense. Radio actors are trained to put everything they have into their voices, and Don was still doing that in 'Ramona.' Now he has calmed down and relaxed. Working with him is as much of a pleasure as being with him.

I'VE played with Charles Boyer twice.

The first time was really the memorable one. It was 'Caravan,' which was his first picture in this country, and which both of us mention nowadays in ghastly whispers. Charles' caressive voice was having considerable difficulty with English, and his embarrassment was further aggravated by the silliest looking curly wig that you can imagine.

"David Niven, I'm afraid, is still a little fussed about love scenes. They're still so new to him that he hasn't got around to realizing that they're just part of work. Of course, he knows me so well that he could confess to me how 'frightfully embarrassed' they made him. 'If you can't say "I love you,"' I told him, 'just mumble it.' He thinks if he mumbles it long enough, he may eventually be able to shout it.

"No, it doesn't make me nervous to have the leading man go nervous. The only thing that bothers me is when an actor doesn't register any reaction to my lines, except the ones that gives him his cues to talk. Making a love scene with someone like that is agony.

"Oh, yes," Loretta said, with a provocative smile, "there's one other thing: The legend that I have to fall in love to make a love scene. It 'tain't so."

Gloria Jean, the cunning singing starlet, shows you part of her huge collection of dolls. To prove she hasn't a whit of professional jealousy, she has two Deanna Durbins, one of which she's holding. The most expensive member of the family cost \$20; the cheapest, a mere fifty cents. She treasures most a replica of Basil Rathbone, her favorite star.



LAMOUR'S IN LOVE

(Continued from page 41)

There was no service station around, and Pres didn't know how to change it. So he got under the car, and I stood there tugging, with my hands and face and dress all covered with grease. Both of us were laughing our heads off. When he finally crawled out and took a look at me, he yelled, 'Oh, for a photographer to shoot the glamour girl now!' I'd have said, 'Shoot and be darned!' I had more fun that afternoon than I'd had in years."

Since meeting Pres, she's gone out with nobody else, "except Rocky." Rocky is Wynn Rocamora, her manager and friend. "Sometimes we make a threesome of it, and sometimes I'll go out with Rocky when Pres is busy. But mostly it's just Pres and me."

"There's no marriage in the offing, though, if that's what you're thinking. Pres has his career, which I have more faith in than I have in my own. I think he's a very fine actor. I want to be, but wanting to be and really being are two different things. I'm just the best friend he has or ever will have." The shout of laughter that greeted this seemed to surprise her. "I mean it," she said, nodding with the vigor of an earnest child. "And he's mine." She fell silent for a moment while a little smile touched her lips. "He never calls me Dorothy. It's always Pete. No reason. Just calls me Pete. I think it's cute, don't you?" We did.

EVERYTHING'S fun since Pres entered the picture. Buying clothes, for instance. They were asked to a party at Hal Roach's one night. Pres was going to pick her up at seven-thirty—white tie and tails. She ought to have a new dress to do him and the party justice but, up at six and working all day, when could she possibly shop?

She had forty-five minutes that afternoon for a hair change, and one second for an inspiration. While the hairdresser worked on her, she phoned to Saks. She'd seen a dress she liked in their window. Would they send it over? It arrived in ten minutes flat. Dotty sneaked enough studio time to try it on, and the wardrobe woman did what fitting was necessary. When Pres appeared, he found a lady radiant in red.

She'd never worn red before. Wisely, she doesn't go in for vivid colors, except in accessories. Wisely because, though she doesn't say so, her face gives her all the vividness she needs. She sticks mostly to blue and black and white, always black for street wear, with various accessory changes. Because she's so busy in Hollywood and because Jay-Thorpe in New York has the kind of clothes she likes, she does most of her buying in the East. She'll wire them ahead, so that they can prepare sketches and designs for her. With definite ideas about what she can and can't wear, she goes over the sketches with the designer, approving, suggesting and changing. "I love full fluffy things," she sighed, "on Madeleine Carroll, but I know they'd look awful on me. The most I can sport in ruffles is something like this." "Something like this" was the slightly flared skirt of the black tailored frock she was wearing, fitted to below the hips. Its smart lines and a small silver clip at the throat were its sole adornment.

Pres helped her to decide between having her tonsils out and playing opposite handsome Tyrone Power in "Johnny

"This child will HATE you some day, Mary!"



1. MARY: Oh, uncle...you're always imagining things.

UNCLE: I don't need much imagination to know when a child looks plumb scared to death.



2. MARY: She's just acting. But she can't fool me! I'll make her take it!

UNCLE: You don't mean to say you're going to use force! Why, that's as old-fashioned as goose grease!



3. MARY: I don't want to argue any longer! She needs a laxative and she's going to take it whether she likes the taste or not.

UNCLE: Using force won't do a mite of good. Fact is, it can throw a youngster's nervous system clean out of kilter.



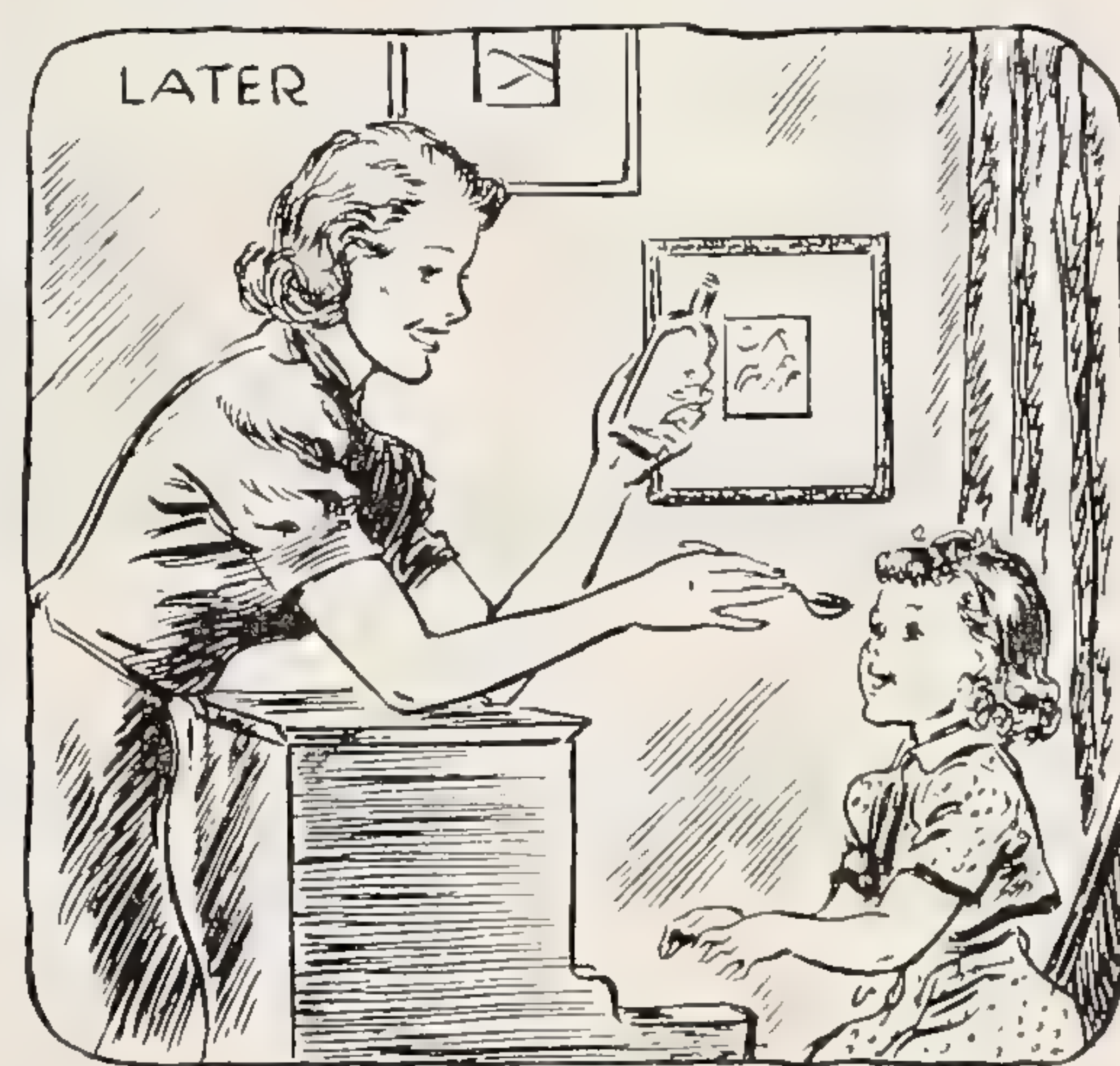
4. MARY: Who said so?

UNCLE: The doctor I play golf with. I told him about your laxative battles. He said a child should get a nice-tastin' laxative, but *not* one made for grown-ups. So he suggested Fletcher's Castoria.



5. MARY: Fletcher's Castoria! I thought that was only an infant's laxative...

UNCLE: Doc says Fletcher's Castoria is made for *all* children up to 11. It's *SAFE*. It has no harsh drugs, it doesn't gripe. You can't find a better-working laxative!



6. LATER. Mother giving child Fletcher's Castoria.

HELEN: Ooooooh, Mommy, I LOVE this!
MOTHER: It's Fletcher's Castoria, just like Uncle Joe suggested. You won't be scared of Mommy any more, will you?

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially for children

EX-LAX MOVIES

Dad saves the Day for Junior!



MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!



MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!



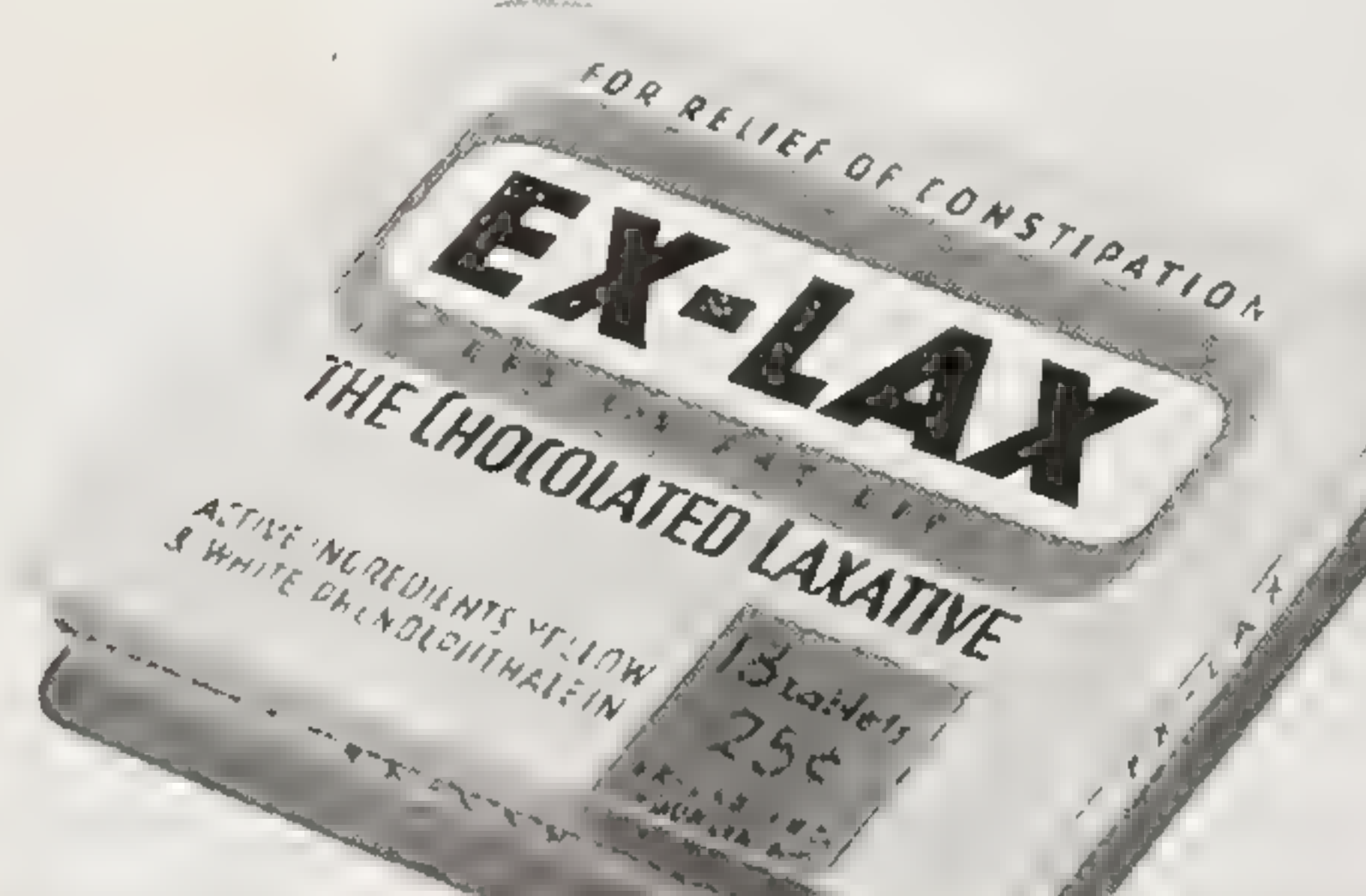
LATER

MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good for you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Apollo." They had just finished "Typhoon." Dotty had been battling bad tonsils for six years—first, because she couldn't afford to have them out, later because she hadn't time. Now, with a few weeks off, the time had come. But Twentieth Century-Fox intervened with an offer. Would she play opposite Tyrone Power in "Johnny Apollo?" Paramount left the decision to her. They've never been eager to lend her to other studios. She and Pres read the script together. "Oh, Pres," she cried when they'd finished, "it's the kind of really dramatic part I've always wanted to play."

"Then play it, Pete, or else you'll always wonder what would have happened if you had. You've had the tonsils six years. They'll keep for another six weeks. Besides, it won't hurt you to be in a picture with Ty Power."

SO she played the gangster's moll with a heart of gold and had a very good time doing it. "But I wish you'd say this," she insisted, "and you can't say it too strongly to suit me. There's been so much talk about my hating sarongs. It isn't true. If it weren't for sarongs, I wouldn't be here today. The studio's boss and the studio knows what makes money. Highbrows and big-brains may not like them, but the kids eat 'em up, so I'm grateful to the kids. Much as I'd like to play dramatic parts, as long as these other pictures make money, I don't care if I wear a sarong the rest of my life." Which should put the quietus on that. To those interested: She wears a sarong in "Typhoon," and Pres, as an ex-navy officer, loves her in it.

She still has her tonsils. She hopes they'll be out by the time this story is out. Almost immediately after her picture was finished, she started on a personal appearance tour. Business took Pres East at about the same time. "Not that he wasn't pleased to have it happen that way. Me, too," she says with delectable candor.

What made the trip really exciting was a bid to the President's Birthday Ball. Before she left Hollywood, the studio phoned her. "We have an invitation for you."

"Invitation to what?"

"Never mind, we'll send it over."

"Why couldn't they tell me?" she wondered. "Oh, well, I suppose it's just one of those things—"

Why they couldn't tell her was to spare the wires. They knew their Dotty would go wild and, by her own admission, Dotty

did and continued in that state across the continent. Even Pres couldn't soothe her. "If I'd been asked who in all the world I wanted most to see, I'd have said President Roosevelt. At the same time, I was so nervous I couldn't stand it. I've got a terrific inferiority complex, which I've tried to camouflage since I've been in the movies. But it was certainly working overtime on that trip. Who was I, anyway, to meet the President of the United States!"

The Hollywood guests, among others, were asked to luncheon at the White House. As Dorothy walked in, knees knocking, she murmured, "Watch me fall on my face"—a feat she would have achieved except for her companion's prompt action in seizing her arm. They were introduced to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. From Dotty's dry lips came a mumbled, "How do you do?" She heard the guest behind her chirp, "Happy birthday, Mr. President," and writhed at her own ineptness. But it was after stealing a glance at the place card she'd been handed that she almost fainted. She was to sit at the President's left.

The first few moments were exquisite anguish. But when Mr. Roosevelt turned and smiled at her, she managed to assemble a few of her scattered wits.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. President," she stammered. "I forgot to wish you many happy returns, but I'm so nervous—"

He broke into one of his broad grins and told her to forget it. He asked her about her latest pictures and said they'd have to get prints for the White House. Then he proceeded to tell her the story of the Baroness Eloise de Wagner Wehrborn, who had lived on one of the Galapagos Islands, and of her strange disappearance and her supposed murder. He suggested that—with a happy ending, of course—it might provide the theme for a good Lamour picture. Before he turned to his neighbor on the right, he had put Dotty so thoroughly at ease that she felt she could cheerfully talk to him forever. Before his broadcast that night, he bent a solemn gaze on Dorothy and some of the other movie folk down front. "Now watch," he said, "and get a few tips on how to use a mike."

As for Mrs. Roosevelt, Dotty went into ecstasies. "You don't feel scared with her for even a minute. She's so simple and cordial. She showed us through her house just as any woman would, just as I might show you through mine. They're just



Their much publicized rift a thing of the past, Maestro Hardy obligingly beats it out for virtuoso Laurel in a screwy scene from "Two's Company."

two grand American people, and I'd like to hear anyone tell me different."

From Washington she went to Chicago for her initial week of personal appearances. It was while she was running an elevator at Marshall Fields' that she got her first audition and her first job as a singer. So whenever she gets back, it's old home week at the store.

Her ex-boss, Douglas Singleterry, used to give her time off for auditions and forget to dock her. What's more, he'd send one of the other girls along—Mary Ut-singer, as a rule—to see that no one put anything over on Dotty. Mary's married now, with a baby due before long, and Dotty handles her like something rare in eggshells. The news photographers wanted a picture of Miss Lamour running an elevator as of old. The hitch was that these elevators were new and run by a different system. Dotty was willing to take a chance, till Mary stepped into the cage beside her. Then her eyes flashed fire. "Get out, Mary, you get right out of here. You're going to have a baby, and suppose I dropped you." It was then that a dozen cameras clicked in glee.

Dorothy had promised the elevator girls a clock for their locker room at Christmas. But when Christmas came she'd had only enough time to dash out and buy gifts for her mother, Pres and Rocky. Mrs. Lamour had done the rest. (Incidentally, she bought Pres a wrist watch, and he gave her a beautiful French evening bag, white brocade, with a little baguette clasp.) So she bought the clock when she reached Chicago and presented it then to her ex-fellow workers.

THAT night a delegation of the girls came to her dressing-room with a florist's box. It held one perfect orchid and brought on a flood of tears from Dorothy.

"Oh, Rocky," she wailed after the others had left, "they make \$14 a week! I know what it means, because I used to have crooked heels on my shoes and couldn't afford a quarter to have them fixed—"

"Is that why you're blubbering now?" asked the mystified Rocky.

"Well, if I'd chipped in for an orchid in those days, I'd have had to go without my lunch and I'll bet that's what some of them did. Where's your handkerchief?"

She wore the flower out front that night, because the girls were in the audience as her guests. Then she pressed it between the pages of a book. Sentimental, these glamour queens.

She wants to sell the Georgian Colonial house she built when she was married. Her ideas on houses, as on many things, have changed. It's much too formal for her now. What she'd like is a little ranch-house with lots of chintz.

Meantime she lives there with her mother and stepfather, with Peanuts and Popcorn and Queenie. Peanuts and Popcorn are Scotties. The former was sent her by a fan. He arrived one day in a box tied with blue ribbons and was just as terrified as if he hadn't been fixed up so fancy. Dotty gathered him into her arms and murmured comfortingly: "Why, you're no bigger than a peanut." So Peanuts he became, and Popcorn was acquired as a playmate. Queenie's father was an airedale; her mother, a German boxer belonging to Frank Freeman, boss of Paramount. The union produced a blonde and a brunette pup, so he dubbed the one Madeleine Carroll, the other Dorothy Lamour, and gave each to her namesake.

As we got up to go, the phone rang. Dotty's head turned quickly. "Is it Pres?" It was, so we hastened our exit. After all, we'd come to interview Dorothy. And the happy girl who ran to pick up the phone was plainly Pete Lamour.



"Great Caesar's ghost! What's the matter, Tortoise, old man? Where's the old pep—the old ginger—the old up-and-at-'em spirit? Are you the fellow that beats rabbits in foot races? Doesn't seem possible!"



"Oh, you aren't feeling up to scratch, eh?... Well, sir—I see why. You've got quite a case of shell-chafe—haven't you? Wrists and ankles, too? Say, that's tough. MOTHER! Where's the Johnson's Baby Powder?"



"Here it comes! When that soothing-soft powder starts gliding into your creases, you can tell chafes and prickly heat to go climb a tree. Your neck will feel so slick, you'll be pulling it in and out just for fun!"



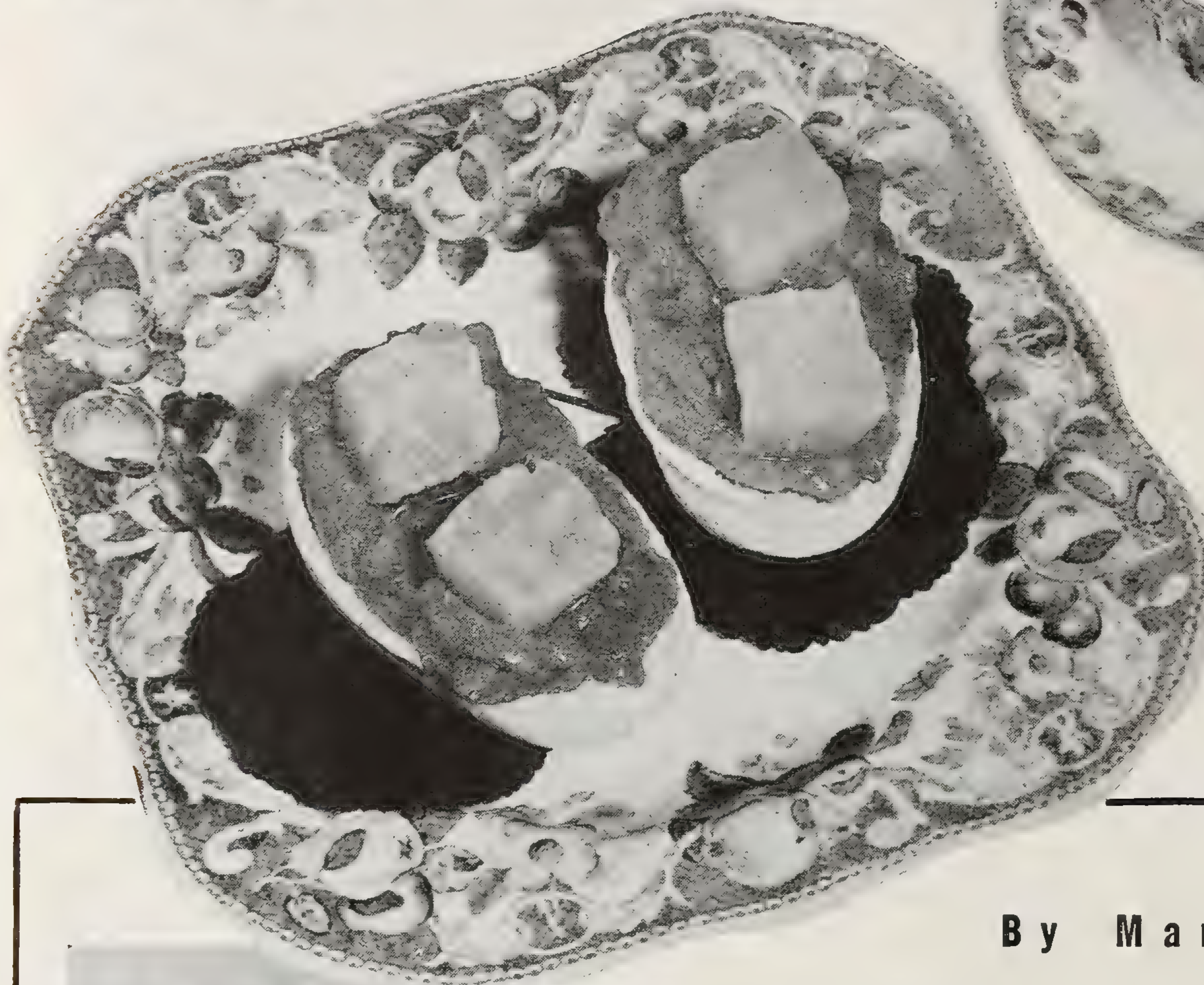
"Best thing about being a baby is that you get powdered so often with silky, comforting Johnson's. It's made with extra-special, soft, fine talc. And yet nice as it is, Johnson's doesn't cost much!"

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FOODS FROM AFAR

ROMANTIC HAWAII INSPIRES KAY FRANCIS' TREATS



Island Dessert—a mouth-watering and fine looking pineapple concoction to pique the most blasé of appetites.

Courtesy Dole Pineapple

By Marjorie Deen



Kay Francis, Deanna Durbin's very charming mother in "It's a Date," goes native with a vengeance for some Hawaiian sequences—even to the lei and poi!

HAWAII, LOVELY land of romance, provides an intriguing background for many scenes in Deanna Durbin's newest starring picture, "It's a Date." In this film, you know, the part of the young star's actress mother is played by Kay Francis—certainly as glamorous a parent as one could imagine! Thanks to this combination of interesting locale and imaginative casting, your cooking editor is now supplied with some unusual recipes of Hawaiian inspiration.

These food ideas are certain to have particular appeal for those of you who occasionally yearn for "something just a wee bit different" to serve to your family and friends. So here they are, as suggested by Miss Francis herself after a day spent eating poi.

Poi, as you probably have no reason for knowing, is a native Hawaiian dish made from the taro root. It has its ardent devotees, but hereafter Kay is not likely to be among them. In the interests of motion picture accuracy, a supply of genuine poi (which cannot be secured on the mainland) was flown by clipper from the Moana Hotel in Honolulu to California for the Hawaiian scenes in the picture. But, after a day spent in eating it before the cameras, Kay vows never to touch it again. However, she does recommend another dish that, although Hawaiian in type and unusual in flavor, is more to our taste. Furthermore, it is made of foods that can be procured at local markets from coast to coast.

This tasty chicken dish was adapted from more typical native dishes by an Island chef. The recipe, secured by Kay, follows shortly. Her claims that it turns out to be similar, but also superior, to many chicken dishes of Chinese origin are no exaggeration. Both dumplings and vegetables, you will notice, are a part of this dish; while the whitest and fluffiest of cooked rice grains should accompany it. The only other thing you need serve with it is a salad of mixed greens.

Dedicated to the role of the young "pineapple king," played by Walter Pidgeon in this same picture, is the fruity treat that, according to Kay Francis, should by rights follow this substantial main course. Called, appropriately enough, Island Dessert, it is pictured for you here in all its glory, although it would take a color photograph to do full justice to the creamy tone of the meringue shells in contrast to the rose of the Lanai Sherbet and the gold of the small pineapple gems which garnish it. The sherbet itself is also delicately flavored with pineapple. The growing of pineapples is the second largest industry in Hawaii, besides being the one most frequently associated with the isles' culinary treats.

It's Aloha, then, but not before reminding you that Kay's suggestions follow in recipe form.

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN DISH

- 1 (4½ pound) chicken for fricasseeing
- 1 slice onion
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 thin slice lemon peel
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- a dash of nutmeg
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 2 cups cold water
- 6 thin slices broiled ham
- 12 canned pineapple gems, well drained
- 12 canned artichoke hearts, or hearts of palm (optional)
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 6 chicken-liver dumplings (described below)

Have a 4½ pound chicken cut for fricasseeing. Wipe each piece carefully with a damp cloth. Place chicken pieces—with the exception of wing tips and neck—in stewing kettle. Add onion, celery, lemon peel, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the boiling water, cover tightly, bring to a boil, then continue cooking at simmering heat. Meanwhile place wing tips, neck and chicken liver in saucepan. Add 2 cups cold water. Simmer gently until tender. Strain off and add this liquor to the chicken in stewing kettle. Chop the liver, also the meat removed from the neck. Reserve this mixture to use in making dumplings as described further along. When the chicken in kettle is tender, take out the pieces, remove bones and skin, leaving meat in as large pieces as possible. Strain the broth, discarding the onion and lemon peel but reserving the celery. Place slices of broiled ham in large casserole. Top with chicken meat. Add celery and pineapple. (Also add hearts of artichoke or hearts of palm, if desired. These are not strictly necessary for the success of this dish but they do add a certain note of distinction, according to Miss Francis.) Skim fat from chicken broth and measure 2½ cups, to be used in making sauce. (If there is too little chicken liquor add water or, if there is too much, boil it down to make required amount.) Melt butter, stir in flour, add chicken liquor. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Pour over contents of casserole. Add Liver Dumplings, cover tightly and bake, without removing cover, in hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes, to cook dumplings. Just before serving, sprinkle with grated coconut (fresh or moist-packed) which has been spread on a baking sheet and placed in oven until toasted to a golden brown. Serve in casserole. Pass Fluffy Boiled Rice separately. Serves 6.

LIVER DUMPLINGS

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- a pinch of sage
- chopped chicken liver mixture (see above recipe)

1 egg
⅓ cup milk, approximately

Sift flour, measure. Add salt and baking powder and sift again. Add the sage and chicken liver. Break egg into measuring cup, add enough milk to make ½ cup liquid in all. Beat slightly, add to flour mixture to make stiff dough. Drop by teaspoons on top of Hawaiian Chicken Dish, cover and cook as described above.

FLUFFY RICE

Bring 8 cups (2 quarts) of water to a boil in deep saucepan. While the water is heating, wash 1 cup rice in several waters to remove loose starch. Drain. When the water in saucepan is boiling violently, add 1 tablespoon salt. If the

How I turned my ostrich into a peacock!



Granny gave a party one day and I noticed my little Betty hiding like an ostrich—as if she were ashamed to be seen. Later, the poor kid told me that some of the youngsters had been joking about tattle-tale gray—they said her dress had it bad.



I was so upset, I wept. And Granny was furious. "Why wash with lazy soaps that leave dirt stuck in the clothes?" she stormed. "To get clothes really clean, just use Fels-Naptha—bar or chips!"



Well, I practically flew to the grocer's after Granny told me to switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. And tattle-tale gray dropped right out of my life! My washes are a dream since I put Fels-Naptha's richer, *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha* on the job! Every towel and sheet so breezy-sweet and bright! Every dress so snowy-white, it's no wonder *my* little girl is the *proudest* little girl in town!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap—BAR or CHIPS



"Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. See how it makes the greasiest, grimeiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing. See if you don't find it the grandest bar soap you've ever tried!"

"And if you use a washer . . . try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. The only chips holding richer *golden* soap and *naptha*! They move dirt faster because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And my, what rich, creamy suds you get—they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder."



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water you use for cooking is "hard" water, also add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, or 1 tablespoon vinegar, or ½ teaspoon cream of tartar to make sure that the rice, when cooked, will have the desired "snowy" whiteness. Add the rice to the boiling water so slowly that boiling never ceases. Shake the pan occasionally and lift the rice with a fork, if necessary, to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the pan, but do not stir it with a spoon at any time. Boil rice until tender. (This will take from 12-25 minutes. Rice is cooked when a grain pressed between thumb and finger is completely soft—but not mushy.) Turn cooked rice into a colander, run a little hot water over it, drain. Cover rice with a cloth and place colander over a pan of hot water, or in the oven, for a couple of minutes to dry out the rice while keeping it piping hot.

ISLAND DESSERT

To serve Island Dessert, as pictured: Place 2 Meringues Glacées shells for each person on individual serving plates. Fill hollows in shells with Lanai Sherbet. Top each with 2 well drained pineapple gems. Serve immediately. If you do not wish to make the Meringues Glacées and cannot purchase them, you can make a delicious and almost equally "dressy" dessert by placing several gems in each sherbet cup and topping them with servings of the Sherbet. A sprig of mint adds an attractive note of color. "Gems" are spoon-sized pieces of pineapple convenient for use as garnishes and for countless other purposes.

LANAI SHERBERT

- 1 (14 oz.) can pineapple gems
- ½ cup pineapple liquor, drained from gems
- 2 cups fresh strawberries or raspberries
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ⅔ cup sugar
- ½ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon granulated gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 egg white, beaten

Drain juice from canned pineapple gems. Reserve the fruit to use as a garnish, as described later on. Measure and reserve ½ cup of the pineapple liquor. Wash, cap and crush the berries. Add

lemon juice and ⅓ cup of the sugar and allow to stand for 1 hour to draw out juices. Strain berries through fine sieve, mashing them gently so as to get as much of their juice as possible, yet without getting much of the pulp. Measure resulting berry juice and add enough water to make 1 cup. Combine remaining ⅓ cup sugar with the boiling water, boil together 5 minutes. Add gelatin which has softened 5 minutes in the half cup of cold water. Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Cool, add measured berry and pineapple juices. Freeze to a mush in tray of automatic refrigerator. Remove from tray to a chilled bowl, beat thoroughly with rotary beater, then fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Return to freezing tray, turn cold control to rapid freezing point and freeze, stirring once when half frozen. Leave cold control at a point slightly colder than you usually have it, to store sherbet until serving time.

MERINGUES GLACÉES

- ½ cup egg whites (4 or 5 eggs)
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon almond extract

Add salt to measured egg whites. Beat whites until very stiff, using an egg whisk, not a rotary beater. Beat in half of the sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time. Mix baking powder with the remaining half cup of sugar and fold gently into egg white mixture. Add flavoring. Rinse a cookie pan with cold water; then cover moist pan with unglazed brown paper. Shape meringue mixture on this paper lined pan in oblong mounds—2 inches apart. Place pan in unlighted oven; then light oven and regulate or set oven control for very low heat (250° F.). Bake for 30 minute at this temperature; then raise temperature slightly (to 300° F.) and continue baking meringue approximately 30 minutes longer, or until they are dry and a golden tan in color. When baked, remove from pan immediately. If meringues stick to the paper, simply place the paper on a moist surface and meringues will then lift right off. With a spoon scoop out centers from the *underside* of meringues, leaving boat-shaped shells. Return these to unlighted (but still warm) oven to dry out.

Believe it or not, the lovely Hungarian star, Ilona Massey, was once told she might develop into a dancer, but that she'd never learn to sing. She was sent to Palm Springs for a rest after "Balalaika," but the minute the studio's back was turned, we caught her cavorting like a two-year-old in a modern version of her native peasant dress.



WE KNOW TRACY

(Continued from page 29)

Tracy is not the movie star but just Daddy, who tells the funniest stories.

Sometimes, Louise Tracy told me, Spencer is indulgent with the children, saying, "Oh, why not let them do this or that, it won't hurt them." Then the next time he's strict with them about something really inconsequential. Like all fathers, everywhere, we decided. On the whole, they have a lot of fun with him. He tells them fantastic tales, kids with them a lot and takes a real interest in their interests. Johnny, now thirteen, gets out a weekly newspaper on his own. It was Spencer's suggestion that he send his secretary out to Johnny every Saturday to help "get the edition out." Spencer rides with both children, and swims and plays tennis with Johnny.

We talked about Spencer's insomnia—how he seldom sleeps more than three hours a night, never more than five hours. When he gets his five hours it's practically a matter for a flag-raising. I learned that he will not eat anything with cream sauce over it, nor any gravies, nor "left-overs," nor anything he can't identify. All these things seemed much more important than a discussion of his characterization of "Edison, The Man."

I LEARNED that Spence is deeply appreciative of things done for him, great and small. "Whenever we buy anything new for him," said his wife, "he always notices it instantly and makes a fuss about it. I recently bought him a stand for the encyclopedia in his room, and he was especially pleased with that. When Clark Gable gave him a camel's-hair robe for Christmas he was like a child about it. He went around wearing it and saying, 'I bet he had this made especially for me.'"

"He's thoughtful, too. He never forgets our birthdays. Recently he's even shopped himself for my birthdays. On my last he gave me a lovely ring which he designed himself and had made with two horseshoes, one of diamonds, the other of rubies. He never lets us forget his birthday, either," laughed his wife. "For weeks ahead he'll go around saying, 'What you going to buy me, huh?' He makes a great to-do about Christmas and holidays, too. We always have a big tree and all the fixings. Not that Spencer would raise a hand to put an ornament on the tree himself, but he is wonderful at directing!"

"He doesn't like parties, you know. We never have more than eight or ten people here at one time. He hates parlor games. He won't play bridge and he hates to go to night clubs, except once in a great while when he'll go and sit and listen to the music. He won't dance, of course."

"As for clothes," sighed Mrs. T., "well,

STAR ADDRESS LIST

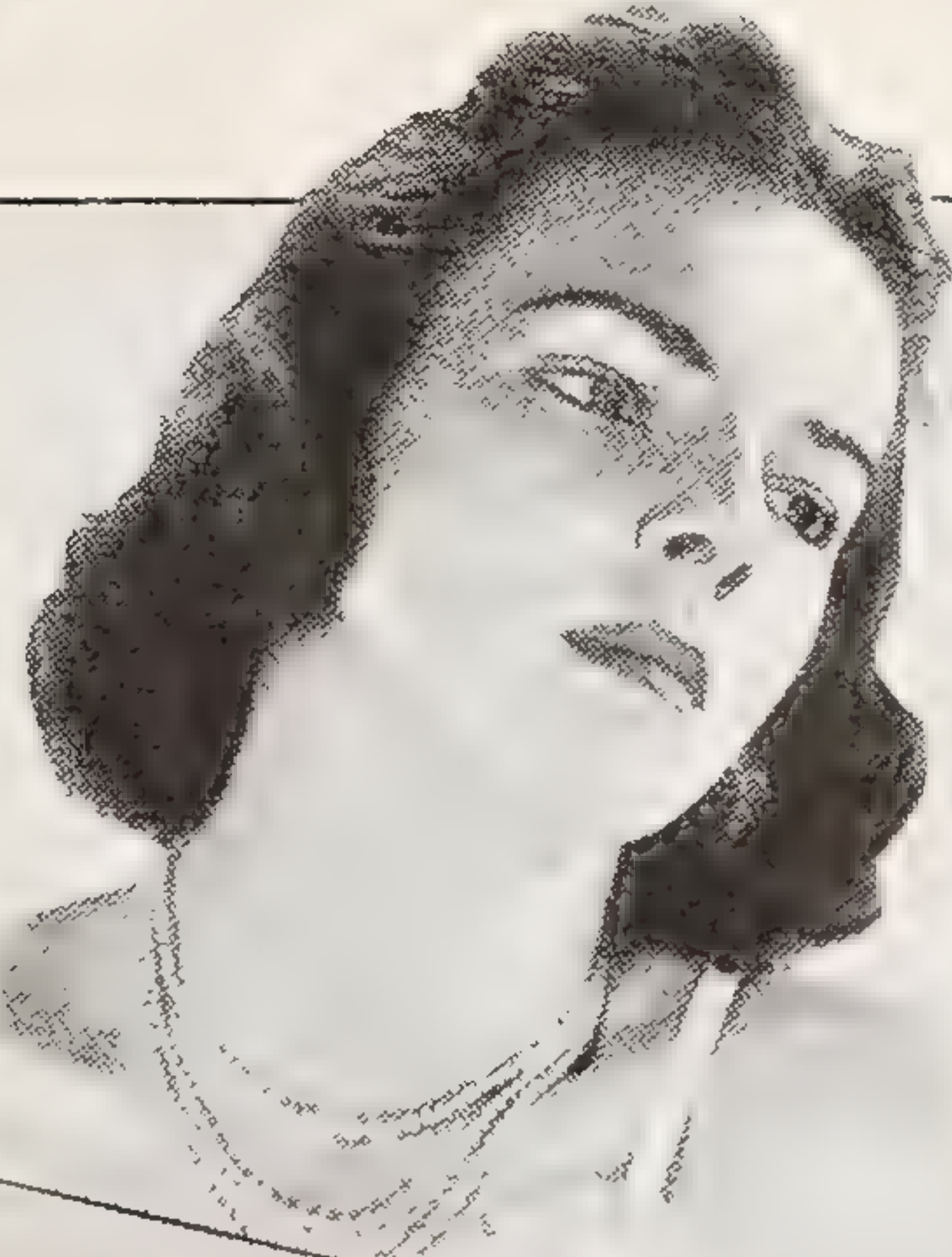
Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

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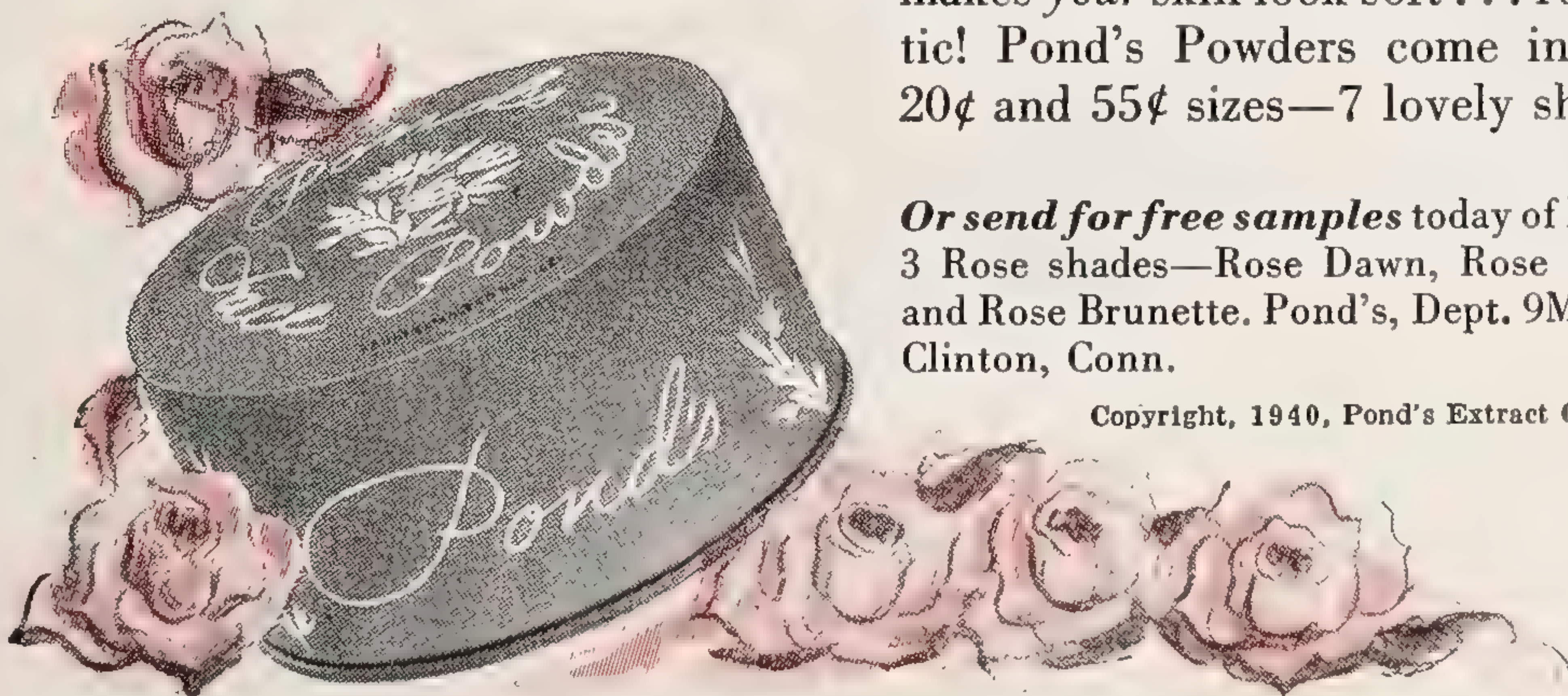
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just any old coat and any old pair of trousers are all right for Spencer—whether they have any reason for being worn together or not. He does like ties and shirts. But, as he always buys plain colors, I never know whether he has a new tie on or not. Yes, he does notice my clothes. Rather oddly, he's a very noticing man about women's clothes. He likes plain things, sports dresses and sports hats. I never buy a hat," laughed Louise Tracy, "that I don't buy it with the reservation that I may send it back, if he doesn't like it. Men are like that, most of them, I think. Anyway, that's how Spencer is."

Margaret, the wardrobe girl, was my next tattle-tale on Spencer.

"Well," Margaret told me the day I waylaid her on the M-G-M lot, "he's got a big heart, that feller. He sure loves those kids of his. That's one of the things I like best about him. I'll tell you another thing, one special thing I've noticed about him—he never says anything out of line. You know how some of them are, how they give a girl the eye, say 'Mmmm, nice dress,' or something. But not Spencer. And when he says things about people, he always says something nice. That's the truth."

HE hurts very easily, too," said Margaret. "He's awful sensitive, you can tell. One day I came on the set and I was kidding and I said, 'Well, I saw "Intermezzo" last night and now I have a new favorite, Leslie Howard.' All day Spencer kept saying, 'You don't like me any more, huh? You like Leslie Howard. Well, you're in the doghouse.' Of course he was kidding me, but at the same time, he wasn't kidding."

"There's another thing about him. Most actors have to get into the mood and all this and that before they go into a scene. But not Spencer. He can be laughing and horsing around and the director will call, 'Okay, Spencer,' and he'll go right into the most terrific scene and just tear your heart right out of you. He's a lot of fun, too. He kids people all the time, but himself most of all. Like he'll sit in front of the mirror once in a while and he'll say, 'Gee, ain't I good-looking? Ain't I handsome? I bet Gable wishes he had what I have!' Well, he's not handsome," said Margaret, summing up, "but I tell you what it is, he's so awfully masculine. He has so much in his eyes."

"Like a child—that's how I see him," Mabel, Spencer's waitress in the commissary, told me. Mabel takes care of the directors' and writers' table where only three actors, Spencer, Gable and Bob Taylor, are permitted to sit. "He's like a little boy. He wants to get thin and yet he eats pounds of butter. He loves desserts. Pineapple sundae is his favorite, and he always has to have three dippers of ice cream. He nearly always starts off with soup. He loves fried egg sandwiches and canned salmon. He usually ends up with hot tea, pots and pots of it."

"He likes to sit a long time over his lunch, talking. He's a great one to talk. They talk about pictures mostly, pictures, the horses and the war. He's never in a hurry about anything, and so I've never seen him impatient or cross. If you are asking me what I think of him," concluded Mabel, "I think he's cute, just as cute as a bug's ear!"

"I see him as a helper of people," said Spencer's studio secretary, Peggy. She takes care of his fan mail, acts as studio hostess to his studio guests and does some shopping for him now and then. Peggy told me, "I don't mean so much

the way he helps people personally; he wouldn't allow me to talk about that. But I know from his fan mail, for so much of it is from people who tell him how the characters he plays help them overcome problems in their own lives. It comes from children so young they print their letters to very, very elderly people. None of them are silly letters. They read more like letters to a friend. I believe that's the way people see him," said Peggy, gravely, "as their friend."

"Woody" Van Dyke, who pulled "I Take This Woman" off the shelf, gave me the wink when I came "pssting" to him about Spencer. "He's a crab," he told me, happily. "He crabs from the minute he gets on the set till he goes off. What about? About everything. The direction stinks; the dialogue is lousy; the cameras are in his way! He doesn't mean a word of it, of course. He's got the grandest sense of humor. Hear about the wire he sent Gable when Gable went to the 'Gone With the Wind' premiere at Atlanta? 'Remember Parnell?' it said, that was all—just 'Remember Parnell?' Few weeks ago, just before we previewed 'I Take This Woman,' he bet me a hundred dollars that it would still be a bad picture. I took the bet. The day after the preview, he came in and, without a word, handed me his check for one hundred dollars. On it he'd written, 'For what I don't know about pictures!'"

"He never takes himself seriously," said Van. "There he'll sit, crabbing away, and then he'll go into a scene and, boy, you don't have to rehearse him forever! If the director wants to switch a scene around, he'll help switch it. Anything's all right with him. The only trouble you have with him is that you have to tell him to brush himself off. Every time anyone comes near him with a comb and brush and mirror, you'd think they were going to kill him!"

"I always think," chuckled Van, "of the smart guy up in San Francisco, a man high in the business, who gave me ten different reasons why Tracy would never make good in pictures. He said Spencer had no sex appeal, that he could only play typed parts and would never make a hero or a lover."

"Well," I asked, "what's your answer? Why has he sex appeal?"

"He's rugged," said Van. "He's masculine, every inch of him." (Ha, there, Hedy!) "He's rough and tough; he's a man. Can't add anything to that."

ON my way out of the studio I stopped by the set of "Edison, The Man." Clarence Brown came over to greet me. He told me that this was the first time he'd ever directed Spencer.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"He's like an old shoe," said Clarence, appreciatively. "He fits into the part; he fits into the direction. It's all as smooth and explicit as though we'd been working together for many years. The art is called tramping," he added with a smile.

At the gate, as I was leaving the studio, my car paused and I said to the gateman, who sees them all come in and go out, "Spencer Tracy?" The gateman smiled and told me that Tracy was a man after his own heart, a man who's always going places in his imagination—today it's a cove with a sandy beach he's after; then tomorrow it's South America he's off to. He collects travel folders, Tracy does."

So this is Tracy, the Man, through the eyes of those who live with him and those who work with him. Who should know the real Spence better than they!

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

★★★ Young Tom Edison

Persons who experienced adult qualms at the news that young Mickey Rooney was going to play "Young Tom Edison" can be reassured on one score: Master Rooney plays it straight. It is too bad that one cannot say as much for the script writers. They seem divided between a sentimental urge to turn the Edisons into a Hardy Family of the 1860's and an even stronger temptation to make the biography of a budding inventive genius a howling melodrama, for which a more appropriate title would be, "Hellzapoppin in Port Huron." The result (so far as honest biography is concerned) is an unsatisfactory compromise between two equally offensive extremes.

Undoubtedly the biggest strain on credulity comes at the point where the future inventor of the Mazda saves his mother's life by rigging up a light brilliant enough to suit the town surgeon. Tom does it with a mirror which he obtains by burglarizing a store and then, without a moment's respite, he dashes out and prevents old Number 7 from being wrecked in a bridge washout.

In the light of these Herculean happenings, it is going to take all of the well-known talents of Spencer Tracy (in the forthcoming sequel, "Edison, The Man") to keep the wizard's later achievements, such as the invention of the phonograph and the motion picture, from seeming like an anti-climax. Certainly, for sheer cinematic punch, in the style of Mr. Edison's own early movie melodrama, "The Great Train Robbery," "Young Tom Edison" is going to be a tough one to follow.

Among the film's assets, aside from a quaint, Horatio Alger atmosphere of the period, must be included Fay Bainter as Mama Edison, George Bancroft as Father, Virginia Weidler as "Tannie," Tom's Morse-code-conscious sister and Eugene Pallette as a Currier & Ives train conductor. Norman Taurog directed.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

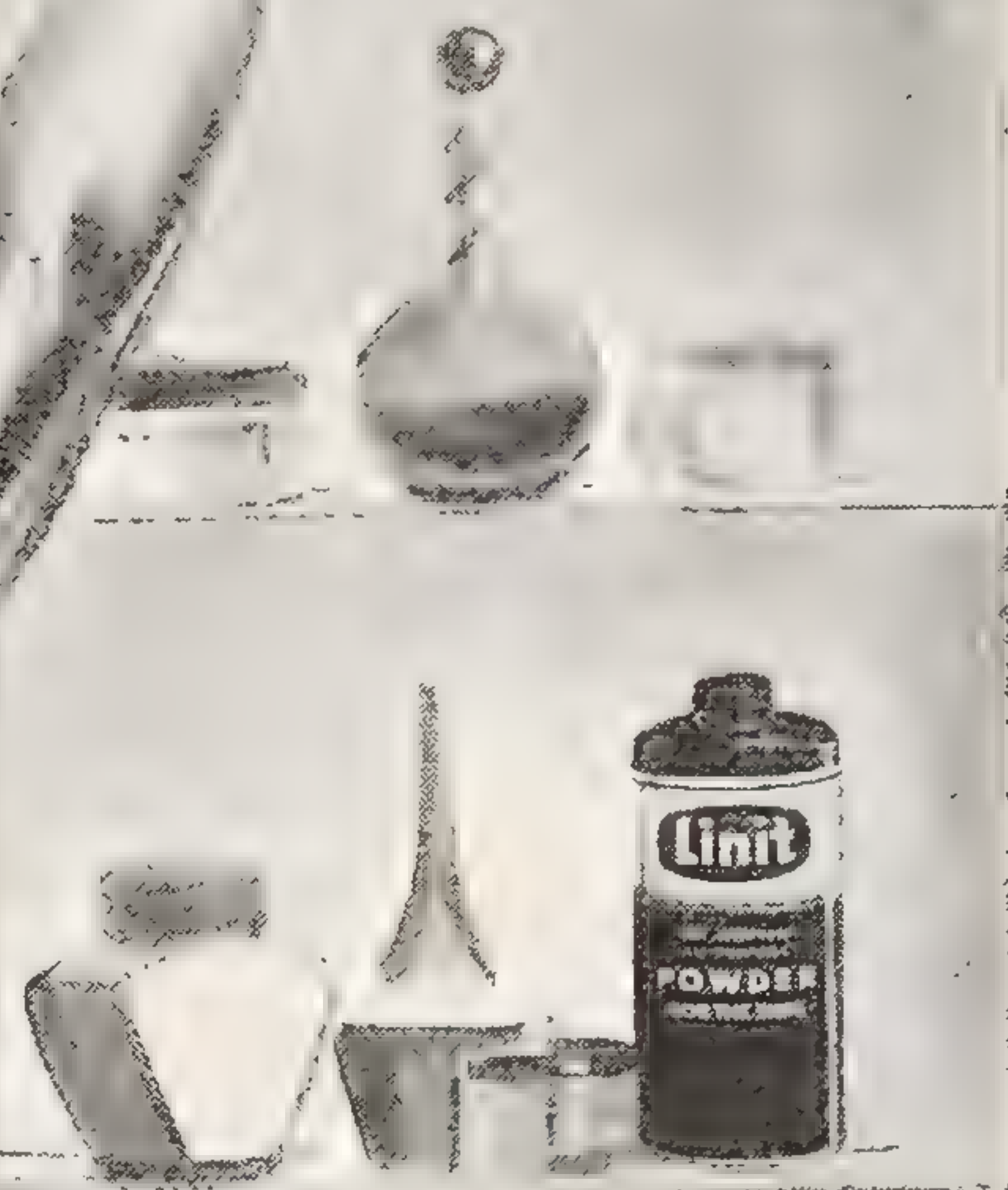
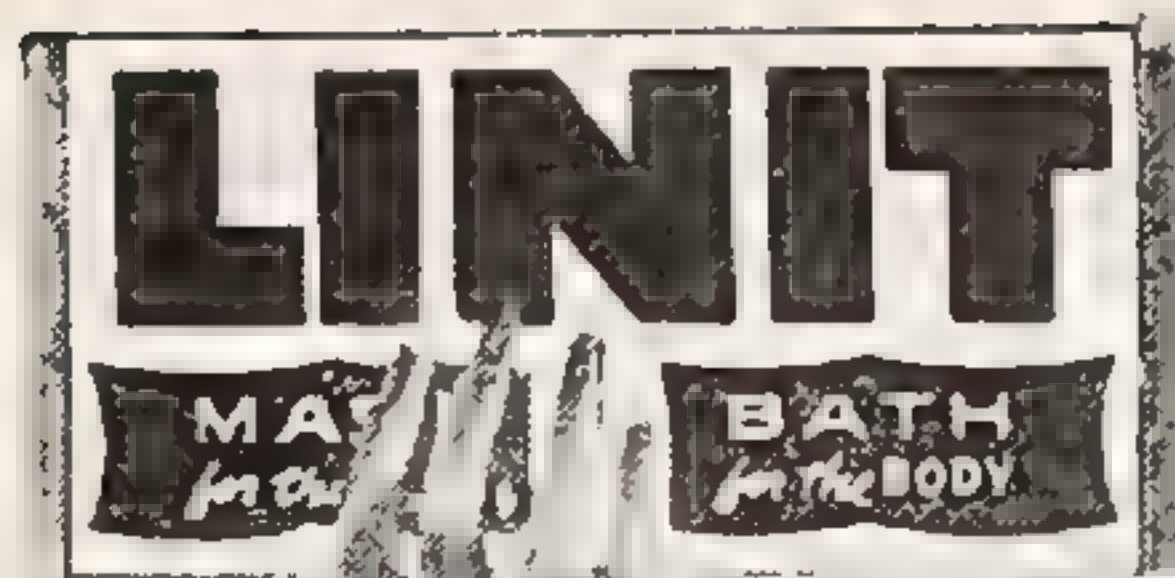
★★★ Grapes of Wrath

In spite of gloomy predictions, the film version of John Steinbeck's bitter and dramatic record of wholesale dispossession in the Dust Bowl has proved to be a brilliant and biting example of cinematic reportage. For the first time in years, the generally near-sighted and escapist cameras of a major Hollywood company have been thrust into the heart of a sad and insupportable reality: A desolately factual area of human misery, hunger, loneliness, heartache, and blind bewilderment. Don't go to see this picture unless you are prepared to leave behind your conventional, Hollywood notions of entertainment; if you are, don't miss it, for it will give you a new and richly rewarding experience.

For this almost literal transcription from life, the wretched life of the migrant "Okies" who form the majority of California's floating population of fruit and cotton pickers, Darryl Zanuck has assembled a perfect cast of veteran screen players. The face of Jane Darwell as "Ma" Joad, though a trifle on the well-fed side, is haunting in its despair-begotten courage. Charley Grapewin as the fumbling and, within Hays office limits, profane Grampa, is a joy during the brief time in which his tough and enduring spirit manages to cling to his

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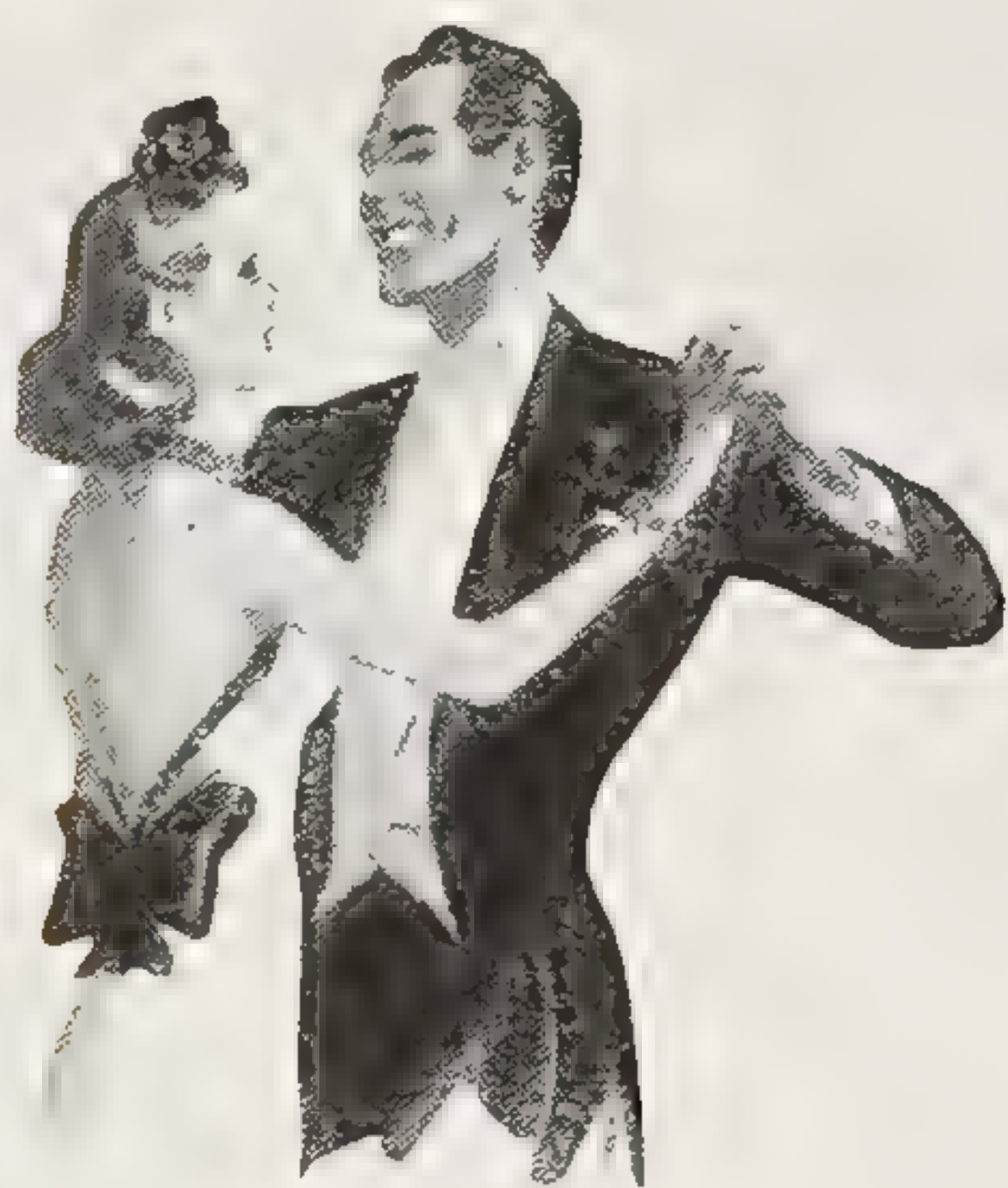
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frail flesh. John Carradine as the Preacher who has "lost the call"; Frank Darien as Uncle John, with his splendid, Early American face; John Qualen as "Muley," haunting the land, from which he has been evicted, like a thin and querulous ghost; Russell Simpson as Pa Joad; Zeffie Tilbury as Grandma; Frank Sully as Noah are all uniformly excellent. And, of course, anyone except Henry Fonda as Tom Joad, the hard-fisted proud ex-convict who has to teach himself to talk small, would be simply unthinkable.

The younger contingent do commendably well, notably Dorris Bowdon as "Rosasharn" (Rose of Sharon) who looks so sweet and lovely in her natural dishevelment that Nunnally Johnson, author and associate producer of the film, married her soon after the New York premiere. The story, as you probably know, tells how the Joads are driven from their barren acres by the tractors of an Oklahoma City Trust Company, how they are driven, by dreams of a land of milk and honey, to California, and how, in that earthly paradise, they are driven from one false hope to another by the clubs and gun-buts of local mobs and deputy sheriffs. Upon this miserable and tragic Odyssey, John Ford, the director, has trained a ruthless and brilliantly documentary camera. The result has been a picture of which not only its producers, but the screen itself, may well be proud.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

★★★ Swiss Family Robinson

The readers of Johann David Wyss' book, "Swiss Family Robinson," though never subjected to a Gallup poll, are estimated in astronomical figures, and Producer Gene Towne has a theory that the way to the public's heart and pocket-book is through such well-worn paths of cumulative circulation. That there is something in the Towne theory will doubtless be proved by his and Graham Baker's film version of the famous story. Shrewdly addressed to the escapist or desert-island urge of every good moviegoer, and based on a period like the present, when a dictator calling himself Napoleon I was ravaging Europe, and the civilized world must have seemed a beautiful place to escape from, the picture should prove quite effective for general-entertainment purposes.

It is true that between its passages of action, the film is rather heavily loaded with pompous and old-fashioned sentiments and dialogue. But for the average moviegoer these defects should be outweighed by such matters as the storm at sea, the shipwreck, the cozy matter of unloading the hulk and storing its treasures in the tropical tree-house and, finally, by the spectacle of the lightning storm which shatters everything in sight.

You will appreciate the mildness of the story when we tell you that its sole element of conflict centers around the pampered person of Mama Robinson (Edna Best) who quite sensibly opposed this somewhat screwball pilgrimage from the start. The four sons gradually fall in love with the pleasures of papaya-picking and goat-milking, but Mama holds out for the superiority of the family mansion in Mayfair, which they left because Papa, a prosperous Swiss clock merchant, suddenly decided that the vanities of London were corrupting his offspring. These gentlemen, by the way, are Freddie Bartholomew, impersonating a young fop of the period; Terry Kilburn as a priggish little bookworm; Tim Holt, as a fatuous young army officer; and Baby Bobby Quillan, who doesn't grow

an inch during all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes. How Mama is gradually won over to the healthy outdoor life may seem, at times, rather a thin thread of plot on which to hang a full length picture, but there it hangs by some minor miracle known only to the Messrs. Towne and Baker. Directed by Edward Ludwig.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★★ Vigil in the Night

If you're looking for fun and frivolity to take your mind off this workaday world, "Vigil in the Night" will not fill the bill. A. J. Cronin's story revolves around the problems which confront a nurse in her efforts to make a genuine success of her chosen life-work. Against the sombre background of British hospitals, the heroine (Carole Lombard) battles with plagues, unsympathetic employers, lack of funds and misunderstandings on all sides—to say nothing of constant troubles caused by an unruly sister (Anne Shirley). No, this picture could hardly come under the heading of relaxing entertainment. But certainly it is intensely interesting and admirably played from start to finish.

Carole Lombard has the grimmest role of her career, with not a smitch of make-up or a becoming gown to perk up the proceedings. But at all times her characterization of the idealistic, self-sacrificing nurse is convincing. Anne Shirley bids fair to steal many a scene which she shares with Miss Lombard and can chalk up another capable role to her credit. A notable performance is that of Julien Mitchell as the greedy, narrow-minded head of the hospital board.

Of course, there's a handsome and idealistic young doctor to provide romantic respite, and Brian Aherne takes over in this capacity with satisfactory, though far from spectacular, results. Brenda Forbes, in the role of a cynical nurse who's been through the mill, furnishes some lighter moments, and Ethel Griffies turns in an excellent portrayal as the matron of the hospital. Directed by George Stevens.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★ The Man From Dakota

Set in the days of the Civil War, "The Man From Dakota" is a rough and tumble adventure of the efforts of two Union prisoners and a girl to get through the Confederate line, without being hung from a tree or having cannon balls shot at them.

And it's Wallace Beery, as the dirty, unshaven sergeant who steals the picture from his supporting players, John Howard and Dolores Del Rio. He saves the film from being just another "we must get that message through to our troops" movie. John Howard, as the honest, brave lieutenant, provides the love interest together with Dolores Del Rio, who makes her first screen appearance in several months. As the Russian girl who has killed her cruel fiancé in self-defense, she is apt to become too melodramatic, but she is as beautiful as ever. Wallace Beery provides welcome chuckles throughout the picture. His constant eating and "dropsicle" stomach make him one of the funniest sergeants to come out of Hollywood.

Taken from MacKinlay Kantor's book of the same name, the screen play by Lawrence Stallings, is well-written, but could have been improved upon by a quickening of the tempo. Better timing in the direction of the film would have helped, too, in saving it from being drawn out and somewhat repetitious in spots. Directed by Leslie Fenton.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

★★ My Little Chickadee

Mae West and W. C. Fields are co-starred in this one and, if you like sixteen acts of vaudeville with those two favorites, this is your picture. However, many moviegoers will feel that they have been short-changed on the story end and just exposed to a round of West-Fields gags that are hardly elevating.

With a background of the wild and woolly West, when men were brave and women scarce, the story presents Mae West as a lady of dubious repute, who has a tough time getting along with the staid and stuffy ladies of her town. W. C. Fields, a traveling salesman, gallantly offers his fine old family name for her protection. Miss West accepts with alacrity and gets a former pal of hers, Donald Meek, to conduct a phony marriage ceremony. Thus when her real heart—the masked bandit—finally gets serious, she has no trouble shaking W. C. The masked bandit is played by Joseph Calleia in his usual dashing manner. Supporting roles are adequately handled by Margaret Hamilton, James Conlan, Dick Foran and Ruth Donnelly. Directed by Edward F. Cline.—*Universal*.

★★ I Take This Woman

Hedy Lamarr's the woman in the case—and that's enough said for a lot of moviegoers! For those of you who like a bit of acting thrown in for the price of your ticket, there's Spencer Tracy. Mr. Tracy's role is a far cry from the admirable ones he's been handed in the last few years, but he manages to make the most of it and to rescue the picture every time it bogs down. Verree Teasdale is in there pitching, too, and she gives a grand account of herself in a role that suits this fine actress to a T.

To get back to Hedy Lamarr, she looks even more gorgeous than when she was a lady down in the tropics, though her role does not demand much histrionic ability. The story is a weak one, with Hedy a broken-hearted girl who is saved from suicide by the stalwart Mr. Tracy, an earnest young doctor trying hard to get along. Miss Lamarr fixes that by taking him from his free clinic to join a crowd of hypocritical "society" doctors. You can imagine the terrific suspense of wondering whether the hero will find himself and whether Spencer and Hedy will find each other! Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

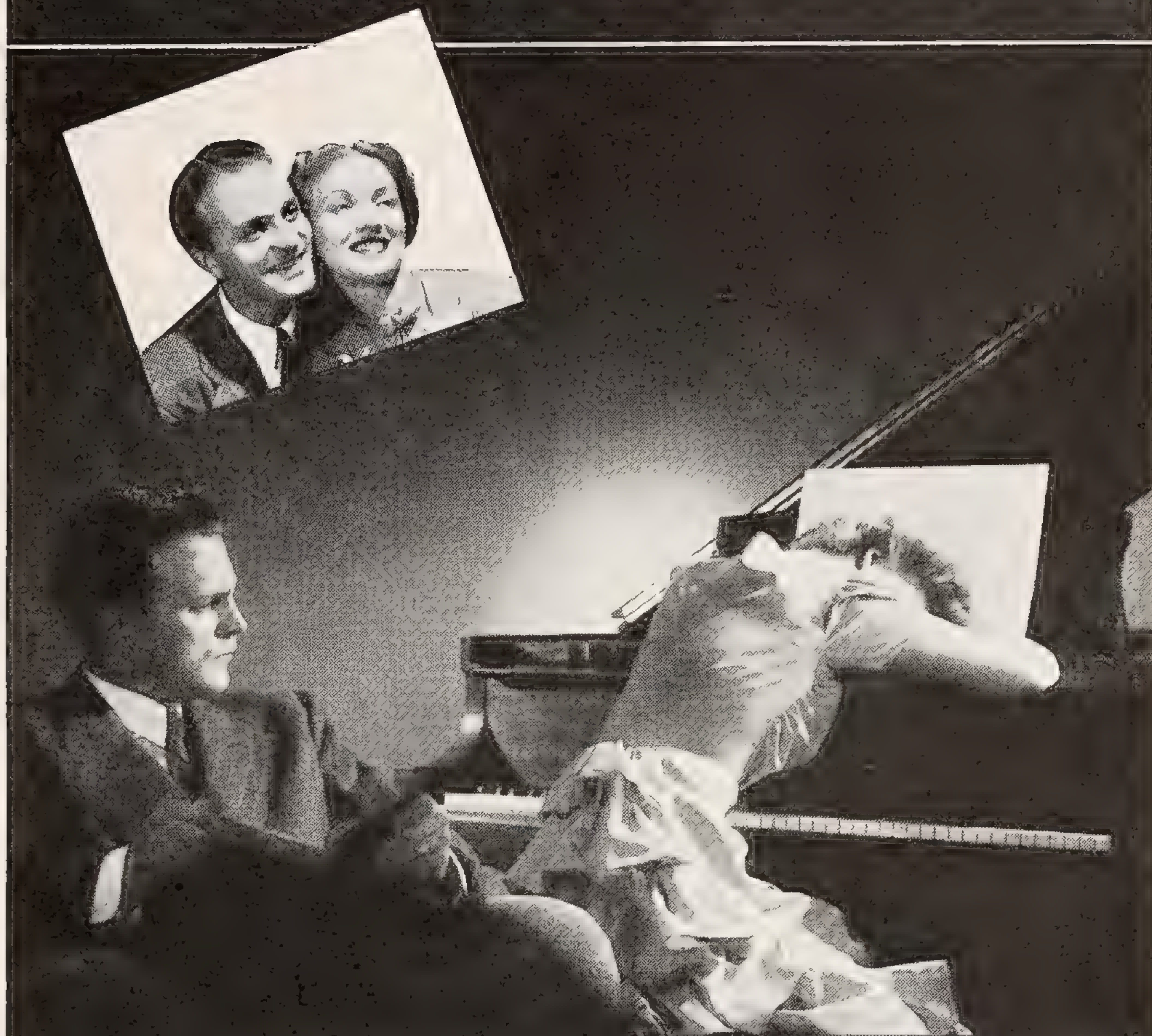
★★ Little Old New York

The gist of the plot in this one concerns Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) and his efforts to launch his famous steamboat. Before that event takes place, you are apt to be too exhausted to care. However, Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray gamely see Richard through to the last reel, so maybe you can too.

The title is a bit misleading, since the picture skips lightly over the interesting aspects of little old New York. Most of the background is the water-front section, principally the inn kept by Irish lassie Alice Faye. Fred MacMurray's her sweetheart, though she really loves Mr. Robert Fulton Greene. However, that gentleman's interests are in his steamboat and Brenda Joyce, the niece of his financial broker. Andy Devine comes into the proceedings with a role of ferryboat man; Henry Stephenson is Brenda's uncle; and Ward Bond and Ben Carter have supporting roles.

Historically, the picture is interesting because of its story of the first steamboat and because of the many celebrated names which are brought in. Directed by Henry King.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

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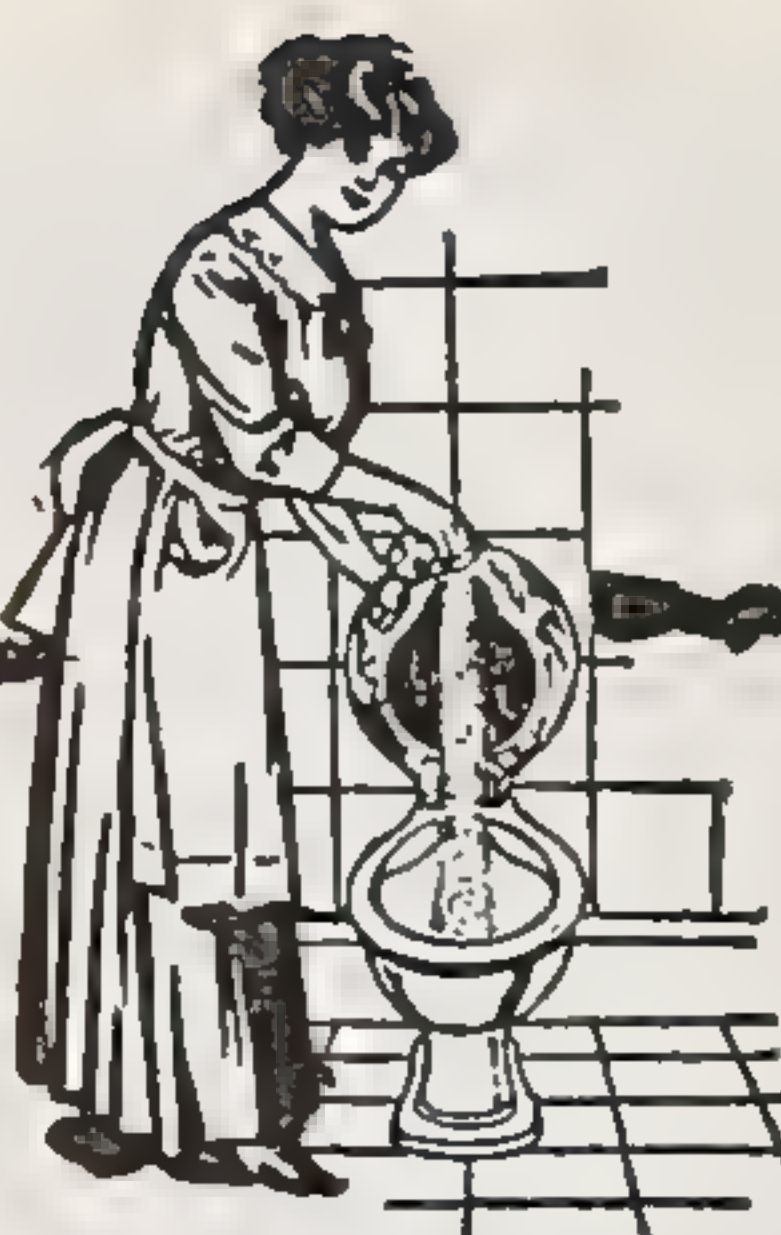
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ALL WORK AND NO PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 39)

charming and, yet, really quite boyish. For one with his surface ease, it is startling to learn that his biggest handicap has been an inferiority complex.

"I'm always battling lack of confidence in myself," said Stack. "I can better illustrate this by telling you about the one thing I'm really good at—shooting. I used to lack confidence in my shooting ability, even though I was fairly good. And it wasn't until I'd won about two dozen major tournaments that I was able to go ahead, loose and easy, without a feeling of inferiority hindering my progress. An ego, of the inoffensive variety, an unshakable faith in self, is even more important in acting. I haven't got that yet. When I've made two dozen major pictures, I'll have it."

Robert Stack's remarkable outward poise is a result of athletics. Anyway, that's what he thinks. Polo and skeet shooting used to be his specialties.

"I fractured my collar bone and broke my wrist four times in polo," Stack grinned. "Those champions, Pedley and Roark and the rest, were tough to match mallets with. I broke so many parts of my anatomy that I had to quit as a matter of self-preservation."

AS for skeet shooting, which is merely a fancy way of labeling the art of taking a rifle shot at a moving target, Stack was a real top-notch. With a collection of 50 different shotguns and rifles, he made two All-American teams, won enough trophies and medals to go into the hardware business and, at the age of 18, set the world's accuracy record by hitting a target 364 times in a row!

"I haven't got time for skeet shooting any more," he sighed. "But I would really like to box. My weight is mostly in my shoulders, and I might make a good light-heavyweight. The studio says no. They're afraid some expert pug might pancake my nose. I'm thankful for every moment I've spent with a rifle and on a polo pony. I'm thankful, too, that I once took tap dancing lessons. All these things have given me body coordination and poise, which enable me to act older than my age."

Of course, the leading indoor sport for men in Hollywood is women. Robert, not entirely unconscious of the sidelong glances that cute young ladies give him as he walks through the M-G-M lot, gets fairly heated on the subject of the feminine gender. True, he thinks women are

here to stay and likes the idea. But he has some very, very definite ideas about the opposite sex. In fact, his ideas are so definite that I'm sure he is quite shy.

"Despite rumors, I'm not going with any special girl right now," he insisted. "It's a funny thing in Hollywood, but you go with a girl twice in a week, and everyone has you engaged. It becomes quite embarrassing for you and the girl, and sometimes—" at which point Mr. Stack smiled sheepishly—"well, sometimes those rumors give girls ideas. So my theory is to play the field and be safe."

"There's been a lot of nonsense about Cobina Wright, the heiress, and myself. Well, there's nothing there. It's all back-fence talk. Oh, Cobina's a great kid. We get along fine. But gosh, that's all. And when I went to New York not so long ago, everyone had us practically married. That's the way it is—date a girl, and everybody drags out wedding bells, orange blossoms and Mendelssohn for you. The day I broke into the movies, they asked me if I was going to marry. Now they just ask *when* I'm going to marry."

"I'm not prepared for marriage yet. I want to establish myself in this business first. I want to be sure of myself, like Jimmy Stewart, who can get the pictures he wants. I want career security so that I can have a stable home life, so that I won't have to confine my married bliss to worrying about options. Marriage is too serious a step for me right now."

"But I do know the kind of girl I one day want. I must have things in common with her. Now, when I go out dancing, I take a girl who enjoys dancing as much as I do. When I go to a concert, I take a different girl who likes concerts. But when it comes to a wife—she must enjoy all these things. Most important, she must have a sense of humor. But I suppose she would have a sense of humor—to marry me! I want a girl with social poise, one who would feel at home and be presentable if I took her to the swank President's Ball or slumming to some dive in Chinatown."

"As for marrying a glamour girl—there are none left now that Lana has married Artie Shaw! Seriously, most of the glamour girls in Hollywood are already going steady with big stars, producers or writers. And those who aren't are as ambitious as I am. You take them out, and they have to be home at nine or

"Sandy Is A Lady" reads Miss Hen-ville's next movie title, but she certainly is as ruthless a scene-stealer as we've seen. Richard Carlson is the courageous chap who poses with her.





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ten. They say it's good for their complexions, and beside they have to be at the studio early. So, if you don't mind, and if it doesn't ruin your story, I'll confine my amours and emotions to a daily bout with the camera. At least the camera doesn't wear its hair up.

"Yes, that's my pet peeve. At the risk of bringing the wrath of the D. A. R., Junior Leagues and fashion magazines down on my head, I tell you I can't stand women who wear their hair up and permit strands of it to hang down in back, until they look as though they're wearing shredded wheat!"

Aside from his celluloid future and his opinions about the opposite sex, Mr. Stack is very much a curio. To give you an idea, he was born in Los Angeles. If you didn't know it, I'm telling you now that a native Californian is as hard to find as the man who voted for Landon.

Moreover, Robert Stack is something new in background. He is society. He is culture. He is wealth. His background is very different than that of other stars. Most came to Hollywood the rags to riches way, from little mid-western towns, struggling middle class families, crowded tenement districts. Most stars were once poor. Their poverty gave them the necessary drive toward fame.

THIS makes Robert Stack interesting to Filmtown as an experiment, a human guinea pig. Because, since he never needed riches, and in his circle, he already had fame, Stack, without pull, got to the top. Somehow, somewhere, he mustered up the push and courage to toss over the too-easy days of idling, of travel, polo, dances and plunge himself into the most heart-breaking business on earth, acting.

Mr. Stack, modestly, gives most of the credit to his mother. "She did more for me than anyone else in the world. It was she who encouraged me to do what I most wanted to do, but was afraid to attempt. When she was young, they wrote a Broadway play around her. She never appeared in it. She might have become a great actress, but instead of giving birth to a career, she gave birth to me. Like most mothers, she has tried to see that I got what she missed. She inspired me with her fire."

In an autobiographical frame of mind, Stack recalled that he had lived in Paris from the age of five to eleven. "I wish I could tell you about Paris. Especially some romantic interlude. Paris spells romance. But you see, I was too young for that. Aside from long strolls through those marvelous Parisian parks and months of dreary rain, I remember only one silly incident. My mother was in bed. I went out in the streets and learned

it had snowed. The city was bathed in white. I scooped up some snow, put it in a matchbox and ran upstairs to show it to my mother. I told her there was snow outdoors and, to prove it, opened the matchbox, but alas, all the snow had melted. She spanked me for the lie. Later, when I proved I was right, my allowance was doubled.

"When I returned to Los Angeles from France, I couldn't speak a word of English. Can you imagine? I knew only French and Italian—and I had to have an interpreter to speak to my own brother."

FOR a short period, after he returned, Robert Stack took singing lessons from Andre de Segurola. It was there he first met Deanna Durbin. She was a shy, awkward girl, trying to break into the movies, and she, too, was taking vocal lessons from Andre.

"I soon gave up my lessons," explained Stack. "I was a terrible singer. Besides, my uncle, Richard Bonelli, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, was famous, so there was little reason to have another singer in the family. I turned to acting. In my first little theatre plays, I received offers from Wanger and Universal. I turned them down. I wasn't ready and, since I didn't need the money, I knew I could afford to improve myself. When a scout saw me again and wanted me to play opposite Deanna, I felt I was better prepared and couldn't resist."

Stack is still a bug on music. He likes a new song every week. Bing Crosby is, by far, his favorite popular singer, with Lawrence Tibbett and Uncle Bonelli his favorite baritones. Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey he rated as the best dance bands.

Robert Stack, satisfied with a good lunch, loosened his trouser belt a notch. This remotely reminded him of his quick rise to fame.

"You know," he said, "when I was in high school I got a place on the debate team. Once, during an important debate, my belt snapped beneath my vest, and my pants began to fall. It was a real test of poise. I spent a miserable evening while my oratory warred with my pants. The pants lost. It was humiliating, and I remember I thought I'd die from embarrassment. I never imagined, at the time, that one day I would kiss Deanna Durbin while a million people watched me, and that one day I would be holding hands with Margaret Sullavan. Things like that only happen in dreams."

"Maybe I've been dreaming. Instead of sending me a fan letter, it wouldn't be a bad idea if someone came over and pinched me. You know, to make sure . . . Ouch! Sa-ay, I was only kidding!"



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| Picture | General Rating | Picture | General Rating |
|---|----------------|---|----------------|
| Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO)..... | 4★ | Midnight (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount)..... | 2★ | Mikado, The (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| Allegheny Uprising (RKO)..... | 2★ | Million Dollar Legs (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Amazing Mr. Williams, The (Columbia)..... | 3★ | Miracles For Sale (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Another Thin Man (M-G-M)..... | 3★ | Missing Daughters (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Babes in Arms (M-G-M)..... | C 3★ | Missing Evidence (Universal)..... | 3★ |
| Balalaika (M-G-M)..... | 3★ | Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia)..... | 4★ |
| Barricade (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ | Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram)..... | 2★ |
| Beachcomber, The (Mayflower)..... | 3 1/2★ | Music In My Heart (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Beau Geste (Paramount)..... | C 3★ | Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Beware Spooks! (Columbia)..... | 2★ | *My Little Chickadee (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Big Guy, The (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ | Nick Carter, Master Detective (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Blackmail (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Night of Nights, The (Paramount)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Blondie Brings Up Baby (Columbia)..... | 2★ | Ninotchka (M-G-M)..... | 4★ |
| Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 3★ | No Place To Go (Warners)..... | 2★ |
| *Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | *Northwest Passage (M-G-M)..... | 4★ |
| Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners)..... | 2★ | Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO)..... | 4★ |
| Call a Messenger (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ | Of Mice and Men (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Calling All Marines (Republic)..... | 2★ | Oklahoma Frontier (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Calling Philo Vance (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ | Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Cat and the Canary, The (Paramount)..... | 3 1/2★ | Old Maid, The (Warners)..... | 4★ |
| Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ | On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Charlie McCarthy, Detective (Universal)..... | 3★ | On Dress Parade (Warners)..... | C 2★ |
| Child Is Born, A (Warners)..... | 3★ | One Hour to Live (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Chump At Oxford, A (United Artists)..... | 2 1/2★ | \$1,000 a Touchdown (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Cisco Kid and the Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ | On Your Toes (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Congo Maisie (M-G-M)..... | 3★ | Our Leading Citizen (Paramount)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Cowboy From Texas (Republic)..... | 2★ | Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Dancing Co-ed (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ | Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Daytime Wife (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ | Pinocchio (RKO)..... | C 4★ |
| Destry Rides Again (Universal)..... | 3★ | Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia)..... | 2★ |
| Disputed Passage (Paramount)..... | 3★ | Pride of the Blue Grass (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners)..... | 3★ | Quick Millions (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 2★ |
| Drums Along the Mohawk (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ | Raffles (United Artists)..... | 2★ |
| Dust Be My Destiny (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ | Rains Came, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Range War (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Elizabeth and Essex (Warners)..... | 4★ | Real Glory, The (United Artists)..... | 2★ |
| Escape, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2 1/2★ | Remember? (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Espionage Agent (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ | Remember the Night (Paramount)..... | 3★ |
| Etternally Yours (United Artists)..... | 2 1/2★ | Reno (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Everything Happens at Night (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ | Rio (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Everything's on Ice (RKO)..... | 2★ | *Road to Singapore, The (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount)..... | 2 1/2★ | Roaring Twenties, The (Warners)..... | 3★ |
| Fast and Furious (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Rulers of the Sea (Paramount)..... | 3 1/2★ |
| Fifth Avenue Girl (RKO)..... | 3★ | Sabotage (Republic)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Fighting 69th, The (Warners)..... | 3★ | Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| First Love (Universal)..... | 3★ | Santa Fe Marshal (Paramount)..... | 1 1/2★ |
| Flying Deuces (RKO)..... | 2★ | Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Four Wives (Warners)..... | 3★ | She Married a Cop (Republic)..... | 2★ |
| *Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ | Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Geronimo (Paramount)..... | 3★ | Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release)..... | 3★ |
| Golden Boy (Columbia)..... | 3★ | *Slightly Honorable (United Artists)..... | 3★ |
| Gone With the Wind (M-G-M)..... | 4★ | Smashing the Money Ring (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 4★ | Spellbinder, The (RKO)..... | 2★ |
| Great Victor Herbert, The (Paramount)..... | 3★ | Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)..... | C2 1/2★ |
| Green Hell (Universal)..... | 2★ | Stagecoach (United Artists)..... | 4★ |
| Gulliver's Travels (Paramount)..... | C 3★ | Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3 1/2★ |
| Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence (20th Cen.-Fox)..... | 2★ | Star Maker, The (Paramount)..... | C2 1/2★ |
| He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ | Stop, Look and Love (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| Here I Am a Stranger (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2 1/2★ | Stranger From Texas (Columbia)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Heroes in Blue (Monogram)..... | 2★ | Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| *High School (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 3★ | Swanee River (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| His Girl Friday (Columbia)..... | 3★ | Swiss Family Robinson (RKO)..... | C 3★ |
| Hollywood Cavalcade (20th Century-Fox)..... | C 3★ | Television Spy (Paramount)..... | 2★ |
| Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ | That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO)..... | C 3★ |
| Honeymoon In Bali (Paramount)..... | 3★ | These Glamour Girls (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Housekeeper's Daughter, The (United Artists)..... | 2★ | They All Come Out (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Hunchback of Notre Dame, The (RKO)..... | 3★ | They Shall Have Music (United Artists)..... | C3 1/2★ |
| Intermezzo, A Love Story (United Artists)..... | 3★ | Those High Grey Walls (Columbia)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal)..... | 2★ | Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| Invisible Stripes (Warners)..... | 2★ | Three Sons (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Irish Luck (Monogram)..... | 2 1/2★ | Thunder Afloat (M-G-M)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| I Take This Woman (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Too Busy To Work (20th Century-Fox)..... | C2 1/2★ |
| Jamaica Inn (Paramount)..... | 3★ | Torchy Plays With Dynamite (Warners)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Tower of London (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Judge Hardy and Son (M-G-M)..... | C 3★ | Tropic Fury (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Kid Nightingale (Warners)..... | 2★ | 20,000 Men a Year (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★ |
| Light That Failed, The (Paramount)..... | 3★ | Two Bright Boys (Universal)..... | 2★ |
| Little Accident (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ | U-Boat 29 (Columbia)..... | 3★ |
| Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ | Underpup, The (Universal)..... | C 3★ |
| Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia)..... | 2★ | Union Pacific (Paramount)..... | 3 1/2★ |
| Llano Kid, The (Paramount)..... | 2 1/2★ | *Vigil in the Night (RKO)..... | 3★ |
| Main Street Lawyer (Republic)..... | 2 1/2★ | Wall St. Cowboy (Republic)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M)..... | 2★ | Waterfront (Warners)..... | 2★ |
| Man From Montreal (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ | We Are Not Alone (Warners)..... | 3 1/2★ |
| Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2 1/2★ | What a Life (Paramount)..... | C 3★ |
| Marshal of Mesa City (RKO)..... | 2 1/2★ | When Tomorrow Comes (Universal)..... | 2 1/2★ |
| Marx Bros. at the Circus (M-G-M)..... | C 3★ | Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M)..... | C 4★ |
| Meet Dr. Christian (RKO)..... | 2 1/2★ | Women, The (M-G-M)..... | 3★ |
| Mexican Spitfire (RKO)..... | 2 1/2★ | *Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★ |
| | | *Young Tom Edison (M-G-M)..... | C 4★ |

(Continued from page 62)

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|---------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|------|----------------|-----------------------------|----------------|--|
| Oakie, Jack | Clerk | Finders Keepers | 1928 | Fishing | Growing Flowers | R K O | Home—193 N. Carmelina, Brentwood Heights |
| Oberon, Merle | Stenographer | Wedding Rehearsal | 1932 | Riding | First Editions | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| O'Brien, George | Boxer | Iron Horse | 1924 | Handball | Raising Horses | RKO | Home—523 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills |
| O'Brien, Pat | Chorus Boy | The Front Page | 1931 | Swimming | Collecting Irish Literature | W B | Home—12921 Marlboro, Brentwood |
| O'Keefe, Dennis | Salesman | Saratoga | 1937 | Water Polo | Sketching | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Olivier, Laurence | Stage Actor | The Yellow Ticket | 1931 | Squash | Modeling Clay | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| O'Neil, Barbara | Secretary | Stella Dallas | 1937 | Tennis | Stamp Collecting | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| O'Sullivan, Maureen | Student | Big Shot | 1931 | Rowing | Sketching | M G M | Home—527 Camden Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Overman, Lynne | Jockey | Little Miss Marker | 1934 | Riding | Collecting Sea Shells | P | Studio—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood |
| Page, Gale | Radio Actress | Crime School | 1938 | Ping Pong | Cooking | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Parker, Cecilia | Singer | Honor Of The West | 1930 | Croquet | Needlework | M G M | Home—300 N. Maple, Beverly Hills |
| Parker, Jean | Model | Divorce In The Family | 1933 | Swimming | Designing Clothes | M | Home—10812½ Lindbrook, Los Angeles |
| Parrish, Helen | Child Actress | His First Command | 1930 | Dancing | Singing | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Patrick, Gail | Teacher | The Mysterious Rider | 1933 | Riding | Raising Dogs | C | Home—426 S. Highland, Hollywood |
| Payne, John | Poolroom Manager | Dodsworth | 1936 | Sailing | Flying | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Pendleton, Nat | Importer | Laughing Lady | 1927 | Wrestling | Writing | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Pidgeon, Walter | Vaudevillian | Her Private Life | 1929 | Golf | Hunting | M G M | Home—710 Walden, Beverly Hills |
| Powell, Dick | Singer | Blessed Event | 1932 | Baseball | Collecting Horns | C | Home—711 N. Maple, Beverly Hills |
| Powell, Eleanor | Dancer | George White's Scandals | 1935 | Hiking | Gardening | M G M | Home—727 Bedford, Beverly Hills |
| Powell, William | Usher | Sherlock Holmes | 1921 | Swimming | Reading | M G M | Home—10772 Chalon Road, Bel-Air |

(Continued on page 95)

BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!



NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU AND FRED EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOO!

MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE BREAKING POINT! THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! I WAS HORRIFIED! BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...

AND HE TOLD ME...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

Nobody could possibly be **HAPPIER** than **FRED** and I are **NOW**, Mary. So...

So why don't I take your hint and see if it doesn't patch up **MY MARRIAGE**, too? Thanks, Susan—I'm going to!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!





The Most
BEAUTIFUL
FINGERNAILS
in the world

DURA-GLOSS

Don't envy the alluring fingernail beauty of other women—possess the most beautiful fingernails in the world, *yourself*! Tint your nails with Dura-Gloss—it's new, it's different—made by a *new, unique principle*! Keeps its jewel-luster color-tone much longer. In the loveliest, fashion-right shades you can buy. Dura-Gloss is ten cents a bottle, at all cosmetic counters. Get, too, Dura-Gloss's new, efficient Polish Remover. Do it today!

Choose your color by the
FINGERNAIL
CAP



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey

LEAVE IT TO MARY

(Continued from page 51)

much more attention than Mary, herself.

Of course, all the wire services tried to promote a romance between Mary and her childhood chum, Ralph Kindel, now a clerk in the Weatherford bank. Mary and Ralph have been playmates ever since they first began to walk and talk. Ralph always wanted to be a writer, but the only writing he does is his amusing non-stop stream of letters to Mary. When she left her home town to continue her personal appearance tour, he kept her informed of Weatherford's reaction to her visit, with descriptions like the following:

"Really, honey, you sure slayed the natives! They are still talking and will still be when our children have children. Ever since that picture of us appeared in the magazines, my life hasn't been the same! The native share croppers are certainly cocking their eyes around at me and doing that gentle nod of the head to each other behind my back. Now I want to know, are you going to ask me to marry you or not? Someone has to save my honor and protect my soul!"

As you can see for yourself, their relationship is a gay comradeship that will last forever, but it's not the big romantic stuff that will lead them to the altar.

NATURALLY, the combination of Mary's good looks and success has made her the object of affection for the men-about-town in Hollywood and New York. But make no mistake about it, underneath those golden brown locks of hers lies plenty of gray matter. Mary's success, when it eventually came, was one of those quick, overnight ascendencies, but the road that led to it was full of hard knocks and disappointments. Now that she has achieved her goal, she is going to keep her name in the columns because of her work—not because of her love life.

She was in New York for several months before she saw the inside of the Stork Club. I'll never forget the first time she rode up sixty-five floors to Mr. Rockefeller's Rainbow Room. "My goodness, honey," she exclaimed, "this is sixty-two flights higher than any building in Weatherford!" Later, she made her supper club debut in this room, where the social elite thought she was "too, too divine" as she sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird" in swing time.

At present writing, Mary's number one admirer is Fred Drake, vice-president of a class magazine. He's a charming, cultured man, but their individual careers now necessitate a 3,000 mile separation. Whether any romance can survive under these trying circumstances, only the future can tell. It is my secret hunch, though, that Mary's first love, for a long time to come, will be her career.

Right now, she has a working schedule that is keeping her so busy that I doubt even if Rhett Butler came to call she'd have time for him! Paramount, to which she is under contract, has three stories in preparation for her. The first is to be a co-starring vehicle with Bing Crosby, and as Al Jolson would say, "Folks, you ain't heard nothin' yet," until you've heard Mary and Bing harmonize!

Watching her screen debut in "The Great Victor Herbert," it seemed almost incredible that she had never faced

a camera before (except, of course, for all those tests that were turned down). But Mary used the same principle behind the cameras as she does in real life—she was completely natural. Of course, she gives the lion's share of credit to Director Andrew Stone.

"He rehearsed with me every day, long before the picture went into production, so that by the time we began shooting I felt perfectly at home in the part," she told me.

Her studio is so sold on her histrionic ability that, after the Bing Crosby picture, she will play one of the plum roles of the year, Cindy Lou in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." The ironic part of this casting is that, after years of trying to tone down her Southern accent, Mary will have to be as Southern as the Confederate flag!

In addition to these picture commitments, she is appearing on the "Good News" program with Dick Powell. By a strange coincidence, it was on this same program that Mary appeared two years ago, before her name had any commercial value. Her salary is now four times as much as it was then. At that time, Robert Taylor was master of ceremonies. Mary still likes to recall the afternoon she was home, nursing a very bad toothache, with her face all swollen, when Mildred, her room-mate, suddenly came in and announced, "Bob Taylor is outside!"

Mary impolitely laughed in her face and exclaimed, "Now I'll tell one!"

"I wish you could have seen Mildred, signaling me madly that he could overhear every word," Mary giggled. "Sure 'nuff, there he sat in my front parlor, grinning up at me! It seems that Bob had heard from his stand-in, who lived in the same apartment, that I wasn't feeling well and so he dropped in to see me. Somebody had sent me a box of candy—a fine thing to send anyone suffering with a toothache—so Bob ate it for me!"

A year later, when Bob came to New York, he told me that the biggest kick he got out of his entire visit (aside from his long-distance calls to Barbara S.) was being an eye-witness to Mary's success.

Bob was merely echoing the sentiments of every one who knows Mary. In a profession of two gestures—a slap on the back and a kick in the pants, she has no ill-wishers who resent or are jealous of her success. For, in the words of the poet, "To know her is to love her!"

Results of the February Questionnaire

Thanks for your enthusiastic response to the questionnaire which we ran in the February issue. They were very close races, but this is the way your final scorings stood: Best actress, Bette Davis; best actor, Spencer Tracy; most handsome man, Richard Greene; most beautiful girl, Hedy Lamarr; most promising newcomers, William Holden and Linda Darnell; scene-stealers, Frank Morgan and Baby Sandy; best juvenile actor and actress, Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple; best-dressed man and woman, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young; favorite cowboy, Gene Autry; best movie of 1939, "Dark Victory"; and worst movie of 1939, "Winter Carnival."

ON HIS TOES

(Continued from page 47)

"But I belong in Hollywood now, and I'm going to stay here. The house I've bought is on a hilltop overlooking a green valley, with the sea on two sides. It's more or less a shambles now," Doug grinned, "with decorators and things. But it's going to be our permanent home. My family is still here. I don't know yet how my father's estate will turn out, but I may have other property interests here, too. All in all, this is where it's best for me to be, so I'm sticking."

The Fairbanks clan, which Doug now heads, includes his six cousins. One of them, Lucile Fairbanks, has just made her bid for Hollywood fame at Warners where, incidentally, Doug got his first important screen recognition. Lucile has a bit in "The Sea Hawk" and "A Fugitive From Justice." Of course, being the only seasoned star left in the Fairbanks family, Doug gets the calls to hand out advice. The Fairbanks clan is very close. They gather every week at one or the other's houses. "And when I make a bad picture," confessed Doug, "I'm up on the family carpet—and no punches pulled!"

Just what his exact share of the estate will be, Doug still doesn't know. "It's still in trusteeship," he told me, "and terribly complicated. There are holdings within holdings, and all that sort of thing. We'll be lucky if things are straightened out inside a year or eighteen months. My share may be nowhere near the \$600,000 announced by the papers. In any event, there isn't any

assurance that it will make me financially independent."

The possibilities of Hollywood responsibilities which may accrue to Doug, however, are these: The fifth interest in United Artists, which would make him all the more concerned about producing his pictures; a three-thousand acre orange ranch at Rancho Santa Fe, which requires some looking after; and other pieces of Southern California real estate, in which much of Doug, Senior's, wealth was invested.

DOUG, JUNIOR, has always been canny about his money. He has made it and he has kept it, too. His new wife is well off. If and when Doug comes into his father's inheritance, he will be one of the wealthiest young men in Hollywood. But that doesn't impress him.

"I'll never retire—anywhere," affirmed Doug. "To me, retirement would mean death. After a while, I tire of every place that I'm crazy about. It was that way in London. I'm wild about the English countryside. My wife's family has a sixty-five acre farm near Hot Springs, in Virginia, a lovely place, with a house two hundred and fifty years old, sheep grazing all about and everything. It's wonderful, too, for a while. But doing nothing drives me wild. I've got to keep moving!"

"I can't imagine anything more deadly than just sitting still in Hollywood and playing. I love to swim, play tennis, golf, ride, sail and do everything that's so

much fun to do outdoors here. Mary Lee loves it, too. But neither of us could ever be strictly play people. Life is far too dull that way.

"Even when I was young and more carefree than I am now, I could never content myself with pure pleasure. I liked fun, but I always wanted to be doing something important. I still do; I still must."

Doug, it's true, never was a mere playboy. In spite of his gay carryings on with the *haut monde* in points cosmopolitan, his restless energy always has kept something brewing. If he isn't working, he's learning. He has never qualified as an idler or carouser. He's proved, too, very consistently that he's not afraid of work.

Years ago, after his first youthful fiasco in Hollywood, Doug, Junior, ran off to Paris. He spent several months by himself, licking his wounds by studying art and trying to scribble a little. "Then one day," Doug related, "I was walking down the Rue St. Martin. I met 'Pete.' 'I saw your picture,' he said. 'Come over to the hotel.'"

"He spent hours pointing out the terrible mistakes of my first acting venture. Finally 'Pete' said, 'And do you still want to act?' I said I did. 'All right,' said 'Pete,' 'don't lose any more time. Go back there and try starting at the bottom. There's a lot you have to learn.'"

Young Doug returned as a lowly Paramount stock player and by dint of tireless work and study, he went about building

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:



For Allure... get that
modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER

! YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

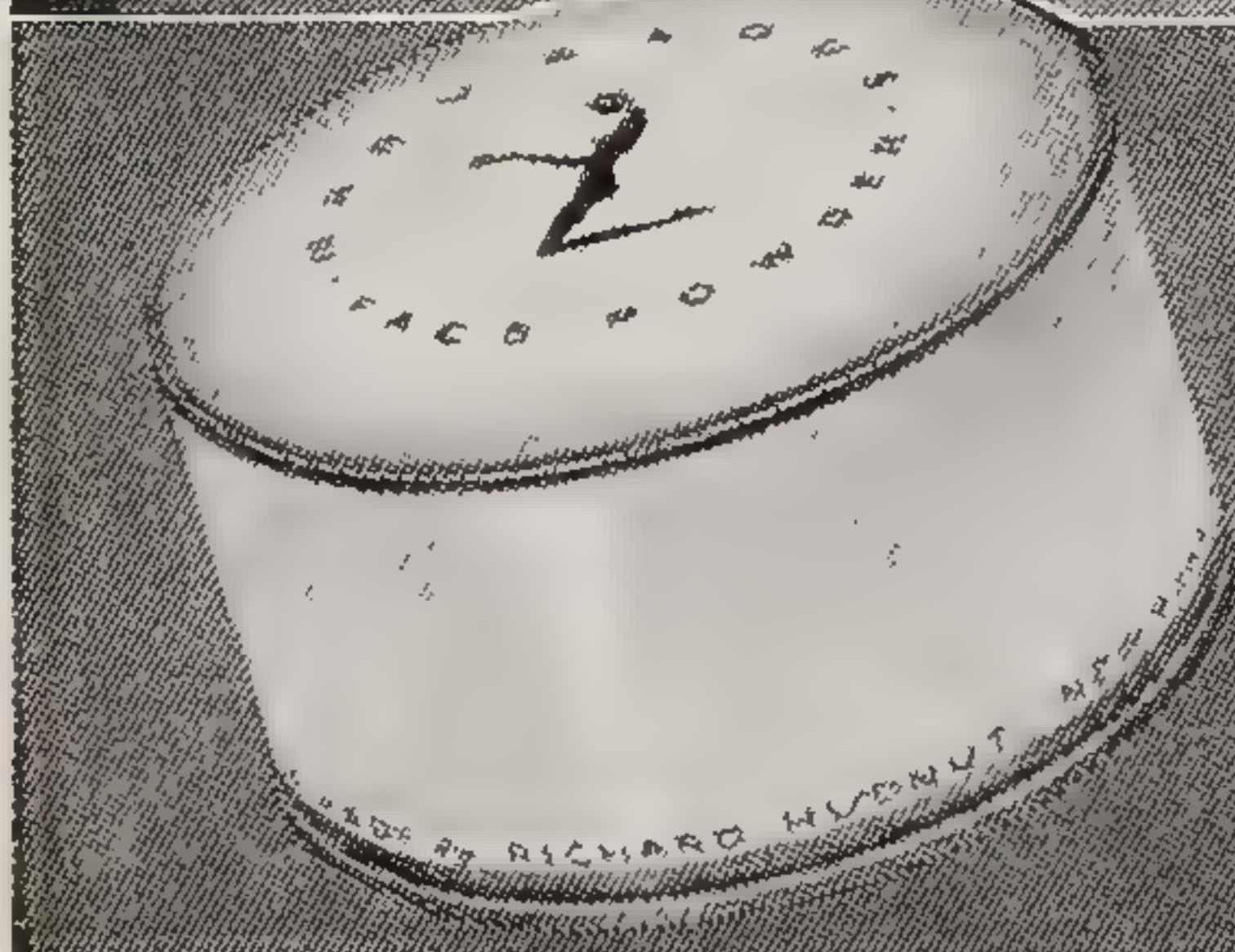
Today women want makeup that is subtle . . . that gives complexions the *natural* beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that delightful, *natural* look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



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PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick . . . packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.



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MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM is the complexion lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier true skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax Cream today and try it.

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A DELIGHTFULLY pleasant and refreshing astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times daily.

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BLONDES



Light Hair Requires Special Shampoo to keep it Golden!

To keep blonde hair from darkening, fading and losing its attractiveness, it is always necessary to wash it with particular care. A shampoo suitable for dark or auburn hair may quickly ruin the charm of golden hair. New Blondex, the shampoo for blondes only, helps preserve the natural golden beauty of light hair, washes it shades lighter and brings out the glorious, shimmering radiance that can make blonde hair so attractive. You'll be amazed and delighted with the results of even the first shampoo. Blondex leaves the hair fluffy,

soft and lustrous. Costs but little to use. Absolutely safe! Nothing better for children's hair. Get Blondex today at any good store.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

up the background his famous father had prescribed. While he played the meagre bits that were his lot then, Doug rehearsed play after play on the stages of small-time Hollywood theatres. He opened and closed them, too, for practically no salary. When one, "Young Woodley," finally came along and brought him some recognition, it was notice well earned.

Probably the greatest boost Doug ever had came then. One night Charlie Chaplin waited for him backstage. He'd been impressed by something Doug, Junior, had shown on the stage. The pair walked miles through the empty Hollywood streets that night and sat on a curb until four o'clock in the morning, while Chaplin poured out advice and encouragement. Doug has never forgotten that. He showed me a book, too, that Doug, Senior, had given him in memory of "Young Woodley." It is a copy of "The Drama" by Sir Henry Irving. On the flyleaf, in Doug's bold script, is written his fatherly counsel, lifted from Hamlet's advice to his players: "Let your own discretion be your tutor."

"That's the way it has always been with me, too," said Doug. "I've had to row my own canoe. If I ever stopped, I'd be lost and I know it. So I'll never stop."

FOR the major decisions Doug must make now, he is pretty well prepared. All decisions in his own private life, since he grew out of knee pants, have been his own. His marriage to Joan Crawford, for instance, the typically Hollywood marriage of "Billie" and "Dodo," came about by Doug's own stubborn choice and against the approval of Pickfair. That it was destined to failure probably proved Pickfair right, but certainly did not prove Doug wrong in deciding about his own happiness.

His romance with Mary Lee Epling, which has resulted in the more mature and better-starred union, was one of those spontaneous things that happened without benefit of advice or matchmakers.

Doug met Mary Lee, a tiny, soft-voiced Virginia belle with large, dark eyes and sable hair, when she was visiting Merle Oberon in Hollywood. "It was just one of those things that happened all at once," recalled Doug. "It was love at first sight. Anyway, I saw her when I went through New York on my way to England. I saw her on my way back to Hollywood. Before I knew it, I was proposing. That's all there was to it!"

From 1932, when he and Joan Craw-

ford were divorced, to 1939, when he married Mary Lee, is seven years. But while a man is supposed to change every seven years, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, never altered his convictions about love in that span. He has never been a Casanova. When he had romances, they were one-woman romances. Doug never played the field. Rather, in his bachelor days, the stag life with a few good buddies, always appealed to him more. In Hollywood, his tiny beach shack, which his friends christened "Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea" and which Robert Benchley once described as "about the size of a small pore," was the gathering place of the Colony's more witty and entertaining bachelors.

But bachelorhood, *per se*, never particularly appealed to Doug, he admitted. He was always looking for the right girl and he knows he has found her. For Mary Lee is an easy, earthly girl with a sense of humor to match Doug's. She likes to do things, she's athletic enough and at home in any company. On their honeymoon, Doug and his bride went from picture location at Catalina Island to Newport's exclusive Bailey's Beach, as guests of the John Jacob Astors.

Like Doug, Mary Lee is pretty much of a cosmopolite herself; like Doug, she has been married before; like Doug, she's intelligent. "She's a Southerner, born and bred, of course," related Doug. "On Lincoln's Birthday, I bought her every book on Lincoln I could find. The joke was on me. She'd already read them!"

Mary Lee has fitted perfectly into the small, intimate Hollywood set in which Doug moves. Their friends include the Ronald Colmans, Reginald Gardiner, Bob Coote, Merle Oberon, of course, Tom Geraghty and the Fairbanks clan.

The many people both Doug and Mary Lee know back East and in England are always dropping in as welcome house guests. As Pickfair was once the official host house of Hollywood, so may Doug's and Mary Lee's new home carry on that settled tradition. Although, at the suggestion, Doug winces slightly.

There is one thing certain, however. If the Douglas Fairbanks' new baby is a boy, the fifteen-year-old Hollywood tradition of Douglas Fairbanks and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will live once more. Settling down as Doug is and raising a family, it was only natural that that issue should arise sooner or later.

"Yes," admitted Doug, "if the baby's a boy, he'll very probably be named Douglas Fairbanks. It's my wife's idea," he added, rather apologetically. But he didn't look at all upset about it.

Pat O'Brien chats with two charming "furriners"—Australian Merle Oberon and George Brent, who used to tend sheep in the Irish countryside for a living—on the set of "We Shall Meet Again." Pat shares honors with beer, in making Milwaukee the famous city it is.



"I'M NOT BOY CRAZY!"

(Continued from page 27)

and new, silly charms for her bracelets.

It is a sign of sophistication among the young to consider mother love naïve and blasé. Well, Judy Garland isn't sophisticated. There's only one way to put it—she's nuts about her mother.

"I just want everyone to know this," she insisted. "I've the most marvelous mother that ever lived. She's got such a regular sense of humor. She's so different from other movie mothers. She's not at all bossy. She never comes on the sets and tells me what to do. When I ask her advice, she gladly gives it, though she prefers that I do things on my own. And do you know, on certain matters, she even asks my opinion. Isn't that swell?"

"She never used to lug me around to casting offices, either, like some stage mothers did. The first casting office I ever saw was when I came to Hollywood at the age of eleven. And she's considerate. I'll never forget my last birthday. I woke up early in the morning, and there was a string tied to the bed. Beneath it was a note from Mother reading, 'Follow this string, Judy, to your present.' I followed it through all the rooms in the house, to all sorts of little gifts, then down through the living-room and through the door and into the street, where the string was tied to the bumper of a brand new wine-colored coupé. It was something I'd always wanted. I almost fainted!"

Next to her mother, and waiving other members of her family like Sister Su-

zanne "who I talk to for hours and hours," Judy's favorite is chubby Oscar Levant, whom you all know as the music expert on the radio program "Information, Please!" He's always been a sort of long-distance godfather to Judy.

"Oscar Levant is one of my truly best friends," Judy confided to me. "In fact, he's now married to another friend of mine, June Gale. Oscar's so intelligent. He's brilliant, absolutely. In the days when I was struggling, and when I was often blue, each week he would write me two and three letters, with good common sense in them. They would inspire me. I still have all his letters, tied with a ribbon." To this day, they still correspond.

SPRINKLED through Judy's conversation are loads of names—big names and small names, friends and idols. People are her hobby.

"There's Alfred Vanderbilt. He's so nice. And his wife's baby is one of the cutest I've ever seen. And I adore Lana Turner. She's so outspoken. We make the funniest couple, Lana and I—she's so glamorous and I'm so unglamorous!"

Suddenly, in her conversation, Judy stopped cold. Her eyes were shining. They were staring over my shoulder. "Look!" she squealed. "It's Rhett Butler!"

I turned and saw Clark Gable, sleek in a dark gray afternoon suit, coming into the commissary. He waved to Judy. She waved back enthusiastically.

"Clark Gable is grand, isn't he?" she


said to me. "I saw him in 'Gone With the Wind' and I'll never forget his performance. He's another friend of mine. I mean, not as close as magazine stories make out, but a friend anyway. I'll never forget that song I sang to him on his birthday. I gave it all I had, because I admire him so. The next morning, a package arrived for me. In it was the most gorgeous charm bracelet in the world, with a miniature gold book attached. The book snapped open, and inside was Clark Gable's picture and the inscription, 'To Judy, my best girl, from her most ardent fan, Clark Gable.' What a thrill! And I love his wife. Carole Lombard is so intelligent and frank. Aren't they the grandest couple?"

The lunch was almost over. Judy's salad was reduced to ruins. She licked her lips and murmured, "Dessert time." She wanted a chocolate sundae. After the sundae materialized, and the blue-aproned waitress, humming a tune, left our table, Judy took up the humming and started in on her favorite conversational topic, music.

"My favorite popular song, the prettiest and most beautiful in the world, is 'Over the Rainbow,'" she said. "I think it's a relief from some of the other numbers you hear. Aren't the tunes the orchestras play on the air awful? They're all so loud and sound exactly alike."

"When it comes to good orchestras, though, I'll settle for Duke Ellington. He's my choice, by a mile. I also enjoy Glenn Miller. But I'll let you in on

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something private. My brother-in-law, Bob Sherwood—he's married to my sister Virginia—now has a band of his own. He plays the guitar. It's a string band. Strings that swing. He'll be great yet, watch and see.

"My personal preferences go to the classics. I love to listen to classical music, but I have no desire to sing it. I'm satisfied with the popular stuff I do now. It gives me a kick. When I'm on the listening end, I prefer Ravel, Debussy and Tchaikovsky. I suppose Wagner was the greatest, but he's too heavy for me."

IN the past year, she composed three songs of her own. At first she was hesitant about speaking of them. Then, finally, she did. "Robbins, the publisher, wanted to bring out the three songs I composed, but I wouldn't let him. I don't know, I think they're just not good enough, though my mother thinks they are wonderful. My best song is called, 'I'm Not Supposed To Know.' The idea of the song is that, while I go to school and learn everything, I'm not supposed to know about love. It's a cute idea, I think. I do wish I had more time for composing."

On the subject of her own warbling, Judy made a confession. "Yes, I'll confess, I never took a singing lesson in my entire life. I bet some of my critics think I should have! But, anyway, two years ago Nelson Eddy's voice teacher took me aside and said, 'Don't ever get it into your head to take singing lessons, Judy. You're an instinctive singer. You have good memory and a good ear. Lessons will only mix you up.' I followed his advice. I can't read a single note of music! Can you imagine that? I just have a band play a tune over a couple of times and I get it that way."

Then, excitedly, Judy told me about her new home and about the special and spacious room she has for herself. With broad gestures, she described the white rug on the floor, the fireplace and the bed that resembled a chaise lounge.

She told me that she sleeps in a silk nightgown, that she must have eight hours of sleep or she's a wreck and that she often gathers her friends in her room and holds a back-scratching party. Everyone sits in a circle and scratches everyone else's back. "If you haven't had your back scratched, you haven't lived!" Judy said. "It's entirely inane, but so comfortable! Of course, everyone thinks we're crazy. We are. At dinner, our house is a madhouse."

Discussing home life led, of course, to a discussion of the root of all evil. I asked Judy if she received an allowance.

"About a year and a half ago I was put on an allowance of \$5 a week. But at the end of the first week I had \$4.78 left. I never spent money. I don't know why. But now I've discovered clothes—and bracelets. I have a passion for bracelets and shoes. And stockings—why, I wear out two pairs of stockings a day. Isn't that terrible?"

Like most humans, Judy is filled with a thousand different and sometimes contradicting likes and dislikes. She hates mayonnaise. She loves tea and hot chocolate. She is crazy about perfumes. She dislikes jitterbugging, despite publicity photos to the contrary. She spends hours having her red hair fixed in different styles. She doesn't ever want to be a typical glamour girl. She believes in having an outside income "in case of hard times" and owns a flower shop on Wilshire Boulevard. She gets a kick out of riding a bike, but prefers her car. "Love Finds Andy Hardy" is still one

of her favorite pictures. She hopes to wear her grandmother's wedding gown at her own wedding.

And as for her Number One amusement, "I'll tell you, if you promise not to laugh. Movies!" Judy grinned. "Busman's holiday, I suppose, but when I have time, I would rather go to movies than do anything else. I never get tired of them. And Bette Davis is my very favorite. I saw her in 'Dark Victory' five times—and I cried myself sick!"

She glanced up at the wall clock and gasped. "Oh dear, I'm twenty minutes late for school. I'll get killed for this!"

She pulled on her jacket and explained, "I have a private instructor in my dressing-room. It's loads of fun. I graduated from high school courses last year, but the state law says you have to attend school until you're eighteen, so I'm taking a post grad course of my favorite subjects, music appreciation, art appreciation and French. I'm learning oil painting, too. I've been at it five days. And I'm learning the history of art. When I visited the Museum in New York, I could tell who painted what without even looking at the names underneath. School isn't really bad this term. But last year! Ouch! I had geometry! And that was terrible!"

In a moment she had a mirror in front of her face, for a hurried check-up. If her fans, that moment, could have peeked over her shoulder, they would have seen an even more attractive Judy Garland. They would have noticed her light make-up and carefully rouged lips, her glistening eyes, tilted nose and determined chin.

AS she gathered her belongings, her fans would have marveled at five feet two of animation. When she rose, they would have guessed her to be 110 pounds in weight and they would have been right. They would have thought her off-screen figure amazingly slender, and one of the fans—a male, no doubt—would have emitted a whistle at her beautiful legs.

She left me with a wink and a lilting, "Be seeing you soon."

I wish I could pay her a compliment. Not only for her talent, but for her genuine loveliness. I wish I were smart enough to think of something startling and different.

However, I have heard it said that when a fellow sees a girl and immediately thinks, "There she is, the kind of girl I would one day want to marry," he is then paying her the greatest of human compliments.

I have heard those who know Judy pay that compliment to her. Judy need not blush. Those who know her realize she is everything a fellow could want. They realize she's not boy crazy, not Hollywood, not anything more than little Miss Gumm from Grand Rapids.

And you see, Judy, I wrote this for those who don't know you, just to let them in on it and to reassure them that—well, that in the robust language of sportdom—you're the real McCoy!

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THE STARMAKERS SPEAK!

(Continued from page 33)

you can always develop, but that enthusiasm and fire, that warmth of personality must be in the blood. It is a rare thing, believe me. I will illustrate. Just yesterday I talked with a 19-year-old girl, a gorgeous specimen. Perfect face. Perfect figure. Everything! But not for me. Not for Joe Pasternak—because she was cold. I would speak to her, question her, and she would reply 'U-huh.' I told her to relax. I made her walk around the block. I asked a million provoking questions. No use. She had nothing to give. Probably a million boy friends told her she was beautiful. Well, yes, she was. But that's all. And that's not enough!"

Joe Pasternak swung his feet from the desk, shouted an order for drinks and planted himself in front of me.

"Beauty is unimportant. After all, there are no homely women. If there were, sixty per cent of our women would be old maids. But they aren't, because somewhere there is always someone who thinks a girl is the most beautiful in the world. Now take Deanna Durbin—" and Pasternak's eyes lit up. "She didn't have the poise and beauty she has today when I talked with her the first time. But she was sincere. And natural. There was a freshness about Deanna, and her face was unusual. I was positive she couldn't fail. She didn't."

"I will tell you something. I do not believe in screen tests. For this reason—it's the camera that's being tested and not the person. The tests are usually

slipshod. I prefer to meet beginners, size them up, question them. I can learn more in fifteen minutes of personal interview than in ten screen tests.

"I made an unusual discovery recently, through this personal interview system. I needed some youngsters for 'The Underpup.' I sent word to a local dramatic school and told them to send over their best kiddies. Well, they brought the whole school over—even two six-year-old students, whom they were afraid to leave behind because they might wreck the school. The two six-year-old rough-necks were Billy Lenhart and Kenny Brown. I saw them tucked away in a corner. I asked Billy what he had with him. He said it was a bull fiddle. He was taking lessons. I asked him if he wanted to be in the movies. He said yes. I wanted to know why, and he answered, 'Because I wanna fix my mama's teeth.'

I SIGNED him on the spot. He was natural—and not simply because of his youth. I've known six-year-olds who became hams before they were little pigs!"

Pasternak paced the room, a bundle of nervous energy. As he walked, I fired a steady bombardment of question marks at him. His answers were simple and direct. "I don't make discoveries," he said. "I only give people chances. After that, it's up to them." And again, "Stardom can be in anyone from anywhere. But training isn't enough. I think stars are born." And later, "I have a preju-

dice. If talent is equal, I would rather hire a person who needs money than one who doesn't. There was a woman from Detroit who came to me with her child. Her husband was making \$700 a month. I told her that an extra mink coat never made anyone happy, and that her child couldn't eat more than four sodas a day anyway. I sent her back to Detroit."

Pasternak concluded with this: "I do not hire stars by formula. I am a creature of instinct. If someone's honesty appeals to me in person or in a test, I gamble a five year contract. So far, I've been lucky."

My next stop, still out in the valley, was Warner Brothers, stretching for acres and acres beneath the mountains. And there I found that strange Merlin of the Movies, Hal Wallis, former electrical supply salesman, who bowls with Paul Muni, is married to Louise Fazenda and subscribes to Farm Bureau Monthly.

In the past year, Warners made 200 different screen tests, which enabled Hal Wallis to discover twenty-one new actors and actresses. Each of these tests was made at a cost of \$500—except several tests that were made on second-hand sets, when the cost was then kept down to as low as \$50.

Every Friday afternoon, Hal Wallis sits in his projection room and studies the week's tests of little theatre actresses, beauty contest winners, milkmen, clerks and collegians. And as he studies the greenhorns, he not only looks but listens—and very carefully.



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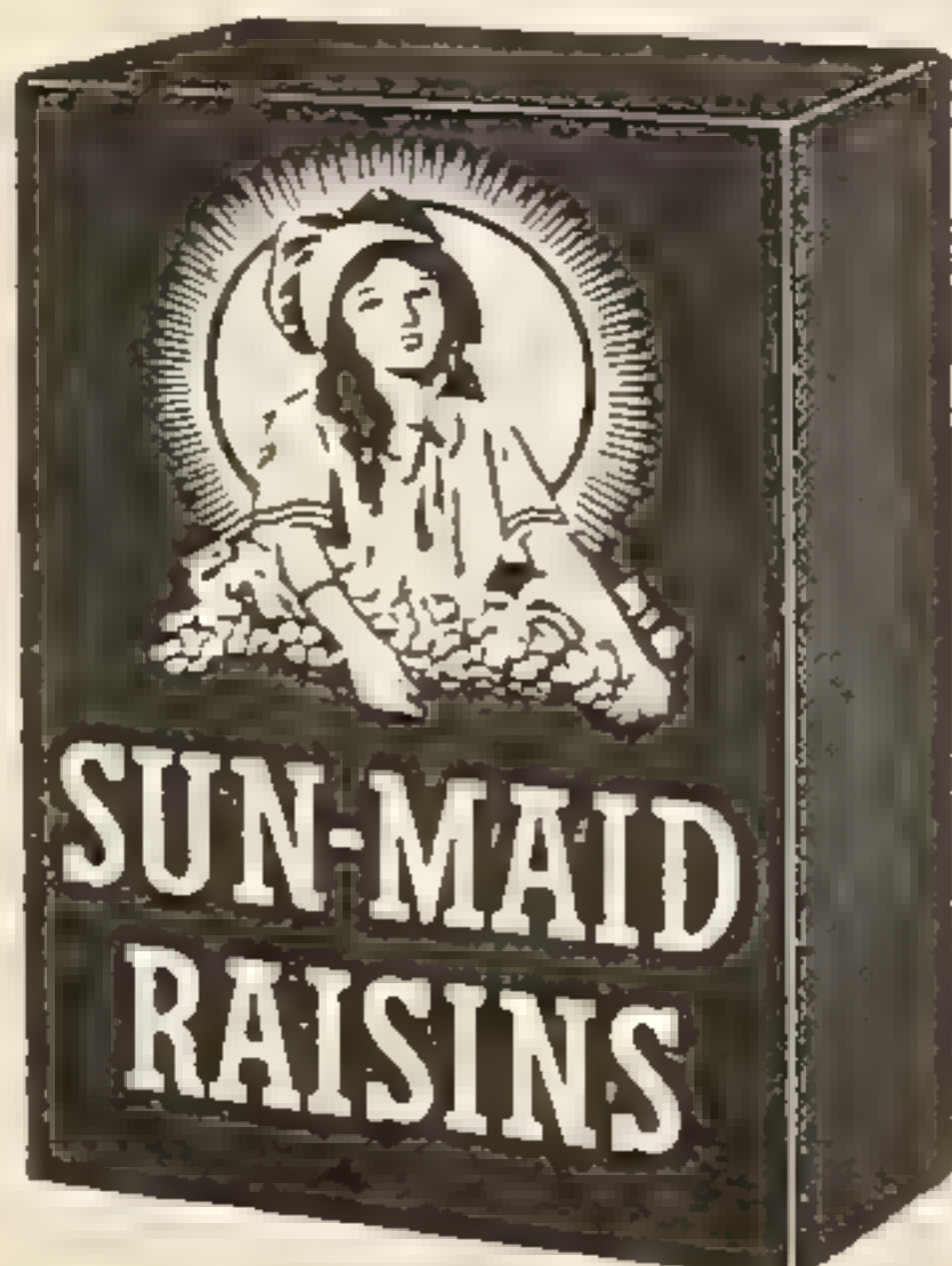
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"The voice is so important," he pointed out. "Beauty of face and figure are really minor things. Actually, beauty sometimes leaves me cold. There may be something lacking that is much more vital and essential to an arresting personality. A warmth, glow, spark, electric appeal, animal magnetism—call it what you will.

"But always the voice, always. If there is one thing I can suggest to your readers and to their elders, it is this: Cultivate an appealing speaking voice, learn to enunciate clearly and distinctly, rub off all sharpness and harsh edges, watch your consonants and handle the vowels without affectation."

We discussed discoveries. Wallis told me about Errol Flynn. It seemed that Flynn was given a \$500 test in London, a test which was shipped to Hollywood and temporarily shelved.

"Well, we had 'Captain Blood' all ready for production, sets built and everything, when we received word that Robert Donat, who had been signed for the leading role, either could not or would not leave England. We turned to our own source of talent supply. I looked at the early test of Flynn. He registered. Good voice. Pleasing. He got the part. We took a big chance on him, and, suddenly, he was set for the rest of his life."

I now learned something new. That studios have a mutual agreement to swap tests. If Warners tested someone, and didn't like the test—they passed it around to other studios. It was in this way, Wallis told me, that Warners found Ann Sheridan. Paramount brought her "oomph" to Movieland, tested her, gave her a few small parts and dropped her.

Hal Wallis saw her old test, and picked her up.

"I saw in Ann Sheridan the same allure that made Clara Bow the 'It Girl' of her day and Jean Harlow the sensation of a later period. All Ann needed was a little more careful handling by the make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe departments, and a type of role that would let her get that 'oomph' across."

In search of additional first-hand opinions, I went to Columbia. There, two ante-rooms guarding his private office like twin moats, I found husky, forty-nine-year-old Harry Cohn, founder and head of Columbia. With teletypes banging faintly in the distance, I listened to Cohn, as he swung around on his swivel chair behind an immense horseshoe desk and permitted himself to be interviewed for the first time in three years.

"There are two things to watch for in

a screen test," said Cohn. "A person must have both. He must be photogenic and at the same time talented. I'm interested in experienced performers whose abilities are mature. Give me a person who can act and mix him or her with a sound story—that's my recipe for stardom!"

Cohn told me that he personally studied 550 screen tests a year—most of them from other studios. Columbia, itself, makes about two a week, at a cost of \$300 each. Once, Columbia built a period set and ran a costume test on it that amounted to almost \$10,000!

AFTER over twenty years of sitting in on tests, Cohn said, "The biggest fault with most aspirants is that they're amateurs. They don't know enough. They're not prepared. Film audiences have grown up and become too clever to swallow anything amateurish. Even veteran stage stars can sometimes be amateurish for the movies—that is because the two mediums are so different. A stage actor is seen from 40 to 80 feet away and he exaggerates his actions on the boards. When we focus a camera on his face, he's miserable.

"The most natural actress I ever found in a screen test was Grace Moore in 1934. She had everything and was easy to handle. Even though she had failed once before, portraying the character of Jenny Lind, I had faith in her. In 'One Night of Love,' we made her a household word, even though she wasn't the best singer in the world. And then something happened to her. It should be a lesson to everyone. She became hard to handle. I put Frank Capra on one of her pictures, and Grace thought she knew more than he did.

"Today Grace Moore is through. She said she paid us to quit Columbia. It's a lie. We paid \$60,000 to get rid of her. And I want to say, now, that we want people who are not only easy to direct, people who can master characterizations—but people who can also keep their heads when they get up high in the rarified atmosphere."

It was Harry Cohn, you may remember, who saw the photo of a four-year-old child on the cover of a popular weekly magazine. He wanted the child for his "Blondie" pictures. Hundreds of mothers in dozens of cities claimed the mag had run a picture of their child. Cohn's scouts spent forty-eight frantic hours, and finally located the cover baby—little Larry Simms—living nine blocks from the studio itself! Larry Simms became "Baby Dumpling" because Cohn

The Jon Halls recently gave Rudy Vallee a luau—feast to you non-Tahitians—and they just couldn't hold off till the guests came. It was Mrs. H.'s (Franny Langford) idea of a novel way to celebrate her "discoverer's" new radio series.



liked the cover of a five cent magazine! At RKO, in an effort to find Garson Kanin, their sensational twenty-eight-year-old genius, I went to police court. Well, that is, I went to a courtroom set, picked my way through prop men and engineers, and found Kanin acting out a rollicking scene with Cary Grant for "My Favorite Wife."

Kanin, the soft-spoken, gesticulating, producer-director of the new Irene Dunne-Cary Grant vehicle, gestured me into the jury box and a moment later was beside me.

"When I view a screen test," he began, plunging into his favorite subject, "I look for a person who has imagination, who is sensitive and intelligent. Looks don't matter at all. With our modern high grade make-up departments and advanced photography, we can make the most average face breath-takingly beautiful.

"The trouble with most newcomers is that they are stage-struck. I'll explain with a story. Edna Ferber once said to me, 'Success or failure depends entirely on whether you want to be an actor or want to act.' Too many people just want to be actors. Do you know what I mean? They want to be known as a star, to be worshipped, publicized, rich and famous. I've seen hundreds of girls here who worry only about their make-up, their clothes and with whom they are seen. They won't succeed.

"But those who are interested in the art of acting, who love it, who can concentrate on their work and not on themselves, will get there. Look at Irene Dunne. There's a girl who loves to act. She showed up yesterday with a sty on one eye and a pimple on her nose. Did she care how she looked? No. She only wanted to get into her character. That's



Yvonne Duval of Alsace-Lorraine was recently adjudged owner of Hollywood's most photogenic figure. The twenty-one-year-old's first picture will be "Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me."

what counts in making an actress!"

Kanin hailed Cary Grant, who was powdering his face for the camera, bummed a cigarette from him and went on: "I want you to know this. While RKO has recently landed Lucille Ball, Dorothy Lovett and Katherine Adams by screen tests, I don't believe in tests. They cost from \$200 to \$2,000 each, and the money is usually wasted. The tests are done in a hurry, without decent direction, support or script—and the newcomers show up badly.

"You'll read of one studio's passing up a girl, and another studio's grabbing her and making her a star. Why, I turned down Mary Martin myself. She did a song and dance in her test, and I thought she was weak. But listen, it's not that we producers are incompetent, it's that screen tests are incompetent.

"You want me to give some general advice? Well, the best advice is not to give any. It's a dangerous thing to toy with. But I would tell anyone serious about entering the movies to retain his patience and industry, and work like hell! Though, frankly, if anyone is really serious, he won't need advice. He'll get there!"

Following his own line, Kanin got there. In a few short years he graduated from obscurity to the summit. With little money and his own huge talent, he made "The Great Man Votes," the best small-budgeter in years, and then clicked again with "Bachelor Mother." I left wispy, blue-eyed, sandy-haired Mr. Kanin with mingled regret and admiration. He was one doctor who took his own medicine—he worked hard and possessed what he most demands of others—a vivid imagination.

At Paramount, beneath a shingle labeled "Talent Department," through a

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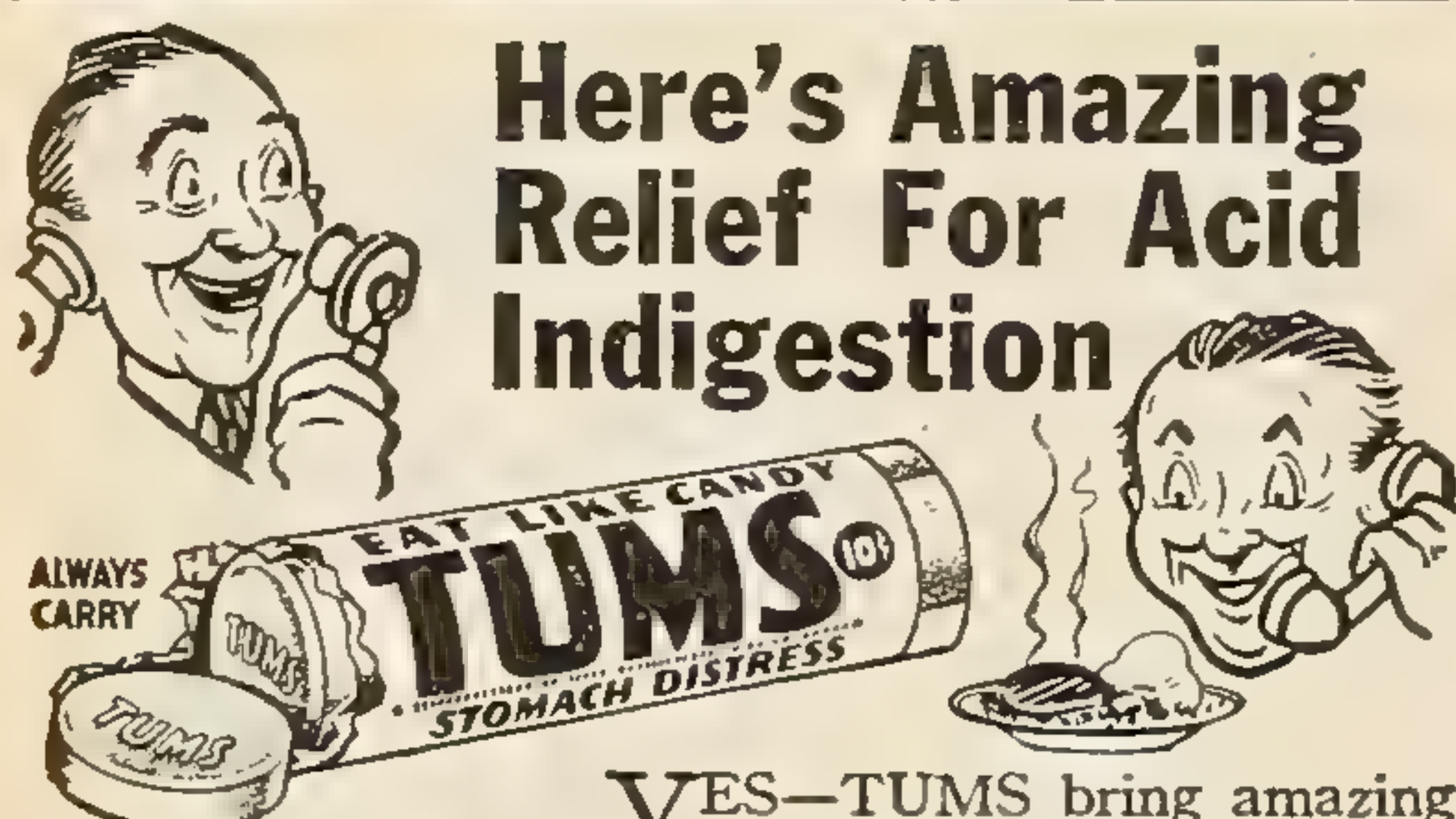


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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

corridor, and into a bright office, I found affable Artie Jacobson, spokesman for the producers on the lot—a super-star-Dunne in "Love Affair?"

"I'll take a pound of personality to an ounce of beauty," Jacobson remarked. "We at Paramount really give tyros a break. Our producers study 1,000 tests a year. In a back room, we audition 2,000 more. In 1939, we signed twenty-eight new people. Of those beginners under contract, twelve came through screen tests—and each test cost the studio \$750. You see, we want new talent and pay to find it.

"Frankly, I myself am another of the many not sold on those screen tests. I've developed something better, an audition room where I stage 'living tests.' Would you care to see it?"

I SAW it. It was a huge room divided in two by a large glass panel. On one side was a small stage that was wired for sound. On the opposite side were cushioned chairs and a loudspeaker for producers.

"I sit in this room with a producer," explained Jacobson. "The lights are turned down so the actors can't see us and become frightened. It works perfectly. I discovered sixteen stars-to-be in this audition room last year—and that's including Susanna Foster, who sang, acted and was signed within twenty-four hours."

We walked upstairs to a tiny projection room, a glorified telephone booth, containing only thirteen seats.

"Would you like to see a real screen test?" asked the talent head.

In a moment we were in the darkness, watching a screen test of someone called Janice Logan, an attractive blonde. Her measurements and age were flashed on the screen, then much footage devoted entirely to her face—laughing, smiling, frowning, crying.

"You see," said Jacobson, "the producer is able to observe every angle of her face. The jaw line there is very important. Now that girl is natural. Breathing a little hard from nervousness, but natural. Most new people, however, are afraid to be themselves. Their voices go up or down and become terribly affected. Watch that girl now. She's going to do a little playlet, adapted from a radio script. It required from nine in the morning until six in the evening to shoot it. We could have given her a scene from a Claudette Colbert show,

but the producer would then mentally compare her to Colbert immediately, and Janice wouldn't have a chance. So she does a new script."

Janice Logan was genuine. She ran the gamut of emotions, from sobbing as though her heart would break to giggling like a school girl. Poured on the sob. Stabbed at the heart.

"She's good," I ventured.

"You're darn right she is. We've signed her on the basis of the 900 feet of film you've just seen.

"My assistant, Lewis, saw Bill Holden made up as a ninety-year-old man in a little theatre play; he wasn't impressive. Later, Lewis went backstage to see someone else and saw the kid taking off his make-up. He saw—well, that certain something, and shooed Bill Holden to me. But Holden was strained, afraid to be natural. I told him to see me the following day and to please be himself. The next day he was better. His hair was cut wrong. And he walked with a slouch. But he was vital. I liked him. He was tested, but we were slack in signing him—and Cohn at Columbia grabbed him for 'Golden Boy.'

"That's how it is. Susan Hayward walked in here one day, picked up a cold script and read it like a veteran. She was a natural, a neglected Scarlett girl, and we signed her pronto."

THE job was done. I had visited five studios. I had heard the starmakers speak. Now to add up their ideas:

They spend from \$50 to \$10,000 to make a single screen test of you. They demand sincerity, good voice, acting ability, imagination and personality. They test and audition thousands a year in search of such qualities.

Some place, dear reader, in these frank statements that movie producers have made, you will find the sesame, the formula, the platinum key to movie success.

Next month, when I'm at Paramount, watching Test 4784 with Artie Jacobson, I hope he'll exclaim, "Now that's some gal! She's got—oh, that certain something. The test cost us a fortune, but we signed her! Yeah, she's some girl!" And I hope she's you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: You may photograph better than Hedy Lamarr and be able to act circles around Bette Davis, but you still need something else to be a star. That "something" is a good agent! Don't miss the third article of this informative series in the June Modern Screen.

HOW HOLLYWOOD SPENDS ITS WEALTH

(Continued from page 49)

In the seven years he has been in Hollywood, Billy has watched many a jewelry vogue come and go. The current trend, he advises, is toward heavy gold settings in bracelet, ring and clip sets for daytime costumes. Platinum still holds the lead for evening wear. Favored stones are topazes, aquamarines, rubies and emeralds. Wedding bands are either gold or platinum, but usually extremely plain. Charm bracelets have gone out, and many stars have had their more valuable tokens put on compacts. Jewelry remodeling is always very popular, especially with Paulette Goddard, who does her own designing.

Having set their fashions and sold them everything but nose-rings, Billy now feels qualified to explode a few funny ideas people have about his customers' jewelry. His pet peeves are:

1. In public, stars wear fake gems.

Nonsense, explodes Billy! They do have their valuable pieces heavily insured, but any time you see an ornament, it's the real thing—not a paste replica.

2. Stars rent their jewels.

That's bunk, too, according to our expert. Studios sometimes hire a piece for a scene, but there's no 50c-an-hour arrangement with individuals!

3. Stars prefer gaudy jewelry.

This is the unkindest cut of all. Time and again movie folks have proved they want nothing more than fine workmanship and design, and flash can go hang.

4. Lupe Velez wears junk.

Just a malicious rumor, says Billy. Lupe owns many beautiful things. In fact, any time she's mad at the world she drops in to see him, orders a stunning clip or bracelet and leaves feeling fine. As wouldn't you, my dears?

(Continued from page 85)

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE- LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|------|--------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|---|
| Power, Tyrone | Guide | Girl's Dormitory | 1936 | Bowling | Collecting Charms | T C F | Home—139 Saltair, Brentwood |
| Preston, Robert | Lifeguard | King of Alcatraz | 1938 | Fishing | Making Model Airplanes | P | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Price, Vincent | Camp Counsellor | Service De Luxe | 1938 | Bicycling | Art Collecting | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Prouty, Jed | Salesman | Smile Brother Smile | 1927 | Golf | Raising Orchids | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |
| Raft, George | Dancer | Quick Millions | 1931 | Boxing | Collecting Jade Elephants | W B | Home—450 N. Rossmore, Hollywood |
| Rainer, Luise | Stage Actress | Escapade | 1935 | Sailing | Amateur Photography | M G M | Home—543 N. Cliftwood, Brentwood Heights |
| Rains, Claude | Call Boy | The Invisible Man | 1933 | Cricket | Farming | W B | Home—1354 Club View, Los Angeles |
| Rathbone, Basil | Insurance Solicitor | The Masked Bride | 1925 | Football | Raising Dogs | C | Home—5254 Los Feliz, Hollywood |
| Ratoff, Gregory | Guard | Symphony of Six Million | 1932 | Fencing | Sculpturing | T C F | Home—721 N. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Raye, Martha | Vaudevillian | Rhythm on the Range | 1936 | Swimming | Collecting Curios | P | Home—1345 N. Hay- worth, Hollywood |
| Raymond, Gene | Child Actor | Personal Maid | 1932 | Riding | Dog Raising | P | Home—817 Nimes Road, Brentwood |
| Read, Barbara | Stage Actress | Three Smart Girls | 1937 | Tennis | Photography | R K O | Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Reagan, Ronald | Sports Columnist | Love is on the Air | 1937 | Baseball | Rifle Collecting | W B | Studio—Burbank, Cal. |
| Rice, Florence | Writer | Fugitive Lady | 1934 | Hiking | Music | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Ritter, Tex | Radio Actor | Song of the Gringo | 1936 | Riding the Surf | Collecting Cowboy Ballads | M | Studio—4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood |
| Robinson, Edward G. | Stage Actor | The Hole in the Wall | 1929 | Golf | Art Collecting | W B | Home—910 Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Robson, May | Stage Actress | Angel of Broadway | 1927 | None | Crocheting | W B | Home—610 N. Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Rogers, Ginger | Dancer | Young Man of Manhattan | 1930 | Bicycling | Dancing | R K O | Home—8818 Appian Way, Beverly Hills |
| Rogers, Roy | Truck Driver | Under Western Stars | 1937 | Riding | Collecting Chinese Charms | R | Studio—4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood |

(Continued on page 106)

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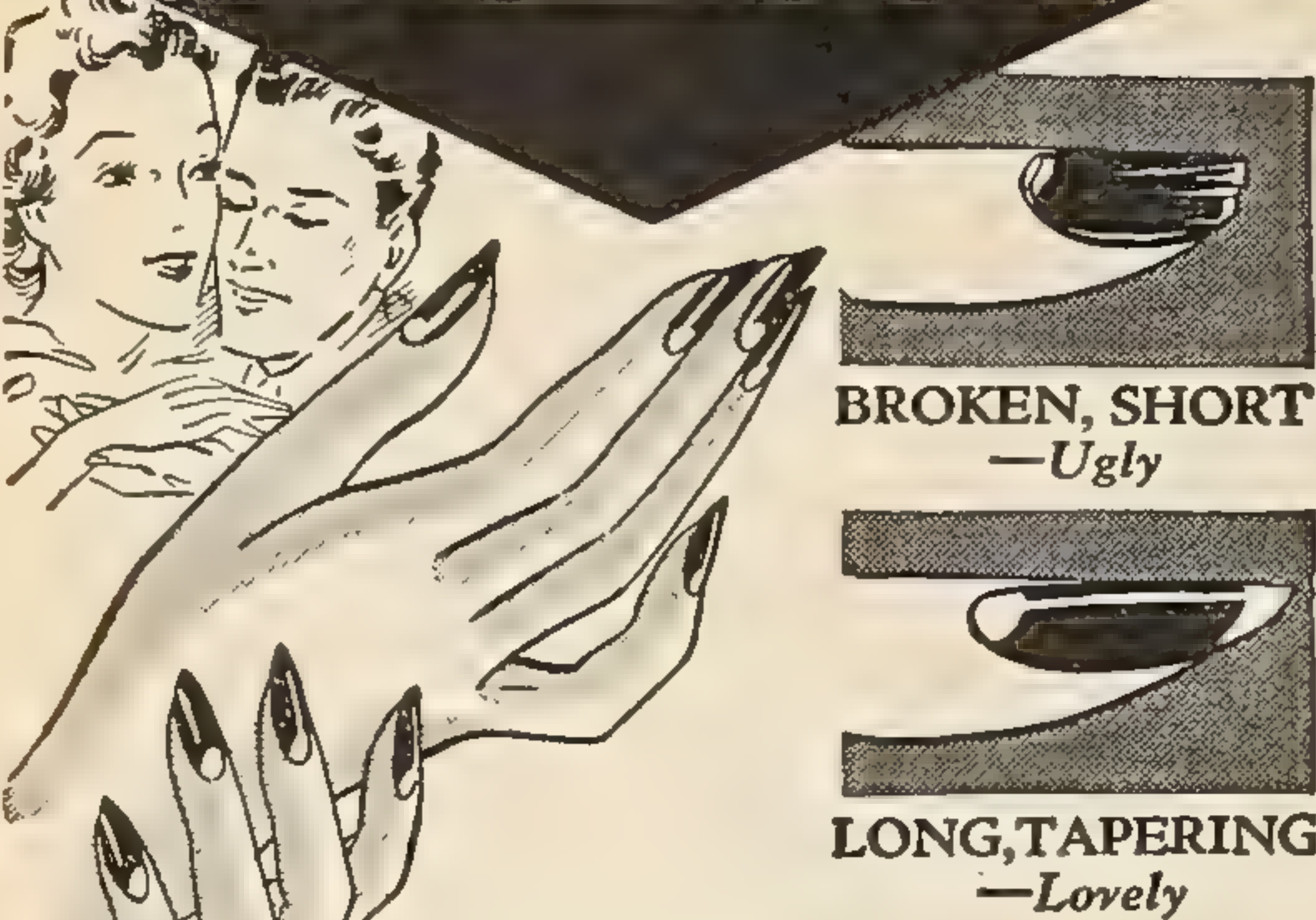
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KEEP YOUR SMILE IN STYLE

(Continued from page 45)

wrecks a lot of mouth havoc because tongues and gum surfaces are blithely skipped over, when scrubbing time comes around.

And that brings us right down to the delicate question of how's your breath? Is it like a May morning, as every lovely girl's should be—or is the least said about it the better? Unpleasant breath may spring from a number of sources, some local, others systemic. Spongy, bleeding, infected gums may be to blame. Or is it your decayed teeth? They'll do it every time. Acid indigestion is a common cause and so are infected tonsils, adenoids, sinuses, bronchial or lung conditions. Nasal catarrh is another offender. Even infections in far removed corners of the body are carried to the lungs by your bloodstream and so evidence themselves in your breath. However, much of it comes from careless or incomplete local cleansing. If you've been indulging in onions, garlic or other volatile and flavorful bulbs, the best thing for you to do is hie yourself to a lavatory and scrub every tooth and cranny of your mouth thoroughly before the scent takes hold. Drinking milk or eating parsley doesn't compare to plain everyday cleanliness for breath insurance.

A MOUTH wash after the brushing will help, though. A mild chlorine wash is especially good following onions or other "strong" vegetables, for it destroys the oils which make your breath offensive. Smoking and drinking also contribute their share to unpleasant breath. The antidote here is the same as above.

Always keep a bottle of your favorite mouth wash handy. Use it regularly every day and especially before going out with others. Swish it around vigorously and hold it in your mouth as long as possible for the best results. You'll feel sweeter and fresher, and your smile will reflect your feelings.

If you really want to get to the bottom of halitosis, check your entire system beginning with your teeth. Drink at least

six to eight glasses of water a day and try a glass of orange juice, grapefruit juice or lemonade the first thing every morning and again before special dates. A parched system has caused many an unpleasant breath because toxins accumulate for lack of fluids. A bit of milk of magnesia swished around in your mouth before retiring also helps protect you against acid breath. It also aids teeth in counteracting acidity, which is a most prevalent cause of decay.

Speaking of exercises, there's nothing better for a beautiful, healthy mouth and teeth than eating crisp, raw carrots, celery, apples and other "hard" raw fruits and vegetables. Bread crusts, too.

As for diet, did you know that calcium, phosphorous and minerals are absolute essentials to strong, healthy teeth? Of the foods containing these elements, milk is the most important. Eggs, butter and cheese come next, and not to be sneezed at are meats, whole grained cereals, leafy vegetables, citrus fruits, fish and nuts. Dried beans and peas have their virtues, too, and, of course, the oils derived from cod and halibut liver are rich in tooth building minerals. Excessive sweets and starches are as bad for your teeth as for your waistline because they make acid forming bacteria, which are ancient enemies of sound teeth. You probably know that taffy, caramels and "chewy" butterscotch are the dentists' best friends. They wreck more teeth and loosen more fillings than you can shake a stick at.

Don't forget Vitamin D. Found in milk, especially in irradiated products, and in many of the other aforementioned foods, it is one of Nature's good fairies. Sunshine is full of Vitamin D, too, and that's why you want to get all you can of Old Sol's beneficent rays every summer and store them up in your system against the dreary days. Vitamin D helps keep you beautiful from inside out—and that's the only way that lasts.

Now, a word about dentistry. A good dentist is one of the best friends a be-

George Murphy, whose dad was an Olympic coach, goes stepping at the Trocadero with his wife, Juliette Johnson. George, a former Yale track and football star, says his screen work is even more strenuous than those sports were. He dances from between 75 to 140 miles in an average feature-length film.



witching smile ever had. And the younger you learn it, the better it is for your beauty as well as your health. We hope that your mother started right in on your baby teeth to see that they had proper dental care, for their health and condition had definite effects upon the set that means so much to you now. However, even if she didn't, it's wonderful what good dentists can still do to straighten, correct and beautify your teeth right up through middle age.

Straightening, filling, scaling (the semi-annual cleaning job), treatment of pyorrhea, gingivitis, trench mouth, etc.—all require the care of a skillful dentist and should never be entrusted to anyone else. Crooked teeth should be straightened, not only for looks but also for health. If your teeth are out of line, your "bite" will be too. Then your teeth, in their attempt to overcome the difficulty, will grow farther than ever out of their normal positions, and a bad situation gets worse and worse. Better a few months of braces than a lifetime of ugliness, bad health and regrets.

USUALLY, you don't need much urging to go to the dentist when you get an actual toothache. Don't dilly dally, though. Have a thorough going over on general principles at regular intervals. Don't wait till a pain strikes you in the midst of a drink of cold water or a bite of your favorite sweetmeat. Many a case of decay burrows away quietly but steadily and never hurts until the tooth is so far gone it isn't worth saving.

Pyorrhea is another direct signal for immediate dental care. It attacks gums at the sockets and is evidenced by easy bleeding, painful inflammation, pus pockets and, later on, even by the loss of teeth. The only cure is immediate professional cleaning and local medication which only a dentist can give. If you have discolored teeth, stained by tartar, nicotine or the like, be sure to let your dentist attend to them. Any dentifrice abrasive enough to lighten them is likely, in time, to destroy the enamel.

Treat your mouth with respect, and your teeth like the priceless pearls that they really are. The stars in Hollywood set a shining example that all the rest of us can follow with profit. Ways and methods may change from time to time, but teeth that are both beautiful and healthy will never go out of style.

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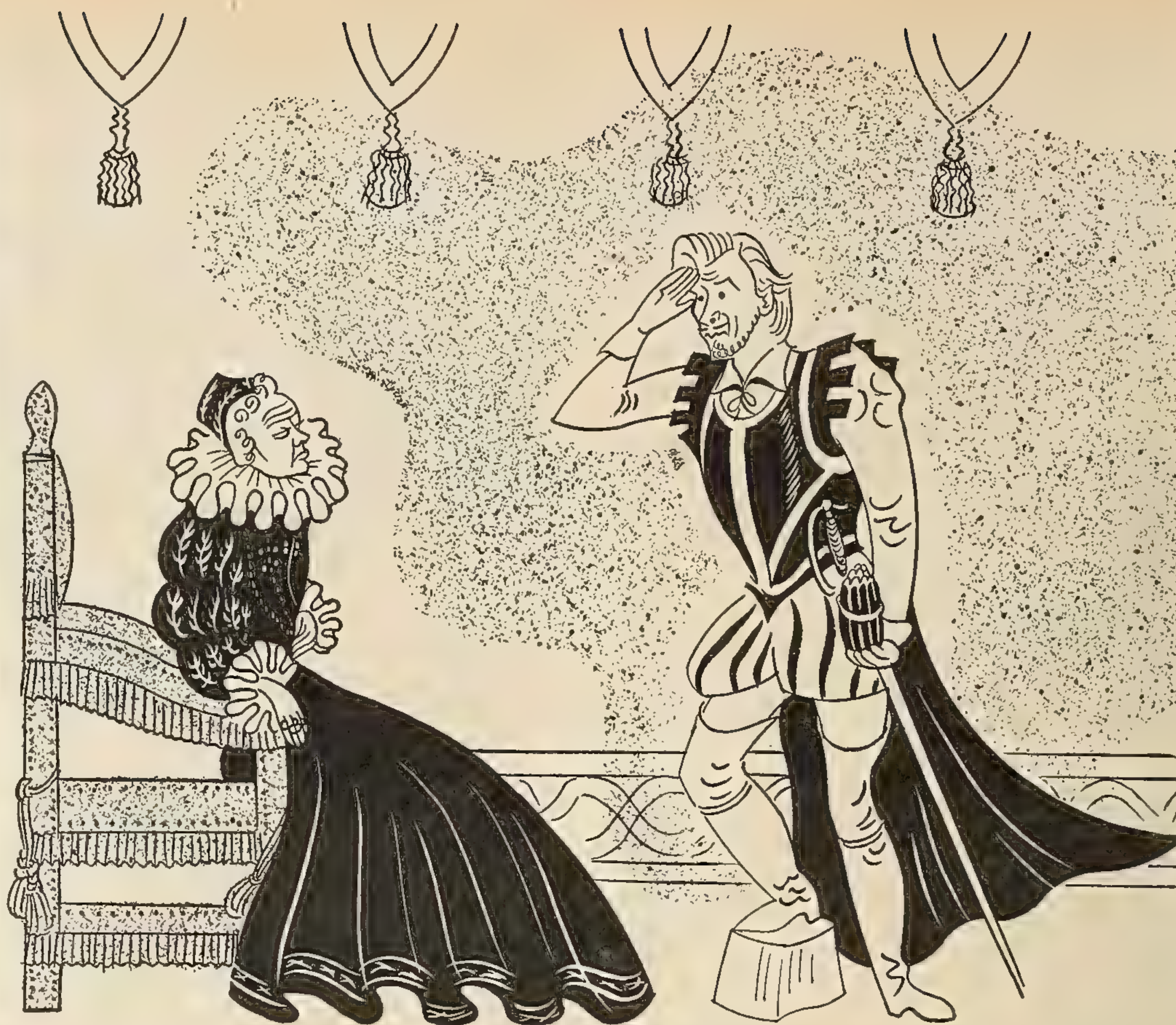
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Wooden Injun

I'm cranky tonight and I feel like picking on somebody. I think I'm going to vent my wrath on Errol Flynn.

I am furious with this gentleman for the wooden-injun performance he turned in in "Elizabeth and Essex." Elizabeth would never have loved that kind of Essex. You can't tell me! And the fiery Essex would turn over in his grave if he could see what collar-ad Flynn has done to him. He has succeeded in making a mere mechanized clothes-horse out of one of history's most romantic figures. Even if he had been teamed with a less capable actress, Flynn's performance would have seemed colorless, but contrasted as it was with Bette Davis' superb, flesh and blood portrayal, his was insufferably flat and unconvincing.

Mr. Flynn is certainly beautiful in tights stalking through green forests. His profile is noble against the blue sky. But, cradled in the royal beldam's lap, he is devoid of any emotion.

I'd rather have somebody homely and hawk-nosed and spindle-shanked—but an actor—for the lead in such an important picture.—Eva Green, Brockton, Mass.

Design for Marriage

I used to think marriage was a serious business and turned every little fault of Hubby's into a major catastrophe. But the Mr. and Mrs. movies have shown me that every husband should be taken with a large-sized dose of humor. I've learned from them that today's great tragedies become tomorrow's laughable memories.

First of the man-and-wife whodunits

was the unforgettable "Thin Man." Since then, many follow-ups have appeared, with "Mr." doing the detecting, and "Mrs." very successfully getting in his way. Of course, in our home we don't have corpses falling around and shots punctuating our conversations, but these domestic movie scenes have served a very definite purpose in my life.

"Test Pilot," "Make Way for Tomorrow," "Vivacious Lady," "Sweethearts," "The Awful Truth," "Made for Each Other" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" all seemed to me to point the way to a romance which would become more beautiful with the years. These pictures have given me a "design for marriage," and if my pattern turns out successfully, our happiness will be due largely to the examples set by the likable, human couples of Movieland.—Mrs. H. S. Truitt, Snowden, N. C.

Bette's Breaks

Why all the raves about Davis? The secret of her fame lies in the simple fact that she gets the best parts available. In the beginning, she was bright enough to fight for real acting roles, and now they are given her as a matter of course; while her contemporaries, who were satisfied to look pretty and swoon in the hero's arms, are now definitely out in the cold.

Bette gets all the plums. Yet, no matter what her role, she plays Bette Davis. Her own mannerisms overshadow those of the character she portrays. This is not real acting.

I say Bette is no better than a dozen other actresses could and would be, if they were given good parts. Remember



RIVERON

THOUGHTS

NEW BILLS FOR LETTERS

Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights," Norma Shearer in "The Women," Irene Dunne in "Love Affair?"

Up to now, Davis has had all the breaks. How about giving some of the other equally talented girls a chance? —Doris Layer, Silver City, N. M.

Glamour, Where Art Thou?

Today's movie heroes are much too normal. They prefer to pose astride a horse (Taylor), or skeet shooting (Gable), playing tennis (Greene), golfing (Crosby) or boating (Flynn). In fact, in their spare time they engage in all the activities of the average young man.

They also marry nice girls like Frances Dee, Annabella and Barbara Stanwyck, and live on ranches. They become proud family men who have their pictures taken at the circus with their children on their knees.

Oh, yes, glamour is certainly dead in Hollywood, when a tow-headed imp like Rooney is voted "King of the Movies" and "homey" men like Mr. Chips and Mr. Smith vie for the year's acting honors.—Sylvia Grill, New York, N. Y.

Make Believe

I am writing this letter to praise the movie industry for the good work it is doing. The movies have done more than anything I know of to make life worth living. They are a luxury everyone, rich or poor, can enjoy for the same price. They've made queens out of servant girls, and dashing cavaliers out of ditch-diggers—at least for a fleeting hour.

BIRTHDAY

15 YEARS YOUNGER

ment at my beauty salon.
ers will hide my drab, lustre-
es. I shall close my eyes, rest
stare gratefully at new, glori-
th birthday. My hair, my new
ole being. My eyes will sparkle,
feeling 15 years younger, for I
resent of an Eternol Treatment.

OR KNOWS BEST"

TINT OIL SHAMPOO

RECONDITIONS, TINTS, CLEANSSES IN ONE SIMPLE OPERATION

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Clip this
Reminder

I resolve to have glorious Youthful
Looking Hair STARTING TODAY!
I will telephone my beauty salon
for an ETERNOL Tint Oil Shampoo.

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TEMPERATURE

98°



NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Again, Yodora proves its power to protect in difficult conditions! A nurse supervised this gruelling test, in the Caribbean tropics . . . Under her direction, Miss M. K. applied Yodora. Then played deck tennis for three hours in the blazing sun! Result . . . not a hint of underarm odor! Though amazingly efficient, Yodora seems as gentle and silky as

your face cream. It is soft, non-greasy. Yodora leaves no sickly smell to taint your clothing. It will not rot fabrics. 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM



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Stops Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes
Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. Quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions, and chafed or sensitive spots anywhere on your feet or toes caused by shoe friction or pressure. Eases new or tight shoes; avoids "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters. Medically safe!

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

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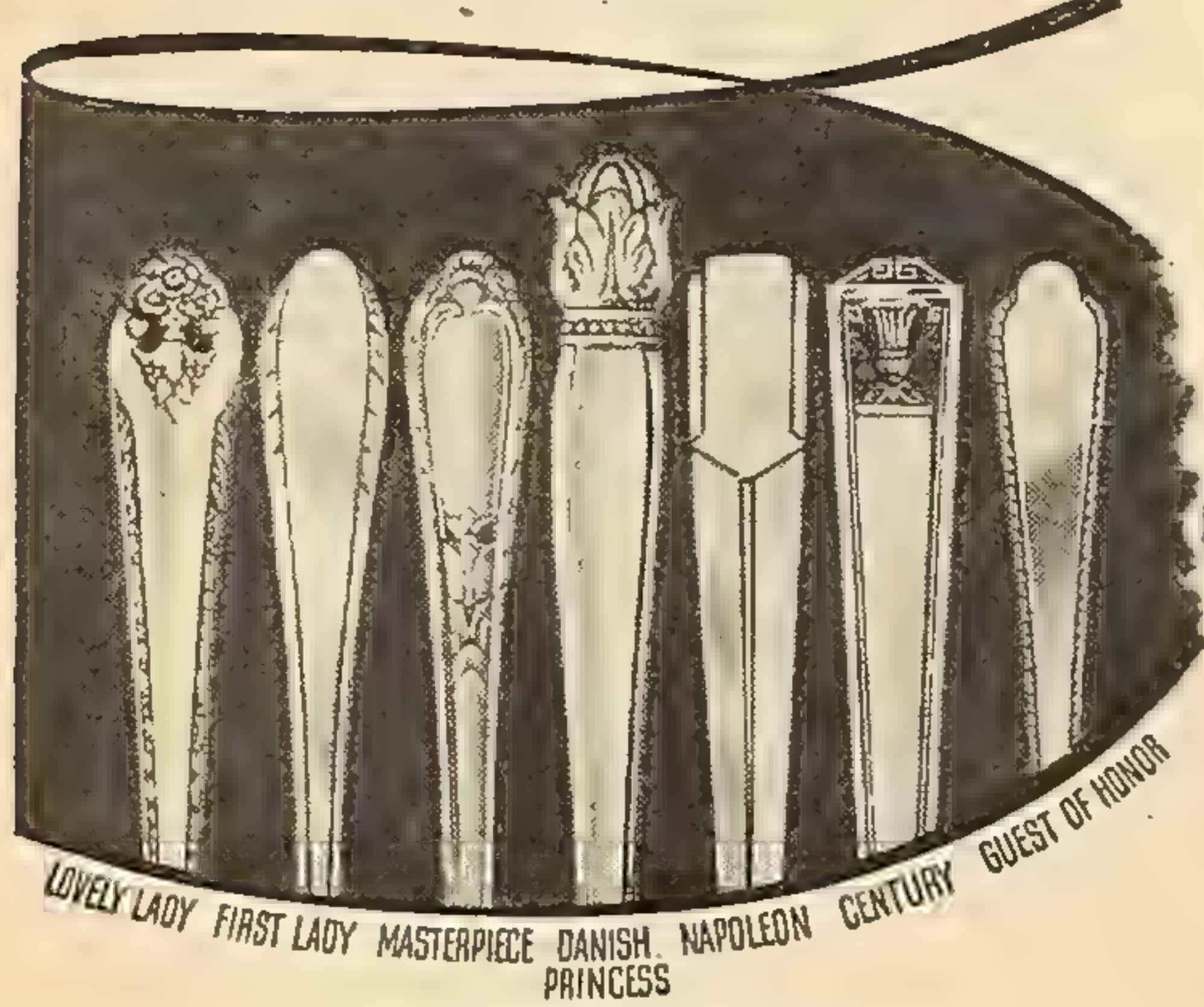
Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

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FOOT PLASTER

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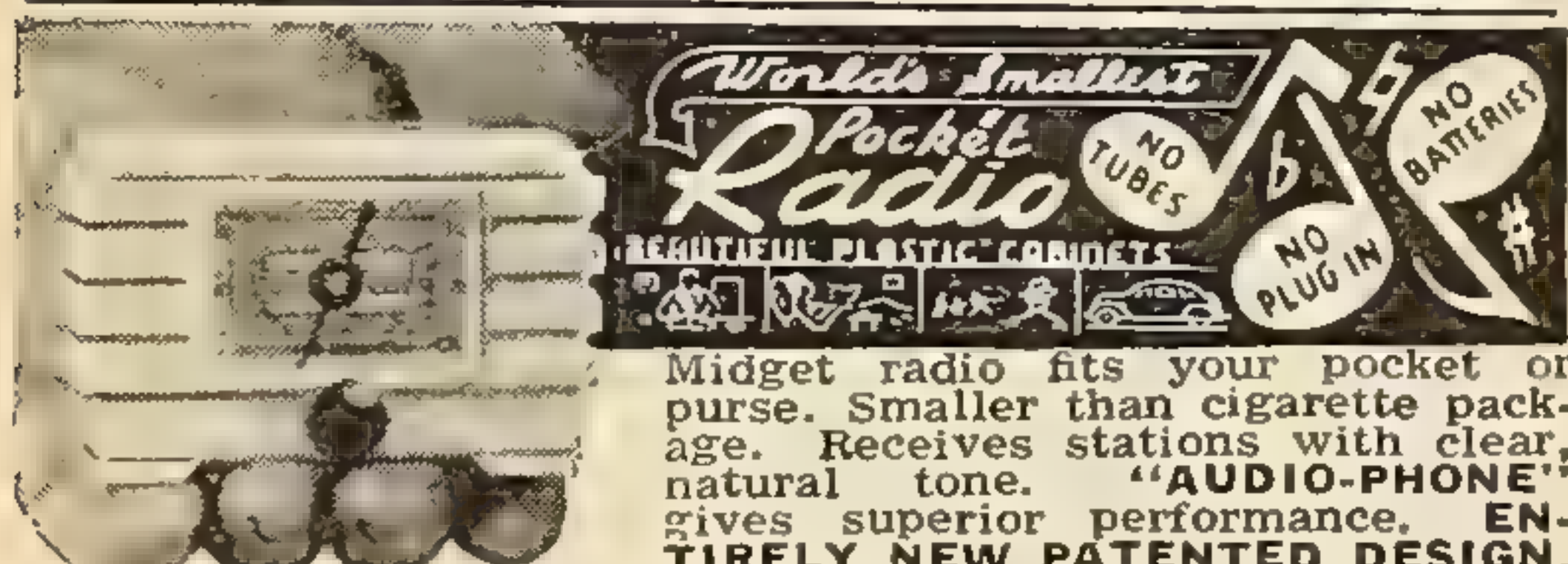
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TRIMAL

But tangos with Fred Astaire to my doom as Mary, Queen of Scots, and danced through the land of Oz as Dorothy. I have the privilege of being anyone I please.

I salute the movies! Long may they live and give respite to everyday people. —Helen Moore, Akron, Ohio.

Too Much of a Good Thing

"Gone With the Wind" may be all its boosters claim, but as for me, I'm agin' such mighty super-super epics and can only hope it will not establish a precedent. To me, four hours of movie at one sitting is as definitely too much of a good thing as four helpings of apple pie à la mode at one meal. I like movies and I like apple pie, but I do not like gorging myself to the point of indigestion on either.

I find even double bills preferable to such a colossus as "G.W.T.W." At least I can walk out after one film has finished. I sat through "Gone" to the bitter end out of curiosity about the denouement, as I hadn't read the book. I like finishing what I start, but I left the theatre feeling so "gone" with exhaustion and resentment, I couldn't properly appreciate the picture's worth.

Am I a "sissy," or do others agree with me?—Dee Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif.

On Merit Alone

I like those rare pictures that sneak up on you sans ballyhoo and wham the box-office so that everybody comes a-running to get a look-see. Such a one was the almost unheralded "Balalaika."

We found it out for ourselves, and thrilling is the experience of the discoverer! Nelson Eddy was in such grand voice that you didn't mind his hogging the footage. Ilona Massey was captivating, both to eye and ear. Everyone in the cast was excellent, especially Charlie Ruggles as the comic, hair-parted-in-the-middle Russian peasant, with the glib tongue.

But the point I'm trying to make is the delight of the fans when they discover for themselves that a picture is good. If Hollywood always turned out such good productions, the film industry could get along without advertising—and what a relief that would be! —Georgia Rayne, Vancouver, Canada.

"Ho-Hum"

ently released "I Take This the result of revision, I don't see the quality of the original. The film will not garner new beautiful Hedy Lamarr, for give her a chance to establish as an actress.

More, the assignment of a role a little more than a walk-to the sterling, twice Academy winner, Spencer Tracy, is a nice! His capable presence, combined with the sparkling deftly delivered by Verree are all that lift the movie 'ho-hum' class.

ture should have been "charged and loss" and left locked in the forgotten films.—Mary E. Lau-Philadelphia, Pa.

Do's and Dont's

enjoyed the first few "family" pictures, but I'm sick to death of them now. "Lanes," "Jones" and "Hardys" can ride high, wide and handsomely away as far as I'm concerned.

But, Mr. Producer, please continue to give an appreciative public more of those fascinating "Dr. Kildare" serials. Lionel Barrymore plays the part of Dr. Gillespie brilliantly, and Lew Ayres' performance as the young doctor, is superb. He plays his role with such depth and sincerity. I predict it is only a matter of time before Lew is awarded an "Oscar" for an outstanding performance.

When my spirits are low, the best prescription for me is to see a Doctor Kildare picture.—Anne Orr, New York, N. Y.

A Plea For Help

I want to write about a young man who deserves some raves. This fellow is as handsome as Tyrone Power or Richard Greene, and can act as well as either of them, yet he is given very poor roles. His name is Richard Carlson.

If he were given a role with more body and strength to it, he would be a sensation! All I've seen him in are those light, little comedies which skip over his talent. He's really a swell person and I don't think he's getting the chances he should have. Would someone please pay some attention to Richard Carlson?—Marjorie Mosier, Miami, Fla.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

Are you longing for an audience who'll bear with you while you rave over that movie you saw last night? Here it is, ready-made. Are you tired of reading eulogies about everyone but your favorite? Here's your chance to sing his praises yourself and get paid for it, too. So you hate glamour boys and love Western stars? You're weary of the old faces and wants lots more of some newcomer? Tell us about it. The ten most original letters received each month will net their writers \$1.00, so don't mince words. We're all ears for your opinions, but be sure they're your honest opinions. Do not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. That is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Address your letter to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DON'T GET IN THEIR HAIR!

(Continued from page 6)

spoiled the picture. They began to weed the sheep from the goats.

Then Sound came in. It increased costs to staggering sums, and re-takes meant the loss of hundreds of dollars.

The visitor became a problem. He committed, in his innocence, acts that no self-respecting studio employee would be guilty of. He coughed, sneezed or shuffled his feet while the sound apparatus was on. Often, overcome with joy upon beholding his idol in the flesh, he would dash impulsively across the stage, knocking over cameras or other studio paraphernalia in his haste to shake the hand that he had so often watched flicking ashes across the screen. These and similar acts have made the average tourist a headache to the studios.

IF you are contemplating a trip to Movietown, a few "don'ts" or "what not to do's" are respectfully suggested:

Don't think because you are a Big Business Man you can tell the publicity department you want to take Myrna Loy to breakfast, Kay Francis to lunch and Hedy Lamarr to dinner. Big Business Men (married ones too!) have been known to try this, and what is worse, they get indignant when politely informed that the Misses Loy, Francis and Lamarr do not breakfast, lunch or dine with strange men.

If you are fortunate enough to be admitted to the sound stages, don't try to touch Clark Gable or sit in Bette Davis' chair. Mr. Gable has been touched by so many admiring fans he is beginning to feel like a wishing stone; Miss Davis needs that chair to rest in, between scenes.

Don't call the studios and say: "This is Mrs. Smith-Jones from Palm Beach. I'll be around at 3:30 this afternoon to watch Ann Rutherford act. Please arrange it!"

Stars are not on tap for tourists although the publicity department, rather than take a chance on offending the wrong person, will try to accommodate you. Which brings to mind an incident that is quite typical of the bad manners of the average tourist.

A debutante, daughter of an important business man, came to Hollywood with her mother. Her credentials being what they were, she was taken over the studio (which is like a city in itself). She wanted to see Robert Taylor act. Since Mr. Taylor wasn't working the studio officials suggested some one else, but the young lady was adamant. Finally they got in touch with the star, who graciously consented to do a scene for the visitors' benefit.

The debbie, whose cigarette and holder combined measured at least eight inches, followed the director around gesturing excitedly and getting so close she singed his hair. She blew smoke in Mr. Taylor's face. And when the scene was being shot she burst out with: "Oh hell! I think he's terrible! Let's go, Mother!"

Don't get into a star's hair by gushing over a picture in which a player with a similar name has appeared. Socially prominent persons who should know better have been guilty of this faux pas not once, but many times.

The latest instance is that of a lady who insisted upon being introduced to Spencer Tracy.

"Oh Mr. Tracy!" she cooed, "You were so marvelous in the 'Front Page!' I love to see you play reporters." To which

Spencer listened courteously. Not once did he enlighten the lady by telling her it was Lee Tracy who had starred in the "Front Page." However, all stars are not as good-natured. They have been known to take it out on the poor publicity man who was dumb enough to bring such a visitor on the set.

Don't insist upon directing a scene or grinding the camera. You wouldn't want a cameraman to show you how to run your business—now would you? Yet visiting Elks and old ladies often insist upon performing this feat. It was an old lady who upset the works while watching Jackie Cooper perform. Jackie was supposed to cry, and his dog was to lick his face in consolation. As a bribe to the pooch, Jackie's cheeks were smeared with molasses. But the old lady commented so loudly and so frequently that Jackie got mad and couldn't cry any more, and the dog grew tired of molasses and refused to lick Jackie's face. And to cap the climax the old lady insisted upon grinding the camera and directing the scene!

Don't insist upon bringing your children to the studios! Not only is it against the rules, but it's dangerous . . . the child is liable to trip, fall into the tank reserved for water scenes, or do any number of things. However, despite the rule against children on the set, a lady from the South who happened to be the constituent of a prominent Senator, brought Junior, aged eight, with her. He started the ball rolling by pulling out the plug that connected the sound apparatus, and, though he may not have been more mischievous than any other little boy of his age, he certainly wrecked the nerves of a lot of people!

DON'T pilfer! Most tourists are pilferers or just born souvenir hunters. Have it your own way. But they are a bugaboo to the studios and especially to the property man whose job it is to dress the sets and who is responsible for every article on it.

Pilferers have been known to cost the studio hundreds of dollars a day. This is no fantasy. If a set used in one scene is found to be incomplete because somebody took an ash tray or cigarette case, it may take hours to find a duplicate or—if it happens to be a costume picture—weeks to make another one. And last but not least, the moving picture public is the keenest, the most critical in the world.

"I saw William Powell walk out of the door leaving a cigarette case on the table," a fan will write, "and when he came back two minutes later the case wasn't there."

Don't burst into your favorite actor's home and demand to see him. The stars are willing to be seen—they appreciate the adulation they receive and they realize the fan can make or break them—but there are limits. The story of the tourist who burst into the Temple home is not exaggerated.

Accompanied by his wife and children the tourist demanded to see Shirley. He had, he informed the speechless Temples, been paying Shirley's salary for ages by attending her pictures. Now he wanted to see her in the flesh! The Temples waved to the garden where Shirley was making mud pies. The fan and his family gleefully gathered around looking her over as if she were a monkey in the zoo.

HAVE Lovelier Nails FROM NOW ON!



The new Dr. Ellis Nail Polish makes nails look smarter, hands lovelier. Smooth-flowing, long-wearing. Metallic label shows actual color! Ask for Dr. Ellis Nail Polish . . . 22 smart shades.

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With Every Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring Ordered Now.

Smart, new guaranteed Modern Wrist Watch—choice of Ladies' or Men's Model given as get-acquainted gift free with every solid gold, genuine diamond ring ordered now on our new, one-year payment Lay Away plan—Send no money with order just name and address. We ship immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$4 each. Ring is Yellow Gold set with flashing genuine Diamond—a real beauty. Accept on 10 days approval. You pay nothing till postman gives you the FREE, accurate Wrist Watch. **SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY.** Your package sent at once by return mail.

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NEURITIS **Relieve Pain in Few Minutes or Money Back**

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. Don't suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for **NURITO** today.

a SHAMPOO isn't enough

FOR dull, drab, lifeless-looking hair

BUT, dull hair will shine like satin and drab hair, like pale cheeks, only needs a little makeup to have a healthy, peppy look or to hide a premature sprinkle of gray. These thrilling features can be had, by using the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse. The splendid new certified colors in the New Golden Glint are exciting and safe to use—like makeup, it washes out but won't rub off. Woman's most irresistible charm is bright, radiant hair, full of lovely, soft-glowing, colored highlights. Get the New Golden Glint at any drug, department and 10c store, or send for a full size trial offer, at half regular price.

25¢ Size - TRIAL OFFER - For 10¢

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City and State _____

PLEASE RUSH. Enclosed find Ten Cents (10c) in coin for handling charges. My shade of hair is

☐ Brunette ☐ Blonde ☐ White or Platinum

☐ Brownette ☐ Auburn ☐ Lustré (Colorless)

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FREE Lipstick For Brunettes THAT STAYS ON

A new, ravishing red lipstick for brunettes called Peach Bloom that stays on though you eat, smoke or swim, even kiss, has just been produced by TAYTON'S. Neither greasy nor dry on your lips. Created in Hollywood. Used by many movie queens. An instant hit. To quickly introduce TAYTON'S Peach Bloom to brunettes everywhere free lipsticks are mailed on request. Just what you want a lipstick to be. Gives your lips a smooth, luscious, inviting, moist warmth, that stays on. Try it! 10c and 25c guest sizes at all dime or drug stores, or for a free trial lipstick of TAYTON'S Peach Bloom, send 3c stamp to cover mailing cost to TAYTON'S, Room 3832, 3631 Main St., Kansas City, Missouri



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Lighten Your Hair New Easy Safe Way

Without Peroxide, Dyes or Henna
Thrill your man! Don't let unsightly dark, dirty drab, lifeless dull hair discourage you. You're more beautiful when you lighten hair and bring out golden, radiant,

glorious highlights. Now you can safely make hair shades lighter, soft, fluffy, easy-to-set, curl with natural-looking loveliness. Easy; never hurts permanents. Positively safe, harmless. Smooth, even results. No "dyeing", artificial look. No shampoos necessary—just HI-LITE!

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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Your birth stone will make a beautiful ring. Many think wearing their birth stone lucky. Just to get acquainted, we will send a wonderful Simulated Birth Stone—correct for your month—FREE if you enclose this ad with 10c for mailing. Just send name, address and month of birth. Information on free gold plate ring with wrist watch sent immediately. Send today for your new simulated BIRTH STONE. EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 457, Jefferson, Iowa.

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NO ACETANILID
NO ACETPHENETIDIN
NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

They demanded the mud pies she was making and got them—for a price! In all fairness it must be added that they paid gladly.

Sometimes fans are the unwitting cause of embarrassment to the stars as were the two dear little old women who, properly chaperoned by a publicity man, appeared on the set where Bing Crosby was doing a scene in his underwear. Bing took one look at the ladies and got temperamental. He didn't mind, he said, being seen in his shorts by the script girl and the feminine players, but he was danged if he was going to play before two old women!

In some cases, the more important the visitors the nicer they are. The Duchess of Northumberland and her party visited the studios and captured the entire personnel by her charm. And the film folk turned out to do her honor. "Why," asked Joseph Schildkraut, who was starring in a picture, "didn't you tell me, so that I could have met her socially?"

George Bernard Shaw was another welcome visitor to the movie lots. Accompanied by Marion Davies, he wandered over the sets scattering bon mots to the delight of the movie folk.

THE visitor who created the biggest furore was a quiet gentleman reputed to be an automobile manufacturer from Detroit. He arrived one Saturday morning with a pass to the studios. Now Saturday morning in California is like New Year's Eve in New York. Folk are getting ready for a big week-end and they don't want to bother with visitors. But with true Western courtesy, which holds its own with the famed Southern brand, they assigned a guide who was one of the smaller fry.

The quiet gentleman, unaware of the feelings seething in his guide's breast, thanked her courteously for her assistance. On Monday morning a brand new car of an expensive make appeared at the studio doors. It was filled with the necessary gas and oil and it came with the quiet gentleman's card and a note of appreciation. From that day to this, automobile manufacturers draw the heads of the publicity departments as their guides. And we hate to admit it but so far the only ripple has been a box of dried fruit from Florida—an insult to any Californian!

While every large city has its phonies, Hollywood and Miami, Florida, get the best of the crop, especially during the winter months. The reason is obvious. They seem to range from fake newspaper men to "titled" foreigners with English accents.

Perhaps the biggest fraud perpetrated upon the film folk was that of "Count" W. Winterbottom O'Reilly, who also used "Captain" just to show folk he had been a soldier in the Coldstream Guards. His tweedy clothes, Oxford accent and English pipe won him entrance into the best circles. He was, the Count told Hollywood, Sunday Editor of one of London's biggest papers. He wooed and won a lithsome lassie who danced in one of the better night spots and showered her with flowers and gifts. In fact so definite were his intentions that the girls back-stage began calling her "Countess" in much the same manner as the Duchess of Windsor had H. R. H. (Her Royal Highness) embroidered on her scanties.

Errol Flynn, whose Irish accent is his own, took the Count yachting, and a famous polo player lent him one of his best ponies.

The blow fell when a bona-fide correspondent checked up on his fellow countryman. The Count blew town just before the police got there. He left a

hotel bill and a sadly disillusioned girl who had believed in him.

"Prince" Michael Alexander Dmitri Oblensky Romanoff—born Harry Gerguson, did not, despite reports to the contrary, take Hollywood for a ride. For his fame had preceded him. Yet Hollywood, charmed by his wit, his good nature and his supreme gall, accepted him for what he was—a good egg and a counterfeit. They did not question his "mansions" in Russia, although they knew he hailed originally from Hillsboro, Illinois. They even attended, en masse, his party at the exclusive Clover Club. This, despite the fact that the gold-engraved invitations asked the bearer to bring his own liquor and "fee" the servants. Mike was as royal in his expressions as in his pipe dreams.

The fellow who rifles the baby's bank is a philanthropist compared to the phony who preys on Hollywood mothers. Representing himself as a talent scout for the movies or radio, he wins the mother's confidence by assuring her that her offspring is a potential Shirley Temple or Baby Sandy. Recently, two such persons, Jack and Betty Pierce, were tried, convicted and sentenced to serve in the County Jail after they had bilked nineteen mothers out of their house money.

The woman's role was to hang around department stores and make friends with the mothers of small children. She confided that she knew a casting director who would be interested in such a beautiful and talented child. She thought she could get in touch with him. In the meantime if the mother would let her have her name and address. . . .

The next day the man would call. He had heard, he said, about this extraordinary child. Might he see her? The delighted mother would agree to register her youngster with the casting director for \$15. Then he would suggest a course of dramatic lessons for another \$15.

ANOTHER phony who preyed on guileless mothers carried the hoax so far as to persuade women to bring their children across the country to Hollywood. He too ended in jail but not until hundreds of women had been swindled.

The "Movie Mug Book" racket was a honey before the Bunko Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department and the Better Business Bureau exposed it. The victim paid as high as \$100 for a full-page picture which was to go into a casting directory and which, in turn, was to be sent to all studios as a guide to future stars. If that worked, the victim was persuaded to buy the directory.

The "Fancy Contract" racket is another reason the Better Business Bureau broadcasts twice weekly. The contestant was to buy a jar of cold cream (at \$2 per jar) and to send the top along with a name they selected for a rising screen star. If the name was selected, the winner, too, would be awarded a film contract. You'd be surprised how many people fell for that one.

You couldn't call the two young men who operate a printing press at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street phonies exactly. The gag is a newspaper with a Hollywood, California, date line. It's complete except for the headlines. That's where the tourist comes in. If he wants the old home town to know what a swath he cut in the movie capital, he can have "John Doakes lunches with Marlene Dietrich!" or "Susie Smith spends week-end on Errol Flynn's yacht!" printed in headlines that would shame a tabloid sheet, and all for fifty cents! And if you're not too fussy, you can get the same service on a Los Angeles street corner for twenty-five cents!

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 12)

worth. This will be the twelfth year of "Oscar" awarding, and twelve thousand members of the industry will cast the deciding ballots.

Caroline Mody, Utica, N. Y. That story of Bette Davis' life was printed in our December, 1937, issue, and there are dozens of pictures illustrating it. We'll be glad to send you a copy if you'll write to the Subscription Department, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., enclosing ten cents. Yes, there are a few snaps of her with dark hair.

Dot Jolly, Atlanta, Ga. Your favorite, John Payne, got a pretty conventional start in life, but his career has been varied and interesting. Born in Roanoke, Va., twenty-seven years ago, he inherited an excellent voice from his mother and won himself a two-year scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music. He didn't complete the course, being avid to get at the business world, but he didn't get a job for months and months. During the lean period, he kept alive by writing for the pulp magazines. Before eventually getting a part in a small stock company, he was involved in several unremunerative but fascinating ventures; namely professional wrestling, bouncing in a night club and managing a pool room. After a bit of experience with the above mentioned stock company, he was lucky enough to get a bit part in Bea Lillie's show, "At Home Abroad," in which he was observed, approved of and signed to a contract by a talent scout from Hollywood. In "Garden of the Moon" he emerged from his comparative obscurity and then achieved untold popularity as the stunning young officer in "Wings of the Navy." One of Hollywood's best-dressed young men, Anne Shirley's husband spends \$5,000 annually on his clothes. He is now at work in "Stardust," with Linda Darnell.

Philomene M., Montreal, Canada. Your favorite cowboy, Roy Rogers, who is twenty-seven years old, with blue eyes and blond hair, is under contract to Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. Twenty-five cents sent

to the studio will bring you an autographed photo of him, and if your letter is unusually amusing or outstanding in any respect you are sure to receive a reply.

Clarice Allen, Pueblo, Colo. We have literally been deluged with requests for information about that "newcomer," Dennis Morgan. The fans have a surprise coming to them when they hear that "Waterfront's" sensational young star is none other than their old friend, Stanley Morner. Yes, he's changed names and studios and is rapidly turning into one of the most popular young players. Born, Stanley Morner, in Prentice, Wisconsin, he is of Dutch descent and first chose the lumber business as a career. At Carroll College, however, which incidentally has also given the stage and screen Alfred Lunt and Fred MacMurray, he took an active interest in dramatics and also discovered that he could sing. After leaving school, he sang over the radio for a while, until Mary Garden heard him, adopted him as her protege and launched him on his cinematic career. Six feet, two inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, an engaging manner and a very pleasant voice, Dennis first appeared in "The Great Ziegfeld" back in 1936. His next will be "Tear Gas Squad." He is married to Lillian Vedder and they have one child, Stanley, Jr.

Tillie Stein, Brooklyn, N. Y. There has been such a clamoring from Jon Hall's admirers for another picture that something just had to be done about it. Jon has the leading role in "Sailor's Lady." Born in Fresno, California, on February 26, 1918, this shy, good-looking lad with the widely-publicized torso, is of Swiss and Tahitian descent. He has lived several years in Tahiti and studied in Switzerland where he learned to speak fluent French. He applied for a job as technical adviser on the picture "Hurricane" and was handed the leading part. He is married to Frances Langford, the singer, and their choice of hobbies jibe very nicely—sailing, bicycling, hunting and swimming being high on both their lists.

ON THE SET

(Continued from page 34)

cost will probably run to almost \$1,000.

Before the production is finished, Mr. Willys DeMond, talented hosiery creator, will present his bill for nearly \$3,000. The stockings he is turning out for Alice Faye are identical copies of those worn by Lillian, right down to the hand embroidered butterflies and lace insets. Though DeMond is hitting Fox for \$100 a pair, his fee will look like bargain day against the prices paid by the actress who would never have offended her legs by clothing them in anything less costly than a \$400 pair. But then, Lillian earned \$250,000 yearly—and never heard of income tax.

Exclusive of the 27 gowns to be worn by Alice, 800 feminine costumes are being provided by the studio at a cost to them of over \$25,000. Four thousand extras cavorting on 53 sets can be counted upon to take another substantial bite out

of the budget. The sets, accurate to the last thumb-tack, will include Weber and Fields' Music Hall, Rector's Restaurant, Tony Pastor's and the famous Savoy Theatre in London—which makes it simple to understand why they'll cost approximately \$200,000!

Probably the most interesting people connected with the picture are three men who really knew Lillian Russell. The first two, the ever-popular team of Weber and Fields, were her musical comedy companions at the close of the century and have come to the West Coast to portray themselves as they were fifty years ago. The third is Irving Cummings, youngish-looking director of "Lillian Russell" and her last leading man. In 1909, he and Lillian toured the country in a little number known as "In Search of a Sinner." "But, you see," explains Cummings, "at that time I was only a boy."

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

laughed, Ann, "because every time Roger looked down at the highways, a car was passing us!"

THE WAY OF ALL CURVES

Deanna Durbin and seven pounds have parted company in the last two months, via the non-starch program. Once Miss Durbin makes up her mind to something, it's practically done, and so when she decided to streamline the chassis, neither Universal nor Vaughn Paul could put a stop to it. The studio, you see, prefers her curves, and Vaughn, too, admits he likes 'em plump. But everything—including Vaughn's preferences and chocolate caramels—is swept aside by Deanna's determination to be a glamour girl.

ONE-TRACK MIND

Joan Fontaine didn't know that when she promised to be a good wife she was also promising to be a good flyer. But Brian Aherne is horrified at the prospect of traveling any distance over fifty miles except by plane. Joan's gamely gone with him on all his trips, but when the matter of Aherne's cross-country flight was brought up, she made her first objection. The open cockpit Waco, which was the light of Brian's life, was a bit chilly, she pointed out. Her husband agreed, and Joan had twenty-four hours of complete happiness and not a little self-complacency. But the next day was her birthday—and the gift from her adoring husband was a Fairchild Cabin monoplane.

DIDJA KNOW

That Roger Pryor and Ann Sothorn have one rule for marital happiness—never to discuss

their careers after working hours? . . . That Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are still good friends and frequently dine together at the Brown Derby on "maid's night out" just as they used to in the good old days? . . . That Nancy Kelly keeps a perfect figure by going horseback riding every morning? . . . That Rosalind Russell has studied in Europe, South America, Cuba, Egypt and the Far East? . . . That Bela Lugosi has the most unique stamp collection in Hollywood—they are all memorial issues commemorating such incidents as war, disaster, pestilence and famine? . . . That Katherine Hepburn is due back in Hollywood for "Philadelphia Story," her stage success? . . . That Bill Demarest has just purchased a stone quarry, is also active owner of a patent medicine factory and is a prolific short story writer? . . . That for possible emergencies, the Lux Theatre assigns an understudy to every role cast in every play? They are paid whether called or not and have to stay near a telephone within ten minutes of the theatre until the show goes off the air? . . . That Bob Young invited 160 guests to a party at the Derby the other day and never got over to greet them, thanks to studio work? . . . That the Ronald Colmans and the Charles Boyers are just about inseparable?

AT FARMER'S MARKET

Boris Karloff introducing his year-old pride and joy to his friends, and baby daughter cooing back at the admiring merchants . . . Director Mike Curtiz shopping for fruits and vegetables for his household . . . Orson Welles, accompanied by a big and very blonde girl-friend, eating a hamburger and scaring the salespeople half out of their wits with his piercing eyes . . . Shirley Temple gleefully playing with some real, live baby chicks while Mama Temple orders



"It's a Date" for Deanna Durbin and her fiance, Vaughn Paul, at Hollywood's Cafe Lamaze. The smarties who, last year, labelled this romance "puppy-love" are swallowing a lot of words. Each month finds the pair more completely devoted to each other.

the little star's favorite delicacy—turkey . . . Mary Livingstone and Barbara Stanwyck stopping at the "Farmhouse" for a snack after replenishing their family pantries.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Adolphe Menjou breezing along with the car top down in spite of threatening thunder clouds . . . George Brent at Maurice's Flower Shop placing an order for a "special" bouquet to be delivered to Olivia de Havilland . . . Wendy Barrie rushing through a voice lesson at Glenn O. Raikes Studio to meet her current millionaire boy-friend.

AROUND TOWN

Most surprising feminine appearances at the "My Little Chickadee" preview were young glamour girl, Helen Parrish and the experienced glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich. Forrest Tucker escorted Helen, and Eric Remarque is still the faithful Dietrich cavalier . . . Lewis Stone made one of his rare public appearances recently when he took his wife dining and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Publicity man, Alan Gordon, has been taking little Judy Garland dancing at Ciro's nearly every night . . . Ken Murray, who used to take Nancy Kelly to parties, took Mary Healy to the Frances Langford-Jon Hall "Luau"—which is nothing more or less than a Tahitian dinner—and Nancy went with Irving Cummings . . . Ronald Reagan took his bride, Jane Wyman, dancing at the Grove on their first public appearance following their Palm Springs honeymoon . . . Lana Turner and her bridegroom, Artie Shaw, made their first bow at the reopening of the Victor Hugo . . . Carole Landis is giving a lot of her dates to Harvey Seymour because Harvey likes to see previews of the new pictures, and Carole thinks it's the best way for a young actress to learn how to be a better actress . . . Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda like to drop in at Slapsie Maxie's Cafe and heckle the erstwhile prize-fighter who has now turned master of ceremonies . . . Bette Davis and Director Anatole Litvak carry their "All This And Heaven, Too" discussions into night clubs and to the new previews. Other night at Ciro's, they couldn't even take time out from one of their serious discussions to deny a romance rumor.

SHORT SHOTS

Errol Flynn has moved into an apartment at the Sunset Towers—but the town's betting

Solution to Puzzle on Page 64

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| A | P | S | E | | R | A | V | E | | U | T | E | S | | T | I | E | R |
| C | A | T | | L | O | Y | | L | A | R | | W | H | O | | A | G | E |
| E | N | A | M | E | L | | R | E | S | E | T | | Y | E | S | T | E | R |
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on a speedy reunion with his sparring partner, Lili Damita . . . Baby Sandy has "arrived"—she has a hairdresser, now. The two-year-old star is wearing her hair in a single curl on the top of her head for her role in "Sandy is a Lady" . . . Bob Burns and Mischa Auer have made bids for the Hawaiian malacca-wood furnishings on a set at Universal. Both of their wives want it—but they've agreed to accept the final decision . . . Gloria Jean is the most thrilled girl in town since hearing that Bing Crosby will be her co-star in her next picture. She wants to meet Gary Crosby . . . A Hollywood bar advertises a cocktail consisting of spinach, carrot and garlic juice, with the sign, "Garbo drinks it—and who are you?" . . . The girls on the "Lillian Russell" set haven't drawn a breath in six weeks. It's the corsets . . . Claudette Colbert has gone in for zippers in a big way. In her Holmby Hills home, the walls of her projection room are covered with tapestry, and zippers cover the apertures for the projection machine . . . Spencer Tracy, in spite of a long series of good roles, is exuberant over his latest, "Edison, the Man," and spends every leisure moment away from the set reading up on the great inventor . . . The John Garfields are expecting another child, and the Douglas Fairbanks will threesome this spring . . . Anne Shirley and John Payne are anticipating too . . . Joan Blondell and Lana Turner are playing the same roles as Bessie Love and Anita Page in "Two Girls on Broadway." The picture was formerly "Broadway Melody." Remember?

ROMANCE DEPT.

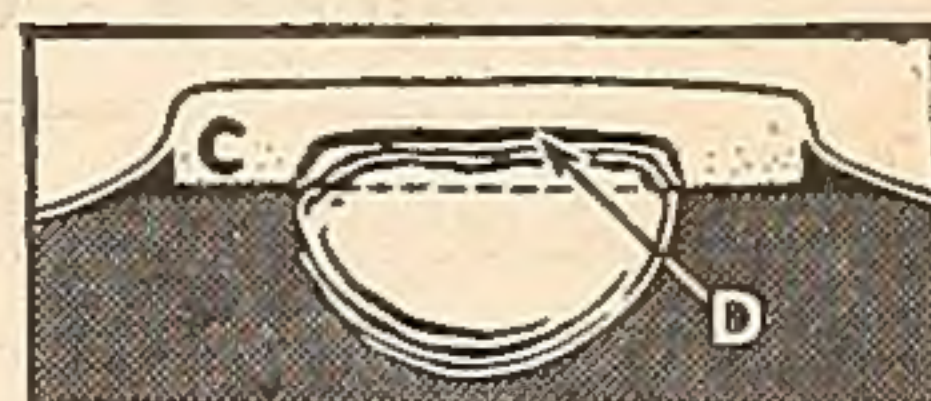
Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are still sooooo in love, and they've been married all of four months . . . Arleen Whelan and Roy D'Arcy have called the whole thing off . . . Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier will say their "I do's" in Nassau—which is British soil . . . Randy Scott and Natalie Draper, the former Mrs. Tom Brown, are holding hands much longer than necessary . . . Orson Welles, now that his divorce has been settled, is being sought after by all the town's lovelies . . . Loretta Young has been going places with Tom Lewis, a very attractive advertising man who seems bewildered by his good luck . . . Ilona Massey tells everyone who's interested that Jimmy Stewart is wonderful . . . Ann Sheridan and George Brent have discovered each other, though Mr. Brent still has Olivia de Havilland's telephone number at the top of his list . . . Reggie Gardiner lets it be known that he likes all the ladies—but Frances Robinson in particular . . . Eleanor Powell's mystery man has turned out to be a U.C.L.A. professor . . . Joan Crawford has forsaken all others for Lee Bowman . . . Nancy Kelly is wide-eyed over Sandy Cummings . . . Sonja Henie still dates Vic Orsatti, though it could hardly be called a rushing business . . . Jane Withers admits she worships Cary Grant—but from afar . . . Mary Healy and Ken Murray are likethis . . . Margaret Lindsay and Bill Lundigan have that faraway look in their eyes . . . Patricia Ellis, one of the town's nicest gals, is seeing the night-spots with Henry Willson . . . Phyllis Brooks has forgotten Cary Grant, with the help of Fred Brisson. He's Carl Brisson's son, in case you've a good memory . . . and Nick Grinde certainly pined for Marie Wilson while she was on her p. a. tour.



THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



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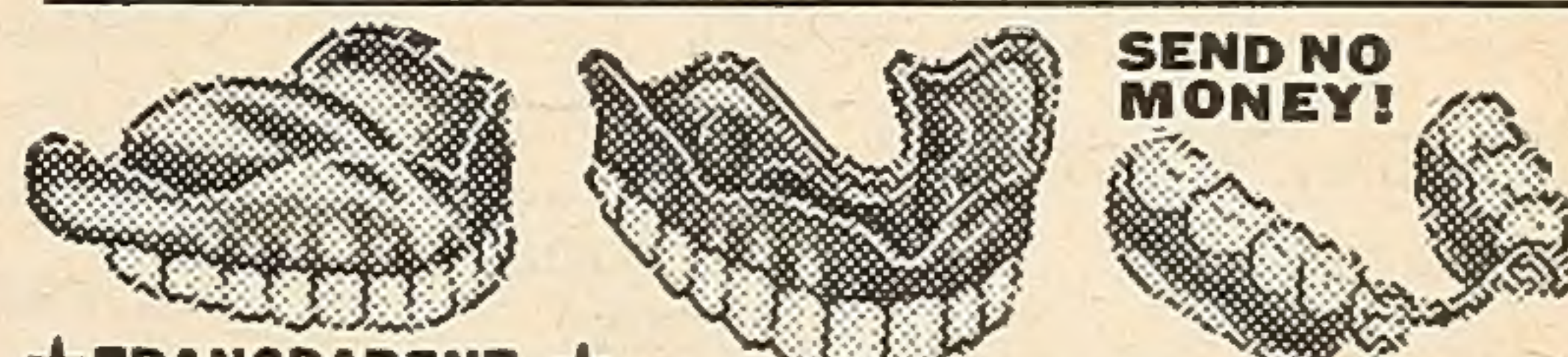
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(Continued from page 95)

| NAME | PREVIOUS OCCUPATION | FIRST FEATURE- LENGTH MOVIE | YEAR | FAVORITE SPORT | HOBBY | PRESENT STUDIO | ADDRESS |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|------|-------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|--|
| Romero, Cesar | Bank Clerk | The Thin Man | 1934 | Dancing | Music | T C F | Home—1325 N. Hayworth, Hollywood |
| Rooney, Mickey | Child Actor | Orchids and Ermine | 1927 | Swimming | Composing Songs | M G M | Home—4410 Densmuir, Van Nuys |
| Ross, Shirley | Singer | Manhattan Melodrama | 1934 | Tennis | Knitting | P | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Ruggles, Charles | Druggist | Gentlemen of the Press | 1929 | Handball | Boxing | P | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Russell, Rosalind | Stage Actress | Evelyn Prentice | 1934 | Hockey | Collecting Pearls | M G M | Home—601 Linden, Beverly Hills |
| Rutherford, Ann | Radio Actress | Annie Laurie | 1927 | Archery | Making Clothes | M G M | Home—1727 N. Whitley, Hollywood |
| Scott, Randolph | Stage Actor | Sky Bride | 1931 | Football | Horse Raising | C | Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Shearer, Norma | Model | The Stealers | 1920 | Diving | Acting | M G M | Home—707 Ocean Front, Santa Monica |
| Sheridan, Ann | Singer | Bolero | 1933 | Basketball | Reading | W B | Home—4819 Gentry, N. Hollywood |
| Shirley, Anne | Child Model | The Miracle | 1928 | Swimming | Doll Collecting | R K O | Studio—780 Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Singleton, Penny | Chorus Girl | After the Thin Man | 1936 | Tennis | Cooking | C | Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Sothorn, Ann | Musical Comedy Star | Let's Fall in Love | 1934 | Dancing | Antiques | M G M | Home—529 N. Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills |
| Stack, Robert | Student | First Love | 1939 | Hunting | Collecting Cuff Links | U | Studio—Universal City, Cal. |
| Stander, Lionel | Radio Comedian | The Scoundrel | 1935 | Fishing | Writing Poetry | C | Studio—1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood |
| Stanwyck, Barbara | Telephone Operator | The Locked Door | 1929 | Riding | Horse Raising | P | Home—707 N. Arden Blvd., Beverly Hills |
| Stewart, James | Stage Manager | The Murder Man | 1935 | Fishing | Model Airplanes | U | Home—320 S. Bristol, Beverly Hills |
| Stone, Lewis | Stock Actor | Milestones | 1920 | Motoring | Gardening | M G M | Home—5700 Rhodes, N. Hollywood |
| Stuart, Gloria | Writer | The All American | 1932 | Swimming | Collecting Rare Books | T C F | Home—814 N. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills |
| Sullivan, Margaret | Stage Actress | Only Yesterday | 1933 | Badminton | Gardening | M G M | Home—496 St. Pierre Rd., Bel-Air |
| Tamiroff, Akim | Stage Actor | Sadie McKee | 1934 | Golf | Woodworking | P | Studio—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood |
| Taylor, Robert | Cellist | Handy Andy | 1934 | Riding | Horse Raising | M G M | Home—707 N. Arden Blvd., Beverly Hills |
| Temple, Shirley | Student | Little Miss Marker | 1934 | Swimming | Milk Fund | T C F | Home—227 N. Rockingham Ave., Brentwood Heights |
| Terry, Ruth | Singer | Love and Hisses | 1937 | Dancing | Collecting Pennies | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Tracy, Spencer | Lumber Piler | Sky Devils | 1932 | Polo | Raising Horses | M G M | Home—5508 White Oak, N. Hollywood |
| Treacher, Arthur | Stage Actor | Battle of Paris | 1930 | Skiing | None | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. |
| Weaver, Marjorie | Model | China Clipper | 1936 | Surfing | Knitting | T C F | Home—120 S. Roxbury, Beverly Hills |
| Weidler, Virginia | Student | Moby Dick | 1930 | Riding | Doll Collecting | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| Weissmuller, Johnny | Professional Swimmer | Tarzan, the Ape Man | 1932 | Swimming | Amateur Photography | M G M | Studio—Culver City, Cal. |
| West, Mae | Vaudevillian | Night After Night | 1932 | Ping Pong | Writing Plays | U | Home—570 N. Rossmore Ave., Hollywood |
| Whelan, Arleen | Manicurist | Kidnapped | 1938 | Tennis | Dancing | T C F | Home—1186 S. Lucerne, Hollywood |
| William, Warren | Stage Actor | Expensive Women | 1931 | Sailing | Inventing Mechanical Devices | C | Studio—1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood |
| Wilson, Marie | Stage Actress | Broadway Hostess | 1935 | Badminton | Singing | W B | Studio, Burbank, Cal. |
| Withers, Jane | Student | Bright Eyes | 1934 | Swimming | Collecting Dolls | T C F | Home—10731 Sunset Blvd., Bel-Air |
| Wyman, Jane | Secretary | My Man Godfrey | 1936 | Soccer | Sketching | W B | Studio, Burbank, Cal. |
| Young, Loretta | Student | Naughty But Nice | 1927 | Dancing | Flying | U A | Home—10539 Sunset Blvd., Bel-Air |
| Young, Robert | Reporter | Sin of Madelon Claudet | 1931 | Golf | Reading Biographies | M G M | Home—520 N. Hillcrest Rd., Beverly Hills |
| Young, Roland | Stage Actor | Sherlock Holmes | 1932 | Swimming | Writing | U A | Studio—1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood |
| Zorina, Vera | Ballet Dancer | Goldwyn Follies | 1938 | Riding | Drawing | T C F | Studio—Box No. 900, Beverly Hills |

STUDIO ADDRESSES: (C) Columbia, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (MGM) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.; (M) Monogram, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.; (P) Paramount, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.; (R) Republic, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal.; (RKO) RKO-Radio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; (TCF) 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.; (UA) United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; (U) Universal, Universal City, Cal.; (WB) Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal.



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